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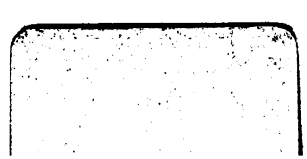

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WANDERING RECOLLECTIONS

OF

A SOMEWHAT BUSY LIFE.

An Autobiography.

"Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not."—JER. xlv. 5.

By JOHN NEAL.

BOSTON:
ROBERTS BROTHERS.
1869.

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PREFACE.

I AM called upon for a Preface. Like the "weary knife-grinder," when asked for a *story*, I am half tempted to answer, "*Preface!* God bless you! I've none to give, sir!"

My book itself is only a Preface. And what, after all, is any Life but a preface? — a preface to something better — or worse?

On the whole, therefore, I think it safer for me, and better for the reader, whom I hope to be on good terms with, before he gets through, whatever may be his present notions upon the subject, not to trouble him with a Preface.

J. N.

PORTLAND, ME., May 10, 1869.

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CHAPTER I.

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION.

ORIGIN OF "NIAGARA AND GOLDAU;" INDEX TO NILES'S REGISTER; REV. MR. GILMAN; REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

Aug. 25, 1866. — On this, my seventy-third birthday, and one of the pleasantest I ever knew, I have begun, for the fourth time, to give some account of myself.

A strange fatality has delayed, year after year, the fulfilment of a promise made in 1859, immediately after the appearance of "True Womanhood;" though I went to work that very day, at the suggestion of my friend Longfellow, and persevered, until, at the end of a twelvemonth, I found I was in a fair way of making too much of a good thing, of going too fast and too far; having conjured up about a volume of these wandering recollections, without having passed the threshold of a strange, busy, and somewhat adventurous life. Whereupon, I threw the manuscript aside, contenting myself, at last, with verifying some of the incidents narrated, in a more familiar way, and greatly abridging the rest.

But "still the wonder grew." And as many interruptions had occurred, so that I could not always remember what I had written, I fell into repetitions, which I had no patience with, after they were discovered; and so I flung the whole aside once more, and began afresh, with a higher purpose, and had just about finished another moderate-sized volume, to begin with, when the great fire of last July occurred, which destroyed within a single hour, not only all my law-books and office library and furniture, together with two dwelling-

houses, a five-story brick mill, and two large warehouses, though widely separated, and in different parts of the town, but most of my hoarded manuscripts, letters, memoranda, and *uniquities* — not *iniquities* — I wish it had — the accumulation of more than fifty years; leaving me, of all my treasures, nothing but a charred copy of "Niagara and Goldau," which a friend of mine had picked up somewhere — I know not where — and sent me not long before, upon the express condition, that after my death, it should be returned to him.

This I had carefully put away in a safe, which was believed to be both burglar-proof and fire-proof, under ordinary circumstances. My own copy of these two poems had been abstracted — borrowed without leave — by my amiable and enterprising friend, General Bratish, Count Eliovich, &c., &c., &c., years before; and I knew not where to go for another.

Although plucked "like a brand from the burning" where huge blocks of granite crumbled, and cast-iron melted and fell in splashes upon the pavement, when struck by the fiery blast; although literally taken out of the hot embers, like another Triptolemus, undergoing immortality, — the pages may still be deciphered, as though printed on asbestos, and packed together, as if under a heavy pressure, and charred through and through.

Not another fragment was found of all that I had lodged in that confounded safe — a plague on all such *safes*, I say! — except a little scrap of Russian-leather binding, not larger than your thumb-nail, with my name on it in gold letters, and nothing more, as if it were intended to settle the question of proprietorship, and lead to the restoration of my little book; for, misled by a similarity of size and appearance, I had overlooked my own safe, and forced open another, only to find the core turned to ashes, like that of the dead sea-apple we hear so much of.

After three such failures, just when I had got fairly a-going, it may well be supposed that my ardor was somewhat dampened. Still I was not discouraged. On the contrary, I saw that, at my age, I had no time to lose, and I determined to undertake the job anew, and with more earnestness than ever; for a job it would be, at the best, for any man to go over

a long life, and tell the truth of himself, and nothing but the truth — even though he might fall short of telling the whole truth; for who that lives could do that, even for a single hour, though put upon oath, under a question of life and death?

Yet more: calling to mind what Longfellow wrote me when "True Womanhood" appeared, — that, inasmuch as my pen had found its way to the inkstand once more, he hoped I should continue at the work, remembering that, —

> "What to-day is not begun,
> Will to-morrow not be done," —

I have succeeded in persuading myself, that, as the charred trees in my neighborhood are already gushing out with a sort of tropical richness, after the fiery baptism they have so lately undergone, and hanging up their narrow pennons of scorched bark, "torn and flying," from their topmost branches, to the rough winds of approaching winter, so may the purposes and thoughts, which have so long occupied my attention, be mellowed into something better and worthier, and perhaps make a braver show at last, because of these very hinderances, and scorching disappointments.

Nov. 14. — Not another paragraph, not another word, have I found time to add since the 25th of August. With no less than six new buildings under way at the same time, and all to be finished and ready for occupation before the snow flies — N. B. It is flying now! — to say nothing of repairs and alterations; with labor and materials doubled in price, and a new city rising about me "like an exhalation," and far more beautiful than ever, — it may well be supposed that I have precious little time for self-indulgence, or literary dissipation, though I have managed to throw off, now and then, a magazine article or two, under the pressure of urgent solicitation.

Thoughts I have had, to be sure, and thoughts worth preserving perhaps, relating to my past life; and yet, however unpleasant it may be to have them perish of neglect or forgetfulness, I have an idea that they had better ripen to bursting, like all other wholesome natural fruit, than be gathered too soon.

Last night, and the night before, we were promised what I have been waiting for ever since 1833, when my friend Pierpont, who has lately taken a new departure in his upward striving, was with me at Niagara, and the heavens rained fire upon us, and the stars fell by thousands about our way, while we were both sound asleep, heedless alike of the tempestuous brightness above, and the prodigious uproar below, of warring constellations and tumbling oceans — the landlord not liking to disturb us, he said; but now it would seem that we are to be disappointed, the wondrous exhibition being indefinitely postponed, so that I may have to wait until we can see it together, as we did Niagara, by the merest accident, after having tried in vain for many a long year to do so. Nevertheless I am in no hurry. Life has not yet become a weariness, nor a burden. I have been wonderfully favored. My natural strength has not much abated: desire has not failed, — the desire, at least, of being happy myself, and of making others happy; and I am willing to wait until the silver cord is loosened and the golden bowl is broken for ever, in the pre-appointed way.

And here it may not be wholly out of place for me to give some account of the two poems "Niagara" and "Goldau," to which I have already referred. Both were suggested by Mr. Pierpont, within a few months at furthest, after I had begun the study of law, and was trying to earn a livelihood with my pen, and to pay my way honestly, by hard work, as I always have done, from that day to this. I forget which was first; but I remember well that I threw off "Goldau" in less than forty-eight hours after the suggestion was first made, to the astonishment, and perhaps I might say to the consternation, of my friend, who was in labor at that very time with the "Airs of Palestine," bringing forth now and then a few couplets — twins — with agonizing throes, while I was lanching my red-hot thunderbolts, like meteors, by scores or hundreds; though it was greatly enlarged, and I hope somewhat improved, before it was allowed to blaze forth in public.

He came into my chamber one day, bringing with him a copy of Buckminster's "Travels" or "Letters," I forget which. "Here is something that will just suit you," said he;

"a capital subject for a poem; and you are the very boy to do it into English verse." He then read Buckminster's description of the valley, and his account of the catastrophe. It was, indeed, a tremendous picture, — the destruction of a whole community, at sunset, without notice, by a mountain-slide. I felt uplifted from the earth, as the plan I adopted began to shape itself before me, flash after flash; and before the sound of his footsteps had died away along the sidewalk, the poem was fairly under way; and completed, I think, within the time I have mentioned, or, at any rate, within two or three days, at farthest.

And so with the "Battle of Niagara," which, but for him, perhaps, would have been but the Battle of Bridgewater. "Here!" said he, "here is another subject which you *must* grapple with, at once;" and then he described the struggle, so near the Falls, that, as the conflict ebbed and flowed, surging now this way and now that — for the British battery was carried and lost three several times before we prevailed — the thunders of Niagara came and went with every change, literally shaking the solid earth with their awful underbase, and filling the midnight sky with ponderous anthems for the dead. Of course, I do not pretend to give the language of my friend, for all this happened in 1818; but I give the substance of what he communicated, or suggested, from the official report, if I do not mistake, of General Scott himself, whom I adopted for the hero — and played the mischief with, in trying to weave a story into the warp and woof of this prodigious drama. I was carried away, with a sense of hidden wings, in the contemplation of what I saw and heard, as the picture began to shape itself, with appalling distinctness, to my imagination. I almost fancied that I could see the battle, and hear the uproar. It was a revelation: I felt as if I had become an eye-witness of the great transaction; as if the dark blue curtains of another world, bedropped with fire and overshot with gold, had been reverently put aside, by the hand of a mortal, for my special encouragement. In a word, it is my belief now, that mine was a clear case of spontaneous combustion; for I began to seethe and simmer upon the spot, and, before I slept, flamed up with some of the best lines in the book, though I had been occupied all

day long upon my "Index to Niles's Register," about the dreariest and heaviest drudgery mortal man was ever tried with. And yet I persevered — laboring sixteen hours a day, and every day, without regard to sabbaths or holidays — for no less than four months upon that confounded "Register," and then firing up, after it was time to go to bed, with a page or two of "Niagara" or "Goldau," — one or both, as the whim took me.

So entirely absorbed was I, in my devotion to these two strangely different objects — upon which every thing depended at the time, and about which I shall have something more to say hereafter, for the encouragement of others — that my left leg and thigh, which happened to be nearest the fire, as I wrote, were absolutely charred without my knowledge; so that the flesh came off at last in large flakes, very much as if I had been slowly barbacued in my sleep, or as if my friends had been roasting me alive, in advance of public opinion.

Mine was a hickory fire, and I kept it up, night and day, with a bushel or two of live coals always on the hearth; sitting close to it, and wearing, for pantaloons, a thick, double-milled cassimere. Otherwise, I should have been blistered into consciousness long before, instead of being charred in patches; and to a depth which frightened me, when I first saw them, in getting out of bed, by a strong fire-light. My poor thigh was mottled like castile soap, and the flakes that came off were thicker than our old-fashioned wafers. Evidently, I had been baking by a slow fire, without knowing it; and these accumulations had come of my being heated and cooled, week after week, just before I was ready to blow off, and blaze outright.

And so "Niagara and Goldau" were completed, side by side with the Index, during that period of scorching gestation; but nobody knew of it until they appeared in print, although I had astonished Mr. Pierpont with the first rough sketch of "Goldau," within two or three days after he had suggested it, as I have said before, — the only person, by the way, that ever saw a manuscript of mine, either in prose or poetry, or ever heard a page of it read aloud, before it was offered for publication.

Mr. Pierpont was going through with his theological course at Cambridge, when these two poems appeared, taking him wholly by surprise. He wrote me soon after getting possession of a copy, which I had sent him, and stated, among a multitude of pleasant things, that the Rev. Mr. Gilman, afterward settled at Charleston, S.C., had insisted on taking the book with him to Niagara, which he was about visiting for the first time. A month after this, he wrote again, to say that Mr. Gilman had returned and had a talk with him about both Niagaras — the cataract and the poem — of which the following, as near as I can give it from recollection, though I have the letter itself among my household autographs, and other treasures of an early date, is about the substance: —

"What a wonderful gift, my friend, is that insight which characterizes the poet," said Mr. Gilman. "Do you know," he added, "that before I opened the book, I went and seated myself where I could see the Falls to the greatest advantage; and then, after having shifted about from one point to another, until I had mastered, as I believed, the whole picture, I opened the book, and then I saw what I had entirely overlooked before, and what only a poet could see, without help from another. What a wonderful gift, to be sure! It was a new creation for me. I saw now through the eyes of a poet," &c. "How familiar the author must have been with the changing aspects of this great wonder; how he must have studied it!"

Mr. Pierpont allowed him to go on and on, till he had run himself out of breath, and then astonished him beyond measure, and almost beyond belief, by saying that he was quite sure I had never seen the Falls; but he would write me and ask if I had. My answer was, that I had not only never seen them, but that I had never seen so much as a tolerable painting of them; though I had often read what was intended for a description, and, among others, a paragraph or two in Wilson's Ornithology, where, in describing the white-headed eagle (*Falco leucocephalus*), our great national representative, he told us that the brave bird, while dashing hither and thither, through the huge columns of mist and spray, was sometimes shipwrecked in his adventurous flight, and carried over the Falls — if one might believe the stories that were told. Of

these eagles, I had ventured to make some use, though never in the way mentioned. All the rest of the picture was made up of what I knew must always be the leading characteristics of crowded, and rushing, tumultuous and tumbling waters. By generalizing, I provoked the reader to supply all my deficiencies, and particularize for himself, as Mr. Gilman had done, who saw clearly, at each remove, what I had but dimly suggested.

It was at this time, and in consequence of the pleasant error Mr. Gilman had been led into, that Mr. Pierpont proposed a trip to Niagara with me, whenever we might be able to afford the expense. The proposition was accepted; and, from that time forth, it was our settled determination to visit Niagara together, and thereby commemorate ourselves, if nothing more. But alas for the safest and wisest of mortal plans, if they be postponed to a distant morrow! Year after year went by, and up to 1823, when I went abroad, owing to changes and interruptions without number, we had never been able to keep our vow. After my return, however, it was renewed with a more decided emphasis; and, in the summer of 1833, all our arrangements were completed for going together, and taking our wives with us — not for companionship only, if the truth must be told, but for regulators and balance-wheels, as, without them, we knew not where we should bring up. I was about going abroad once more, in the hope of seeing much I had overlooked before, simply because I could see it any time; and I felt unwilling to show my face among the wonders of the Old World, before I had seen something more of the New. How should I like to be questioned again, as I had been many times before, about Niagara, and the Natural Bridge, and the Prairies, and the Missouri, and the Mississippi?

But just when we were ready for the trip, there came a notice from my old partner in business, "John Pierpont, Esquire," that he should be obliged to give up the idea altogether, having been called away to the West somewhere, for the dedication of a new church. I felt sorry, and so did my wife; but our minds were made up to go, and go we did, and by ourselves. After blundering though many hundreds of miles, not to say thousands, at the hourly risk of our lives, in

the abominable stage-coaches, that did the business for many a Western traveller in that day, we arrived at Buffalo, on our way to Niagara and Quebec, and the battle-fields of the Revolution, which were all new to us. Happening to be out on the piazza of our hotel soon after we arrived, my attention was attracted by a small card fastened to a pillar. Judge of my astonishment, when I found it was a notice that the Rev. Mr. Pierpont would "officiate" somewhere that evening or the next, I forget which. So off I posted in search of the wanderer; found him seated at a table with his back toward the entrance, went up to him softly, and fetched him a hearty slap on the back, which he resented, by starting to his feet, staring at me, as if he had raised a spirit, and jumping into my arms like a schoolboy. Our trip to Niagara was forthwith arranged anew, and the very next day we found ourselves there, myself for the first time, and he for the third or fourth, I believe; after which came the star-shower, thick "as the leaves in Valombrosa," or the untimely blossoms of a fig-tree stripped by a hurricane, while we were asleep. And here we may as well draw rein, and take a long breath, and look about us.

Nov. 26. — A long breath it has been! but if we are allowed only so many breathings, and they are all counted to us, and we cannot go beyond our allowance, may it not be good economy sometimes, to take the longest breath we can? May it not be soothing, as well as strengthening, to stop now and then, and look about us, on our way up hill, or down hill, after we have passed our meridian, and ask ourselves in all seriousness, What next?

Here am I now, but little further advanced in my fourth attempt, than I was three months ago; owing partly to my building operations, and partly to the fact, that I have been persuaded to write half a score of magazine articles, instead of so many chapters in my autobiography. Perhaps, however, the outline sketch I have made of Mr. Pierpont for the "Atlantic," and the papers on Education furnished the "Phrenological Journal," to say nothing of a story or two, and a short poem, may be regarded as but so many episodes.

But another and a very serious question has lately sprung up in my way. Shall I proceed as hitherto, beginning with

my earliest recollections, and going on, from year to year, crossing my own path continually, at the risk of many repetitions, only that I may keep together the doings of a certain period, rather than my doings within a certain field? Or shall I take up, one after another, such developments of character as we all undergo in our progress through the world, from youth to old age, beginning with the earliest I remember, and following them out, year after year, to the present day? Much may be said on both sides, according to Oliver Goldsmith; but, on the whole, I think the latter not only the wiser, but the pleasanter course. And therefore, after having disposed of my parentage in the usual way, I propose to give my experience under different heads, just as they occur to me; so that if any reader should be curious to know something of my first impulses, and what became of them in after life, through the ever-unfolding changes of boyhood, manhood, and old age, he need only look at the heading of the chapters, and choose one for himself, and follow that division of the subject to the "bitter end."

CHAPTER II.

OF MY PARENTAGE AND FAMILY.

SECOND-SIGHT AND APPARITIONS.

Nov. 27. — Again I have an hour or two of comparative leisure, and may venture to take up the pen, without fear of interruption for a while. The weather being so favorable, a second Indian summer having opened to us, and my building operations going on so smoothly, I think I may afford to indulge in a little gossipping.

My father and mother, and all their relations on both sides of the house, were Friends. Their "birthright" could be traced back to the time of George Fox. My grandfather, James Neal, was a public preacher among that people, and up to the very last, though a godly man — so godly that he believed he had been able to live one whole day without sin, and serious enough upon all proper occasions — was a great favorite with the young and merry-hearted, and full of quiet humor. Two or three anecdotes have just occurred to me, which I remember hearing told of him, when I was a little boy. Riding one day to attend a "monthly meeting" somewhere in the "District of Maine," as our State was then called — it being but an appendage to Massachusetts, though four times larger — he had for his companion Remington Hobby, another "approved" minister, and a remarkably sedate man, who took every thing so to heart in this naughty world, that he eschewed all joking and pleasantry, as a part of the idle words we are to give an account of hereafter. It seems that friend Hobby had a troublesome cold in the head. "James," said he, as they were jogging along in a quiet serious way, "James," — flourishing a large chocolate bandanna, of the old orthodox type, rather too near the head of the spirited horse my grandfather rode, — "how my nose runs!"

"Well, Remington," was the reply, "I rather guess thee'll be able to keep up with it; thee's got a pretty good horse under thee." Both were supposed to be capital judges of horse-flesh, drab cloth, and beaver hats; always wearing the best, and seldom meeting, without a little grave banter and chaffering on the part of "James."

Many other like pleasantries I might recall, as they crowd upon my recollection; but, having been led astray so often and so far, by following such will-o'-the-wisps, I have grown distrustful of myself, and of them, and shall give only two or three more, which seem to be characteristic of the family.

Riding over the top of a hill one day, which seemed little better than a rock heap, in the midst of a landscape so dismal, so desolate, and so rough, it seemed to be laboring under a curse, he saw a man hard at work, laying up a stone wall, as if perfectly satisfied with his lot, and resolved to make the best of it. "Neighbor," said my grandfather, pulling up short, as he spoke, "neighbor, may I ask thee where thee gets the stones for that wall thee's building?"

"Where do I get 'em!" said the man, with a puzzled look. "Why, all about here."

"Thee does! Well, I declare! I didn't miss any of them," said the grave Quaker, as he rode off, without changing countenance. The last that was seen of the man, he was standing stock-still, as if bewildered, and following with his eyes the stately apparition, as it slowly disappeared over the brow of the hill; occasionally muttering to himself, and shaking his head, if we may believe the representations of a third party, as if, notwithstanding the Quaker garb and serious look of the stranger, he had his misgivings, or did not feel quite satisfied with himself.

Stephen, the eldest son, appears to have inherited something of his father's drollery. "Friend Neal," said Squire Bartlet, one day, who had just been told that a wretched pauper was about being married, "what do ye think induced Trip to take a wife?"—"Why, that he might have something to call his own," was the reply.

And so with James, the third son. "Poor fellow!" said a passing traveller, as he threw a glance over a brush fence, that seemed to be rambling off into a dreary waste, which a

man was tearing up with a plough, jump after jump, as if both were playing leap-frog.

"Not so poor as thee may think for!" said uncle James, who happened to overhear the remark; "for he owns only one-half of it."

But the second son, my poor father, who died in his thirtieth year, seems to have taken things more seriously, and, though far from being an austere man, to have had no disposition for joking under any circumstances. It may be that he had a presentiment of coming evil, or that his way was overshadowed, from early age, by the angel of death.

Of the daughters Peace, Keziah, and Elizabeth, Keziah alone betrayed her relationship, when "much enforced," by flashes of quiet sarcasm, and a kind of playfulness at times, which reminded us all of grandfather.

My earliest progenitors, on my father's side, were Andrew Neal, who died in 1757; and his wife Dorcas, who died in 1791. Beyond these I cannot venture to go; though I am assured by the Neals of Salem, that I might, if I would, trace my lineage up to Cromwell; and by others, who have taken great pains to satisfy themselves, that we are of the red O'Neals who had to do with Queen Elizabeth, and that Shane Castle — about which I wrote a poem, while Mr. Pierpont was looking over my shoulder, in 1816, on hearing that it had just been destroyed by fire — was a part of our family heritage. Of these two stories, I don't believe a word; nor shall I, without clearer pooof by far than I have yet met with.

My grandfather held to the last that our ancestors were Scotch; but in Dover and Portsmouth, England, I found the name so frequently in the graveyards, with that of John prefixed, in two or three cases — and always spelled as we have spelled ours for the last hundred years, though I had one letter in my possession before the fire of July last, in which it was spelled Neil, instead of Neal, by uncle James himself — that I began to feel as much at home there, as I should in the graveyards of Portsmouth or Dover, New Hampshire, where the earliest of our family first planted themselves, and where the name, with a slight change of orthography here and there, abounds. The first settlers of a country are fond of the names they have always been familiar with at home; and it

is therefore but a reasonable presumption that Portsmouth was named by emigrants from Portsmouth; and Dover, by emigrants from Dover, England.

But however this may be, although I have great respect for old families, that is, for people who have had grandfathers, I am not inclined to take a part in the controversy which the "old man eloquent" set a-going, about forty years ago, between the families of to-day, and the families of yesterday, or the day before.

And here, in this connection, I am reminded of a somewhat amusing circumstance, which has led to having my name written, both at home and abroad, with a final *e* — Neale instead of Neal. For a time, I supposed the magazine-writers, and others who "sarved me out" in the newspapers, had been misled by the orthography of Joseph C. Neale's name; but I discovered at last that I myself was answerable for the change; and in this way. When I gave an account of all our American writers for "Blackwood," I was obliged of course not to overlook myself, or the authorship would have been guessed immediately. And so I spoke of "John Neale," as I did of others, only taking care to say that I gave his own language in speaking of himself, and spelling the name Neale. All who knew me were of course thrown off the scent; while strangers adopted the new orthography, and stuck to it, notwithstanding all my protestations and remonstrances, until Henry Neale and Joseph C. Neale and myself were supposed to be of one blood, if not of one family. Perhaps I deserved what followed, and have no right to complain.

And now for myself. I was born, to the best of my recollection and belief, on the 25th of August, 1793; and my twin-sister Rachel, on the 24th, leaving an interval of about twelve hours between us, though the question has never yet been fully determined.

Our parents had no other children, and my father died within a month after we were born, leaving my poor mother a widow, sick, helpless, and well-nigh destitute, with two little babies upon her hands; one of which, my dear sister, was of a feeble constitution, and always ailing, though she lived to the age of sixty-five, and for many years before she died was favored with uncommon health, notwithstanding the failure of her eyesight.

As the Friends have no poor, and all her brothers were substantial farmers, and all our relations, on both sides, in comfortable circumstances, my mother found no serious difficulty in her way, after she was able to sit up. My father had been a school-master, and at the time of his death was employed by the town. Feeling that she had no time to lose, not a day, she opened a private school, to which some of the larger boys, who had been for a long while under my father's training, were immediately sent; and this occupation she followed for thirty-five years, and my sister after her, up to 1830.

Nov. 29.—Thanksgiving day, and so very mild and pleasant, that I was hardly seated, before I was called to hear a report from the master mason I had employed on a large store in Exchange Street, that a portion of the division wall, eighty feet in depth, and three stories high, had slipped away and tumbled into a neighbor's empty cellar. Nor was I alone. Others had suffered in the same way, and two or three much more seriously; here, by the pressure of the wind; there, by the frost coming out of the walls, which had been built, as mine were, of old brick that had been left uncovered till they were dripping wet. Most thankful am I, that the mishap occurred before we had gone up a story higher, or it was too late for me to lay the wall with new, dry brick, and thereby guard against a repetition of the "slide;" and very thankful, I must acknowledge, that I have no more to be thankful for.

And now let us return to our Reminiscences. My father died after a very short illness, of which different accounts are given by those who knew him best, and while my mother was confined to her bed; though she had left it once, on hearing that he wanted to see her, and went to his room in spite of all remonstrances, where she saw him for the last time, only a day or two before his death.

She used to say that he died of a fever, which was brought on by a severe cold, taken at the door, when a mysterious stranger called to see him, and would not enter the house; but Josiah Dow (father of Neal Dow), one of his earliest and best friends, who never spoke of him without visible emotion, and Jeanette Starkie, one of my father's scholars, and Mrs. Abigail Horton, or "Aunt Nabbie," (now in her

ninety-seventh year), all members of the society, and personal friends of my father and mother, are quite sure that he took the fever at Falmouth, where he went to watch with some of the sick, while the throat-distemper, as it was then called, — the putrid sore throat, — and a malignant ship-fever prevailed for a season, filling the whole neighborhood with consternation. But, however this may be, the fatigue and watching, added to his anxiety about my mother, may have predisposed him for what followed.

That the Friends have rather a disposition toward the marvellous — an easy faith in the wonderful, that is — I have had occasion to see from my earliest boyhood; yet there were some strange circumstances preceding, and foretelling, as many thought, the death of my father, which I have lately had detailed to me by the venerable Josiah Dow, who died a year or two ago, at the age of ninety-one.

"Thy father came to see me not long before thee was born," said this exceedingly kind-hearted, conscientious man, "about something which troubled him so, that he could not think of any thing else. We were like brothers — we had been boys together," — and here the good old man's eyes filled, and his voice faltered; and the story he told me was this. Coming through the garden toward nightfall, the day before, he saw my mother there — left her, without speaking, as he was in somewhat of a hurry, and went into the house; and there he saw her sitting by the window, and busy with her work. "Why, Rachel," said he, "how did thee manage to get in before me?" It was evident enough that she did not understand him: her startled look made him stop short; and he merely added, that he thought he saw her in the garden as he passed through. But no: she had not been there during the whole day: she had not even left her chair, within the last hour. My father was afraid to pursue the inquiry, lest he should alarm her; but the garden was not large, and he had passed so near to her, that he could almost have touched her. "In short," continued friend Dow, "thy father looked upon it as a forerunner, as it proved to be; but then he supposed it intended for thy mother, and not for himself; and this it was that so troubled him." — "Being toward nightfall," said I, "and he so anxious about my mother, and not in the best of health at

the time, and greatly fatigued, perhaps, with night-watching, might he not have mistaken somebody else for my mother?"

"No: I think not; for thy mother was one of the handsomest women of her day, and there was nobody in that neighborhood who resembled her in person or look."

And here I may as well add, that the garden lay in the rear of the brick house now standing at the corner of South, and Free Streets, and owned by Mr. S. R. Lyman, who took off the old Gooding house, in which my father died, and which I found, not long ago, on the westerly side of Cotton Street; a two-story, yellow frame-house, crowded with Irish, and still in pretty good repair. I was born, they tell me, in the north front chamber; our family occupying two or three rooms, at most, in the second story.

But my mother told me of something more, which, knowing her cautiousness and conscientiousness, and her calm, cool judgment in all the business of life, I must acknowledge made a profound impression on me, after I had got my growth. Had she been addicted to poetry, or given to the reading of romances or story books — I never knew her to read but two or three in all her life, "Reuben and Rachel," and "Eliza Wharton," and "Charlotte Temple," and not so much as one of mine — I might have regarded the vision, or forerunner, which I am now about to give in her own language, as the result of a temporary hallucination; for that she herself believed it, nobody that knew her would think of questioning for a moment. But as her chief reading consisted of "No Cross, no Crown," the "Travels of Job Scott," Young's "Night Thoughts," "Thomas à Kempis," and the newspapers of the day; and as she was quite remarkable for downright common-sense, without a glimmer of imagination, or the slightest leaning toward extravagance or exaggeration, it was not easy to believe that she could be mistaken.

"I was sitting in front of the fire, after the business of the day was over," said she, "waiting for thy father. The fire was low, and as I reached forward to take up one end of a large fore-stick, a hand appeared — a long, slender hand like thy father's — and took up the other end of the fore-stick and helped place it where it belonged. I knew it

was thy father's hand the moment I saw it; and I believed it was meant for a warning."

"Did you tell father of it?" I asked.

"No: I was afraid he might be troubled."

"Perhaps you had fallen asleep, and were dreaming?"

She shook her head, and smiled, mournfully to be sure; but so as to satisfy me that she had weighed all the circumstances before, and that my suggestion was not new to her.

I then asked her how late in the evening it was.

"I do not remember the hour," she said, "but I know it was early; for supper was waiting for thy father, and he was always punctual."

Our familiarity of late with what are called spiritual manifestations will of course take away much of our amazement, if not of our unbelief; but still I should be disposed to rank this revelation among the most marvellous I have heard of, through well-authenticated narratives; but, within the last two or three years, I have heard from another branch of the family a very different version of the story.

My grandfather, on my mother's side — Daniel Hall, one of the ten thousand descendants of Hatevil Hall — died a strange death. He was a man of large stature, and of great bodily strength. He had never been ill enough to keep his bed for a single day in all his life. One afternoon, toward nightfall, in swingling flax, a splinter got into his hand. That very night, the hand began to swell, and at last grew very painful. Mortification set in: the ablest physicians were sent for, but nothing could be done; and he walked the floor night and day, till he died.

The hand my mother saw, is now believed by this branch of the house to have been that of my grandfather Hall; for it was said to be discolored and swollen. But however this may be — and I choose to rely upon what my mother told me and my wife, with her own mouth, not long before her death — it is certain that all the family have entire and absolute faith in the vision, however they may disagree in these unimportant details. That a hand appeared, like that which so disturbed Belshazzar, that his knees smote together, although for a much kinder purpose, nobody thinks of doubting, I find, among the Friends.

But are they superstitious? Are they a people of easy faith in the marvellous? I rather think they are. While yet a child, I remember hearing two or three of the soberest — one of whom, the late Samuel F. Hussey, wore the broadest of broad-brims — give an account of a little boy, at New-Bedford I think, who was thought to be gifted with second-sight; and I am sure they told the story as if they believed it themselves, and one or two were eye-witnesses of what, in the days of Cotton Mather, might have led to something serious.

The boy, they said, was playing on the floor, when, all at once, he stopped, and appeared to be frightened. His parents questioned him, and tried to soothe him; and, at last, he whispered in his mother's ear that he saw a vessel which had been shipwrecked, belonging to a near neighbor. The parents paid little or no attention to the story, and it was entirely forgotten, till, at the end of six months, the news came that the vessel had been lost; and, upon comparing dates, they found it was about the time, if not on the very day and hour, when the boy had the vision.

At another time, he burst out a-laughing, without any apparent cause; and, upon being interrogated, he said that a neighbor of somewhat questionable habits had just rolled down a hill, a long way off, and broken two jugs he had with him; and this also proved to be true. The old man had rolled down the further side of a hill, which rose up between the little seer, and the distant highway.

And I remember lying still in my trundle-bed, and holding my breath and pretending to be asleep, when I was not more than six years of age, while Clarissa Brackett, another Friend, and one of my dear mother's cronies, told about a woman, who, in passing through a dark entry and up a long stairway, was followed by a spirit — the spirit of her husband's first wife, and the mother of two or three children she was treating barbarously — and struck her on the back, between the shoulders, with a bunch of keys, which left a mark that was found there when they laid her out. This they had occasion to do without much delay; for she took to her bed at once, and raved about the spirit and the bunch of keys till she died.

And Jeanette Starkie, a female preacher among the Friends, whom I have already mentioned as one of my father's scholars, a woman quite remarkable for discretion, or sobriety, of speech, and for soundness of judgment, told me not long ago of two cases, within her own personal experience, which I should like to give in her own words, if my memoranda had not been destroyed by the fire.

In the first, a lovely young woman, the daughter of her present husband by a first wife, was lying at the point of death, unreconciled to God. In her anguish of spirit, one day, when left alone for a few minutes, she prayed to be delivered from her doubts, and, to that end, that she might be permitted to see her name written in the Lamb's book of life. And, lo! straightway there appeared upon the bed, before her eyes, a large open book, wherein she saw her name written at full length. Was it a dream, or a revelation? She was not asleep when the attendant left the room; she was wide-awake when that attendant returned; she was no enthusiast; and wholly incapable of untruth, at any time, much less at a time when she was about to pass away from earth for ever. Add to all this, that she died in the full possession of her senses, with a smile upon her beautiful countenance, and a declaration of trust upon her lips, founded on what she had been permitted to see. Of course, we, who are strangers, or philosophers, do not believe a word of all this; but the mother-in-law does, and all the family; and surely this ought to weigh with us, even though we may not believe in compurgators, nor be quite ready to believe at second hand, what we should be unwilling to believe, were we eye-witnesses.

The other case related by her was substantially as follows: One of our worthiest fellow-citizens — the late Captain Daniel Tucker, if I am not mistaken — saw the apparition of his first wife enter the room where he was at the time, and take her place at a writing-desk she had always used when alive. I cannot give the details; but, according to my present recollection, the main fact was as I have related. It was evident from her whole manner, that this amiable Quakeress, and approved minister among the Friends, believed the story as I have told it; for she knew all the parties.

Let me add here that my mother used to relate in a pleasant way, as if it were hardly worth mentioning seriously, another strange personal experience, in which her story seemed to be corroborated by others, at least in part. According to what we are told of spectres and goblins, they are not often testified to by more than one person at a time, like the ghost of Banquo. But in the case I am about to mention, where, if neither ghost nor goblin appeared, something else did, in broad daylight, with a number of eye-witnesses, who were neither agitated, nor troubled with remorse of conscience, to verify the apparition, and therefore to confirm the story told by my mother about her dream.

It appears that she had lost, in some unaccountable way — perhaps, I should say, in a mysterious way — a heavy silver shoe-buckle, one of a pair, which, notwithstanding they were counted among the vanities of the world, were very precious to the young, handsome Quakeress, then just flowering into womanhood. Diligent search had been made for it, day after day, and month after month, through a long dreary winter, till the spring opened, but always in vain. Yet she had not given up all hope: she thought of her buckle by day, she dreamt of it by night, and was haunted with a settled conviction that she should find it again, somewhere.

One morning, while the family were at breakfast, with a window open, that looked into the front yard, a young rooster flew up, and lighted on the window-sill, and gave a loud noisy crow. My mother looked frightened; and all were somewhat startled by the suddenness and unexpectedness of the apparition. After a few minutes of dead silence, however, finding all eyes turned toward her, as if wondering at her paleness and agitation, she "up and told a dream" she had, the night before, and might never have thought of again but for the appearance of the bird in the open window, and his loud crowing.

She dreamed that they were all at breakfast, with that very window open; that a young chicken-cock flew in, rested on the sill, and began to crow, or rather to scream; that she ran to drive him away, and that she followed him to the well, where, just under the edge of a melting snow-drift, she found the buckle.

The old folks laughed at her; but the younger fry insisted on her having the dream out. She refused at first, but, after a while, gave way, and followed the bird, which, oddly enough, did fly off in the direction of the well; after a few minutes she returned, holding up the buckle, and shouting, "I have found it! I have found it!" Not having read Plutarch perhaps, nor ever heard of Archimedes, and being unacquainted with Greek, she did the best she could, instead of saying, Eureka! Eureka! And, sure enough, she had found the buckle just where she had been told in her dream to look for it, under the edge of a melting snow-drift. She had lost it probably in going to the well for water. But enough on this head. If the Friends are not a little given to the marvellous, if they are not a little superstitious, then have I misunderstood what I believe to be one of their characteristics.

CHAPTER III.

INCIDENTS OF CHILDHOOD, REVELATIONS, AND ORATORY.

DEC. 3, 1866. — More Indian summer! Not a handful of snow since the 23d of last month, and then only what we call a "flirt," and the Scotch a "flurry;" atmosphere warm and delicious, and full of what seems to be the breath of roses. Such weather is now worth fifty thousand dollars a day to our laborers, mechanics, builders, and property-holders. More than six hundred buildings have gone up, and half as many more will be under way, or have their caps on, before the snow flies — or rather, for one should be wary in prophesying, before the snow *lies*. But we have had two or three head flaws — heavy rains and heavy blows; and some of our walls have been pushed from their foundations, and others have toppled over, though laid in cement, and over a foot thick.

And now let us return. Among my earliest recollections is that of being obliged to stand upon a table, and say over, "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man, whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door," at the special instance and request of my dear old grandfather, and a few of what were called with singular propriety his *particular* friends; for they overlooked nothing, and were always in the way of prodigies and portents. How I quitted myself, I do not remember, nor am I quite sure that I remember of myself what I have already mentioned; for I was not over two and a half, or three years of age at the time, as I found out by letters which were in my possession before the fire; but I do remember, and without help or misgiving, incidents yet earlier.

The very first was the following. It was a second birth to me, and all before was a dead blank, and continues to be so, up to this hour. But how old was I? My vouchers being

all destroyed, I can judge only by circumstances. On our way from Falmouth, now Portland, to Kittery, now Elliot, where my grandfather lived, I remember, as if it were but yesterday, going through water so deep that it flowed over the bottom of our carriage. I remember, too, the strange appearance of the trees growing out of the water, with no sign of road or pathway, and nothing to guide us. There had been a great freshet; and the whole country up to Doughty's Falls, they say, was flooded. We stayed with my grandfather a year and a half; and I was not put into jacket-and-trousers, till after our return to Portland, so that I could not have been much older than I have said.

But while I remember many other little incidents with distinctness, I remember nothing at all — absolutely nothing — of a somewhat serious accident, which occurred to me while we were at my grandfather's. It seems that he was furnishing ship-timber for Portsmouth; that one of his workmen stood up a broad axe by the handle, with the blade resting against the fence, while away to dinner; that I went after some chips, barefooted; and, while gathering them, the old sow began rooting about in my neighborhood, and at last overthrew the axe, which, in falling, struck me, and cut off my great toe, so that it only hung by a bit of skin. How strange that, while a score of other incidents, absolutely trivial in comparison, are crowding upon my recollection with the vividness and clearness of recent experience, I remember nothing of the fright or pain which I must have suffered, and am obliged to rely upon others for the fact, while carrying the scar with me to the grave!

Among these are the following. I give them in the order they occur to me. I took it into my head one day to clamber into an empty hogshead; and let some of my playfellows roll me about, until I received a serious gash over the left temple, from a peg or a nail, which had been overlooked. They say that I was taken up and carried into the house, and laid upon a table, where the wound was sewed up; and that when it was all over, and I was asked how I felt, I said to uncle James, who had given me a fig to encourage me under the operation, that I should be willing to go through the whole of it again, for another fig.

About this time, they put me into jacket-and-trousers; whereupon, they say that I gathered up my petticoats and flung them to my sister, saying, "Sis may have these: they're too good for me." Here was a touch of human nature. Being twins, we had always been dressed alike, till then; but, from that time forward, I was the man-child, and she — poor thing! — only "Sissy," and obliged to wear petticoats.

I remember also, and this without help — for when I mentioned it to my mother, not long before her death, she had wholly forgotten the circumstance — that, having been provided with a new hat, I amused myself one sabbath-morning — and the neighbors also, I dare say — with kicking the old one, of which I had long been heartily ashamed, up and down the street, on my way to meeting.

And this reminds me of a narrow escape I had — to say nothing of the poor boy I aimed at, one day, with a cross-bow, as he was leaning over and drinking from the nose of a pump, standing by what used to be known as the Fosdick House, on the corner of Federal and Church Streets. I stood on the steps of the Friends' meeting-house, lately occupied by Thompson, the marble-cutter, when I snapped the string and let fly, with no more idea of hitting the poor fellow than of hitting a swallow on the wing; but my little crooked arrow, whittled out of a shingle, struck him just between the eyes, as he lifted his head after drinking. Half an inch, one way or the other, would have cost him an eye, myself undying remorse, and my mother a pretty penny, I dare say; for we Down-Easters are a litigious people, and lawyers are always to be had.

And yet another. Having been furnished with a pine-sled by my uncle Simeon Hall, which, owing to a little oversight when it was put together, was always running against the grain, I was obliged to do my sliding on the steepest hills I could find, or run the risk of stopping half-way, and tumbling off into the snow. I went with two or three companions, one beautiful moonlight evening, to try my luck on Titcomb's Wharf, near Clay-cove, just below our new custom-house. Not being well acquainted with the neighborhood, I followed in the wake of the other boys; but instead of turning off, as

they did, at a particular bend of the highway, which they were acquainted with, and of course had prepared for, I kept on and on, till I found myself in the dock, fifteen or twenty feet below, with a sheet of ice under me, and great blocks of salt-water ice piled up in every direction about me. I had been going a "belly-plumper;" and, for a minute or two, I thought I never should breathe again, so completely was the wind knocked out of me. The boys were not to blame, however. They did not know that I was there for the first time, and never thought of warning me, till it was too late, and they saw me going head-first over the wharf, and into the sea. Luckily for us all, the tide was out. And so has it ever been with me. In the midst of my sorest and bitterest trials, from boyhood to old age, I have always had something to be thankful for; so that, for many years, when a heavy blow has fallen upon me, or a great disappointment has happened, my first thoughts have always been, Thank God, it is no worse! How much I still have to be thankful for! and how much less have I to complain of, than others about me!

With that unhappy sled, there is another sorrowful recollection associated. Not being able to make much headway on the common street-slopes, I had taken a fancy to neighbor McLellan's front-steps, when they were heaped with snow. They were not more than three feet high, or, at the most, four; though I had an impression, till I saw them after my return from abroad, that they were high enough to be dangerous, and therefore to justify the course of my good uncle James with me.

Finding me, one day, just on the point of lanching my sled from the top of this elevation, he pulled me up short, and assured me in a way peculiar to himself, that if he caught me sliding on anybody's steps again, he would take my sled away, and split it up, and burn it. Hardly had he turned the corner, before I was up, and at it once more. Happening to look round, he caught me in the act, and, being a man of his word — he had also been a school-master, and a great disciplinarian — my poor sled was taken away, split in pieces, and burned before my face — the monster! — and I never had another. I am afraid I have never quite forgiven him to this day, though he has been dead thirty years, and meant to

make me his heir; but dying in a hurry, as old bachelors often do, he failed to carry out his avowed intentions, and I lost a handsome estate — a loss, by the way, which I never felt a twentieth part as much as I did the loss of my little rough-and-tumble pine-sled.

Long after this, when I had reached the age of ten or eleven, I had another experience of a similar nature. Next my mother's in Fish-Street, now called Exchange-Street, lived a Widow Deering. The back addition to her house had a low, sloping roof, which I took a prodigious fancy to, for a variety of reasons. One was, that I could mount a large cane at the end of the ridge-pole and slide down, at a tremendous pace, to the very edge of the roof; and from thence leap to the platform, without much risk. To be sure, the noise I made was terrific: you would have thought a hurricane had got among the old shingles, and was ripping them off, by the wheelbarrow-load. The Widow Deering was a kind-hearted, patient woman; but she could not bear everything, even from a neighbor's boy — about as mischievous a little wretch as ever breathed, I dare say, though not absolutely vicious nor heartless; and so she gave my good uncle a hint, I suppose. He had a private insurance-office just over the way, where the wealthiest men of their time used to congregate, as underwriters and gossips, and where I was then going through a "course of sprouts" with my uncle. It was only in the three R's of the Irishman, however — "Reading, Riting, and 'Rethimetic" — and nothing more.

Calling me up, he questioned me about my horsemanship on the widow's roof, and about the cane; and taking it from me, with a cuff or two, which set my head ringing like a brass kettle, he put it away behind some old painted canvas hangings, which had been there from time immemorial; certainly from the time of the old Indian wars, if we might believe the stories that were told about the talks held there, when it was the council-chamber of Massachusetts-Bay. They were the first I ever saw, and the last; and I can recall the trees and blue waters, and the birds, and the squirrels, and the bright, clear sky, as if I had seen them but the other day. Perhaps my uncommon relish for painting, and especially for landscape, originated there. But to return: before

the sound of my good uncle's footsteps died away, I had got possession of the cane, and was careering down that roof, with more vehemence than ever, almost ripping off the shingles as I went; and fully persuaded that I was not only avenging myself, on my uncle and the widow, for the cuffing I had been favored with, but that I was showing off my horsemanship, and my pluck, in a way not to be misunderstood. N.B. I think so now; but I cannot understand how I ever had the courage to disobey such a man, knowing him as I did, without a moment's hesitation, and without regard to consequences. That these were indications of a character headstrong, adventurous, and rash, I must acknowledge. But enough. Let us now try to follow out my experience in elocution, or speechifying, from the time they first stood me up on a table to astonish the Friends with "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man," up to this very day; for I am constantly called upon to make speeches, or to lecture upon all sorts of subjects, without preparation. It may furnish a hint hereafter, to the timid and bashful, who are troubled alike with self-distrust, and "with the nightmare moanings of Ambition's breast."

At the age of twelve, my education was completed. I never went to school another day. With reading, writing, and arithmetic I was familiar; but I had no knowledge of geography, nor of English grammar, nor indeed of any one of the numberless branches now taught in our common schools. I was put behind a counter in a retail and jobbing dry-goods establishment, kept by Munroe and Tuttle, at the corner of Union and Middle Streets, where a silversmith keeps now, and where my progress, for a while, was quite astonishing in all the tricks of the trade, as I may have occasion to show hereafter.

I had been to a Quaker boarding-school at Windham, where they starved and froze me for two long winters, and where I learned, to the best of my knowledge and belief, just nothing at all; to a Quaker private school; to the town-school, kept by Master Gregg and Master Patten; to the Portland Academy, when the late Dr. Payson was preceptor; and, finally, to Master Moody's in Union Street. In both of these two last-mentioned establishments, the "Columbian

Orator" was a text-book; and elocution was taught in a way I never shall forget — never!

We had a yearly exhibition at the academy, and the favorites of the preceptor were allowed to speak a piece; and a pretty time they had of it. Somehow, I was never a favorite with any of my teachers, after the first two or three days; and, as I went barefooted, I dare say it was thought unseemly, or perhaps cruel, to expose me upon the platform. And then, as I had no particular aptitude for public speaking, and no relish for what was called oratory, it was never my luck to be called up. Among my schoolmates, however, was one, a very amiable, shy boy, to whom — partly on account of his good clothes, I dare say, and partly on account of his father, one of our wealthiest merchants — was assigned, at the last exhibition I attended, that passage in Pope's Homer, beginning with "*Aurora*, now fair daughter of the dawn." This the poor boy gave with so much emphasis and discretion, that, to me, it sounded like "O roarer!" and I was wicked enough, out of sheer envy, I dare say, to call him "O roarer!" — a nickname which clung to him for a long while, though no human being ever deserved it less; for, in speech and action both, he was quiet, reserved, and sensitive, as everybody who knew Edward Cobb will acknowledge.

My next experience in elocution was still more disheartening, so that I never had a chance of showing what I was capable of in that way, till I set up for myself. Master Moody was thought to have uncommon qualifications for teaching oratory. He was a large, handsome, heavy man, over six feet high; and having understood that the first, second, and third pre-requisite in oratory was *action*, the boys he put in training were encouraged to most vehement and obstreperous manifestations. Let me give an example, and one that weighed heavily on my conscience for many years after the poor man passed away.

Among his pupils were two boys, brothers, named Simpson, who were thought highly gifted in elocution. The master, who was evidently of that opinion, had a habit of parading them on all occasions before visitors and strangers; though one had lost his upper front teeth and lisped badly, and the other had the voice of a penny-trumpet. Week after week,

these two boys went through the quarrel of Brutus and Cassius, for the benefit of myself and others, to see if their example would not provoke us to a generous competition for all the honors. How it operated on the other boys, in after life, I cannot say; but the effect on me was decidedly unwholesome — discouraging indeed — until I was old enough to judge for myself, and to carry into operation a system of my own; believing that men should always *talk* — I do not say they should talk *always* — on paper and off, on the platform and at the bar, in the senate-chamber, and at the dinner-table — if they would not forego all the advantages of experience in private life, when they lanch into public life.

On coming to the passage, "Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts — dash him in pieces!" the elder of the two gave it after the following fashion: "Be ready, godths, with all your thunderbolths — dath him in pietheth!" — bringing his right fist down into his left palm with all his strength, and his lifted foot upon the platform, which was built like a sounding-board, so that the master himself, who had suggested the action, and obliged the poor boy to rehearse it, over and over again, appeared to be utterly carried away by the magnificent demonstration; while to me — so deficient was I in rhetorical taste — it sounded like the crash of broken crockery, intermingled with chicken-peeps. I never got over it; and, to this day, cannot endure stamping, nor even tapping with the foot, although it be with the delicate emphasis of our friend Everett, when prodigiously in earnest — for him; nor clapping the hands together, nor thumping the table for illustration; having an idea that such noises are not oratory, and that untranslatable sounds are not language.

My next essay was of a somewhat different kind. I took the field in person, being in my nineteenth year, well-proportioned, and already beginning to have a sincere relish for poetry, if not for declamation; the best I had ever heard, at the time, having been that of a large, handsome English woman, who recited "Alexander's Feast" with astonishing power, and not a little grace.

I had always been a great reader, from my earliest recollection, reading, year after year, almost every thing that fell in my way, except newspapers; but all this I must withhold

for a chapter by itself. And, in the course of my foraging depredations, I had met with "The Sailor Boy's Dream," and the "Lake of the Dismal Swamp," both of which I had committed to memory before I knew it; for I was never much gifted in that way, and to this hour could not repeat half a dozen consecutive lines of my own poetry, if my life depended on it; although I can follow a dozen speakers, day after day, without taking a note, and remember the substance of all they say, and sometimes their very language, so as to be able to reply to their arguments, without blundering or misrepresentation. And one day, happening to be alone with my sister, and newly rigged out in a student's gown, such as the lads at Brunswick sported, when they came to show off among their old companions — though mine was of Scotch gingham, instead of calico, highly glazed, and stiff and rustling, like heavy silk, when I moved, and the plaid was full six inches square and of the richest colors — I proposed to astonish her by rehearsing these two poems in appropriate costume. Being very proud of her brother, and very obliging, she consented at once, upon the condition, however, that our dear mother, who had never seen any thing of the sort, should be invited to make one of the audience. On the whole, I rather think that I succeeded in astonishing both. I well remember their looks of amazement — for they had never seen any thing better, or — worse — in all their lives, and were no judges of acting — as I swept to and fro in that magnificent robe, with outstretched arms and uplifted eyes, when I came to passages like the following, where an apostrophe was called for: —

"Through tangled juniper, beds of weeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man ne'er trod before:
. . . . . .
And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
Till, starting, he cried, from his dream awake,
'Oh! when shall I see the dusky lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?'"—

certainly among the finest passages ever written by Moore, and altogether above the best of his later compositions, except a few lines in "Lallah Rookh," where, as a midnight torrent

pours through the gorges of a mountain, "sweeping the flocks and herds," a tiger

> "Chases them down their thundering way;
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Bloodying the stream he has not power to stay."

Or like this: —

> "O sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy shade!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow,
> Of thy fair yellow hair threads of amber be made,
> And every part suit to thy mansion below" —

throwing up my arms, and throwing them out, in every possible direction, as the spirit moved me, or the sentiment prompted; for I have always encouraged my limbs and features to think for themselves, and to act for themselves, and never predetermined — never forethought — a gesture, nor an intonation, in all my life; and should as soon think of counterfeiting another's look, or step, or voice, or of modulating my own by a pitch-pipe — as the ancient orators did, with whom oratory was acting-elocution, a branch of the dramatic art — as of adopting or imitating the gestures or tones of the most celebrated rhetorician I ever saw.

The result was quite encouraging. My mother and sister were both satisfied. At any rate, they said nothing to the contrary. Being only in my nineteenth year, what might I not be able to accomplish after a little more experience? My intonations, I know, were good; for they were natural; natural to myself, I mean, and essentially characteristic, I am sure. My gesticulation, too, was both graceful and free, though left-handed for a long while, and somewhat superfluous; and my reading, on the whole, what I should give now, with fifty odd years of experience, though entirely unlike that of any other person I ever heard, in reciting poetry. Declamation I abhor; acting I abominate, in description or narrative; impersonation is one thing, representation quite another; and story-telling, or narrative, another. Yet are they generally confounded. Never shall I forget the celebrated Ogilvie's rendering of these two lines by Walter Scott:

> "Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!
> Were the last words of Marmion."

As he drew near to the end of the poem, he prepared for the catastrophe, by deliberately throwing himself down, with his whole length upon the stage, where he gave the last five lines, not as if he were describing the battle, in the language of another; but as if he were Marmion himself, and the author too. In other words, the poor fellow, who was really a fine rhetorician, and a beautiful declaimer, according to the conventionalities of the school, misunderstood acting for narrative, impersonation for story-telling, representation for speech. But others do this — and others of great reputation. There was Edmund Kean, for example, who, in playing Richard, always barked and yelped, when he came to the dog-passage; and, in Sir Giles Overreach, always *how-ow-owled!* — when he complained of the wolves for howling at him, to the unspeakable delight of the illuminati and stage critics. And our own Cooper used to give the passage from Macbeth, —

> "Shall plead like angels, *trumpet-tongued!*
> 'Gainst the deep damnation of his taking off," —

as if he had a trumpet in his throat, literally imitating the voice of a trumpet, and prolonging the sound, *tr-er-er-er-umpet!* — until the groundlings were half-crazy with wonder. The only public reader I ever knew, who did not sometimes, if not always, confound narrative with representation, was Mr. Smart, of London, who used to appear in the Argyle rooms — by far the best dramatic reader I ever heard in my life, and altogether superior to Thelwall, who inoculated the whole British Parliament, Lords and Commons, and about ninety-nine out of every hundred of their orators and platform speakers — barristers, advocates, and preachers — with his peculiar intonation, till Mr. George Canning and Mr. Brougham and Sir Francis Burdett were almost the only distinguished men of their day, who had voices of their own, or intonations of their own, upon great public occasions, though it were but an after-dinner speech; and the Rev. Mr. Raffles, of Liverpool, and Rowland Hill, Dr. Chalmers, Robert Hall, and Edward Irving were almost the only preachers who did not appear to have cast aside all their natural, distinguishing characteristics and idiosyncrasies, and

all their individuality of modulation, in obedience to the fashion of the hour. Of the hour! no: of the age; for something of it remains to this day, and may still be heard, even among ourselves, from such of our platform-speakers, and pulpit and parliamentary orators, as had their training at Harvard, under Dr. Jonathan Barber, a favorite pupil of Thelwall. And to this hour, you may detect it in some of the finest passages you ever hear from George Thompson, or Wendell Phillips; both artificial speakers and rhetoricians, though earnest and eloquent, and exceedingly captivating. Would that we might have a little more naturalness, a little more of the hearty wholesome individuality of each; and we might well forgive the training of both.

But we must draw rein, and prepare for another chapter, wherein our later experiences may be detailed.

CHAPTER IV.

GLIMMERING PHANTASMAGORIA; MORE INCIDENTS OF CHILDHOOD.

BALTIMORE TELEGRAPH; MAIDEN SPEECH; PREPARATIONS FOR THE BAR; PRIVATE THEATRICALS; THE DELPHIANS.

DEC. 8, 1866. — Our fine weather still continues, the finest I ever knew for the season, and the most favorable for building. We have rain almost every night, beginning after the day's work is over, and clearing off before laborers begin anew in the morning; and then we have it almost always clear and pleasant. Of course, I have my hands full, and this little book must continue "to drag its slow length along," until I have time to rest awhile, and look about, and bethink myself of what may be most enduring, and most palatable; for I shall probably never write another, unless, to be sure, I should happen to tip over the crucible, in which a vast accumulation of what I should call, if it belonged to another, the golden ore of poetry, has been seething and simmering for the last five or six years.

Portland is going up — not as on the last Fourth of July, in a chariot of fire, but with the calm, stately movement, and occasional magnificence, that we should look for in a material resurrection. Already, we are talking about lending the credit of the city to those who are not quite able to build without help; issuing bonds for a long period, supplying a proportion of what help may be needed, at a fair, indemnifying interest, and taking mortgages for security. The project is worthy of our most enterprising, liberal, and sagacious men of business, with whom it originated; and, rightly managed, must succeed, just as a similar movement did, in favor of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railway — now the Grand Trunk — which, but for this timely help, might never have been built, and which has so accelerated our growth, and so strengthened

us, without any unhealthy stimulus, that our population has doubled, and our taxable valuation trebled, since the road was opened.

By the way — among the incidents of my earliest childhood are two, which I intended to mention, but forgot, in my hurry to close the chapter, and which I want off my mind.

My grandfather had a farm-hand who took a great fancy to me, and when I was not more than two years old, or at the most two and a half — judging by the facts I have already mentioned — he made me a kitten-yoke, and gave me a pair of the prettiest kittens I ever saw: I have seen nothing like them since. How long I played with them, I do not remember; nor do I know what became of them; but they disappeared quite suddenly one day, and I have heard nothing of them since. Undoubtedly, they went the way of all kittens, after they begin to overstock the market; but to me it was a great mystery: and if the poor little things had been caught up, while I was playing with them, and whisked off out of sight, by hawk or buzzard, or if they had vanished into thin air while I was watching them, yoke and all, I should not have been more puzzled, nor astonished. Only one other case of perplexity do I remember that will compare with this; and I must acknowledge that, for a long while, I had no faith in the explanations that were offered me. There came up one bright summer afternoon, toward nightfall, a prodigious hail-storm — the first I had ever seen, or heard of. Being always inquisitive and much in earnest, I gathered a wooden dish full of the little white beads, before they missed me from the porch; and hid it away where nobody would be likely to stumble over it. But, alas! when I went for my little treasure, instead of the white beads, or seed-pearl, I had gathered by handfuls, I found nothing but a little dirty water. It was in vain they told me that my hailstones had melted; I did not believe them, and I could not. And as I grew older, and came to hear about hailstones and coals of fire mingled together, it seemed still more unlikely; for I had seen nothing that resembled coals of fire, and if there was any lightning, I do not remember it. To me, it was like the manna gathered by the children of Israel, without permission — a little round thing that wouldn't keep. Trivial though such

incidents may be in themselves, yet, if they are remembered to the last by an aged man, they must have had their influence upon the child — at an age, too, when the slightest touch may outlast both engraving and sculpture. If I may trust my memory, the loss of my sled, the loss of my kitten-yoke and little steers, and the loss of my seed pearl, were the sorest of my trials, up to the age of twelve; though I was once whipped by my grandfather to make me remember what I very soon forgot — so severely that others remembered it for me a long while, though I did not. It seems that I was playing on the floor with an open penknife; that my dear old grandmother, who was bedridden at the time, and had been so for many a long year, insisted on my giving it into her hand. I refused, pretending not to hear, and feeling pretty safe on account of her helplessness; but she persisted, until I flung the knife at her — the point of which hit one of the glasses of her spectacles, and shivered it in pieces. For this — instead of skinning me alive, as he might have been justified in doing, by many a school-master — he took me out into the wood-house, where I had, not long before, put away my wooden dish of seed pearl, and there trounced me as I deserved, I hope; telling me, from time to time, that he guessed I should remember that knife the longest day I had to live. But the old gentleman was mistaken. Whether I made it a point to forget the whole affair — knife, spectacles, and whipping — before I slept, I cannot say; but I remember when I first heard the story from aunt Ruth Neal, I believe that it had "gone from me," like Nebuchadnezzar's dream, and I thought it must have happened to some other little boy. And this it is that puzzled me at the age I speak of: that I should remember so distinctly the freshet and the speechifying, and wholly forget the loss of my poor toe — or the cut, rather, whereby I came so near losing it — and the whipping I have mentioned. What are the laws of association with children of that age, I should like to know?

And here two other trifling incidents occur to me, which I distinctly remember, while others of much greater comparative importance are wholly forgotten. For example, I remember one day, when somebody was carding a heap of black wool in the kitchen, seeing what I supposed to be a

stray lock under the table, that I stooped for it; and when I reached out my hand, it ran away; and then they told me that I came near catching a mousie. A mousie! I had never heard of such a creature; and the mortification I felt, on being laughed at, for my astonishing ignorance, I never shall forget in this world, I am sure. At another time, they were cruel enough to scream with laughter, on seeing me horse one of my little short legs over the other, and begin to nurse it before a hot fire, as my grandfather and all the Friends, who wore breeches and woollen stockings, were in the habit of doing by the hour. But enough.

Trifles, or what serious men would call trifles, often determine our course of action for a while, and sometimes for life. The more headlong our speed, the more perfect our adjustment, the more easily are we thrown out of gear and groove. A pebble or a touch may throw a long train of cars off the track, while it is running sixty miles an hour, when a drove of cattle would not, if it were going slowly. Trifling mortifications have caused me more lasting disquietude than the heaviest and sorest calamities.

How little did I think — to go back once more to the last stopping-place, where I began to wood up — how little did I think, while rehearsing the two poems mentioned in my last, before my mother and sister, that any thing serious would ever come of it, or that I was laying the foundations of character for life, or that I was beginning what I should not be able to finish within the next forty or fifty years following. Yet so it was. I had broken the ice, without knowing it; and all the glimmering phantasmagoria I have mentioned, were but the foreshadowing of what happened long afterward. As indications of character, they should not be overlooked, any more than the spontaneous growth of a strange soil that we may desire to become acquainted with.

Not long after this outbreak, when I burst away from the hiding-place I had so long occupied, into the flowery region of poetry and rhetoric, I left the employment of Mr. George Hill, who kept a retail haberdashery in Muzzey's Row, fronting Union Street, Portland, and went into a sort of copartnership with a Mr. Rockwell, a Connecticut writing-master, who wandered about the country, teaching penmanship in twelve

lessons, for which he received five dollars, and was constantly occupied, all day long and every evening, with large classes; having supplanted Wrifford entirely.

He was indeed a most beautiful penman, the best I ever met with for large hand, German text, printing, flourishing, and the ornamental branches, including swans and eagles, for which he was unrivalled; but his running-hand, though clear as copper-plate, wanted freedom and ease, and all that should characterize mercantile penmanship, or a business hand, for which, by the way, I was already quite celebrated. He took a prodigious fancy to my style, and I to his; out of which grew the relationship above referred to, which lasted just long enough to satisfy me that I was in the hands of a sharper; and that, in leaving a salary of eighty dollars a year and my board, for the five hundred a year guaranteed me by my new friend, I was jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, and was not likely to see much more of the world than I might behind the counter. But I entered upon my new business with great zeal, and opened cry at Brunswick, with a class from the college, and quite a number of private inquirers; some of whom had never had a pen in their hands. Yet with one, the wife of my landlord, a woman of thirty-five or forty, I succeeded so well, that, at the end of her twelve lessons, she was not only able to write her name so that her husband could read it, after boggling over it for a few moments, but so that she could read it herself without help, when it was written at full length, in large letters. From this hour, my reputation was established. I was in great favor with the young people wherever I appeared, and for a while, every thing went smoothly enough. One exception, however, occurs to me. I was at Brunswick on the Fourth of July; on the fifth I went to call upon a niece of Dr. Page. On entering the room, where I heard female voices in full cry, there was a terrific scream, and then a crash, as if the floor had given way under my feet — and then another, and another, as I tried to save myself. The room was dark, and the floor was literally covered with wine-glasses and *tumblers* and *pitchers*, without including myself. This *faux pas* — I hate French where English may be had — cost me a pretty penny, when I could ill afford to be lavish even of pennies; but I carried it off

with an air, so that nobody suspected my deplorable condition.

It was here at Brunswick, in the north front parlor of a two-story frame-house, yet standing, and then called, if I do not mistake, the "Stoddard House," that I made my second essay in rhetoric, or rather in declamation. The weather was warm and sultry, and my student's gown was a real comfort, being both new and showy; and so, after school-hours, I would saunter off toward the Falls, and loiter away an hour or two, where my splendid out-fit never failed to be received with unbounded applause. Nothing like it had ever been seen in that part of the world, nor, as I now believe, in any other. But this did not satisfy me. I was made for something better; I was no longer a shop-boy. I had turned my back upon the mysteries of retailing, and felt inclined to set up for myself — I cared little how, and not much where; and when the larger students, who were undergoing penmanship with me, would drop in, after the labors of the day were over, to have a little gossip over the pretty girls of Portland — who were just beginning to make a noise in the world, which, between ourselves, they have kept up ever since — I soon found that I was getting to be an acknowledged institution. But we could not always talk about the girls, much as the boys seemed to desire it; and so, one sweltering afternoon — I remember it well — I undertook to astonish them, "by particular desire," as I had my mother and sister, with the "Sailor Boy's Dream," and Moore's "Dismal Swamp."

And I succeeded again; for they assured me with all seriousness — I wonder how they kept their countenances — but, then, they were young, and had no great experience of the world — that they had never heard any thing like it before; and I believed them — as I do at this day, though for a different reason perhaps. I had taken care to have all "my singing robes" about me in their newest gloss, before I struck the first attitude, and saw plainly, long before I had got through, that I was making a profound impression of some sort. I did not stop to inquire what, nor have I since; for they went away whispering together, and occasionally nudging one another as they passed my window, and soon brought others

to hear me. So much for "my first appearance on any stage." The next was, or came near being, a *début*, with a vengeance. Let me give the particulars.

I was living in Portsmouth, New Hampshire; having abandoned penmanship, drawing, and the manufacture of Indian-ink miniatures — which yielded a pretty return, after I found out, that, with a few trifling alterations, I could sell what were left on my hands to almost anybody else of the same sex, and about the same age, so much alike were they — and had gone back behind the counter once more, and was the head-clerk and chief bottle-washer, or salesman, of Mr. James Rundlet; one of the wealthiest and worthiest of our Portsmouth business men, and brother-in-law of the Mr. Hill I had been with in Portland. He had taken a fancy to me long before, he said, from a little circumstance, which I had forgotten.

Here, after I had been settled about six months, a number of the young fashionables of the day took it into their heads — I know not why, for I had never undertaken to astonish them with my representations, or misrepresentations, which, after all, may be the true reason — that I was made for an actor, that I must have seen a great deal of the world, and was gifted with uncommon dramatic aptitude. And so, after holding a consultation with all the noisy little romps we were acquainted with, and for which Portsmouth was already famous — pretty girls were they, who, for lack of something better to do, used to parade the streets after dark, and especially on moonlight evenings, linked arm in arm, and hustle strangers off the sidewalk, and were even said to have held a little dapper parson, who had just been settled there, under the nose of a pump, till he consented never to betray their names, whatever he might choose to reveal of their pranks (the gentleman is now a D.D., and enjoys the reputation he has obtained, with so much self-complacency, that I dare not give his name) — they organized an association; and being encouraged by the leading fathers of the town, they put "Douglas," and the "Beau's Stratagem" in rehearsal, assigning to me — *to me!* — who had never seen a play but once in all my life, nor the inside of a theatre but twice; the first time when I was not over eight or ten years of age, and had ob-

tained, rather unfairly, I must acknowledge, the consent of my poor mother, who thought I was only making believe, to see "Blue Devils," "by particular desire," from which representation, I was lugged off by the ears between two of her Friends, before I had time to see any thing more than a heavy green baize curtain, with a candle moving behind it, which I mistook for a star, and two personages, male and female, one of whom bothered me beyond expression by saying, *me* father; and the second time, after I had run up to manhood, when I saw Mr. Duff play "Rolla," and "Tekeli," both on the same night, much to my gratification, though he was exceedingly obstreperous — ay, to *me*, with my limited experience, they assigned the part of Glenalvon, which nobody but George Frederick Cooke had ever been able to do any thing with, and that of Captain Beauregard, in the "Beau's Stratagem" — if I do not mistake the play — a dashing military gentleman, who, among other pleasantries, not much in my way, as a Quaker, was obliged to sing two or three songs — a business for which I was about as well qualified — but this must be between ourselves — as the poor country boy, who, when he betook himself to the old empty garret for the purpose of trying on "Old Hundred," by himself, without being laughed at, as he had been before, both at the singing-school, and in the haymow, had a message from the old gentleman below — meaning his father — to the effect that he never allowed anybody under his roof to saw boards on the sabbath.

Nevertheless, we were not discouraged; and our rehearsals were continued, by piecemeal, week after week, until we were almost ready for the public. For Lady Randolph, we had Austin, a very pleasant young gentleman, with quite a womanly carriage, and a thin, piping voice, which he turned to good account in the wailing passages. I remember the modulation perfectly to this day, as he gave —

> "Ye woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom
> Accords with my soul's sadness, . . .
> Within your shades I deem some spirit dwells
> That hears and answers to Matilda's moan,"—

and could give it now, as I could that of young Norval, whose representative, Mr. John Sheafe, had just returned from see-

ing the part performed by Master Paine, the young American Roscius, in almost every passage, from —

> "We soon o'ertook the spoil-encumbered foe:
> We fought and — *conquer-er-er-ered!*
> Ere a sword was drawn, an arrow from my bow
> Had pierced their chief, who wore that day the arms
> Which now *I* wear" —

to — "Never before stood I in such a presence;" . . . "Returning homeward from Messinas port, a rude and boisterous captain of the sea fastened a quarrel on him" — and up to the catastrophe, where he says faintly, and with his dying breath, "The villain came behind me — but *I slew him!*" — all which were literal transcripts of Master Paine, after he had been thoroughly trained by Fennel.

My part was fully committed: — and so indeed was I — up to the grand rehearsal, the very last before we were to let in the outsiders, it seemed to be well received; especially in the passages I tried to make the most of, such for example as —

> "So! Lady Randolph loves him! . .
> By and by I'll woo her as the lion woos *his* bride!"

and this: —

> "Burning Hell!
> This were thy centre, if I thought she loved him!"

which I gave with prodigious effect, staring at the floor, as if I saw through it, with my body bent forward, and both hands pressed convulsively upon what I then believed to be the region of the heart. I came near bringing down the platform, if not the house: the result of which last grand rehearsal was, that the parts were changed, and mine was given to a Mr. Harris, a tall, handsome fellow, with black eyes, the whites of which were terribly conspicuous, under the direction of Mr. Sheafe, who had seen Cooke, and was quite sure that the parting look he gave in some of his exits was the *ne plus ultra* of tragic power. But the idea of a public representation was abandoned: the whole thing fell through; and I went back to my retail business, with a feeling of satisfaction I had never before entertained.

I may as well add, perhaps, that here, too, I had all my "singing robes" about me — meaning the student's robe I have

méntioned, when I thundered and lightened, and marched and countermarched, through that soliloquy. Hence much of the effect, I am sure. I did not then know, having only seen Mr. Duff, that soliloquies are not to be declaimed, though they almost always are, even to this day. How strange! Off the stage, we can always tell, by the modulation of his voice, whether a man in the next room is talking to himself honestly and fairly, or only making believe. We cannot be deceived: we should never mistake imitation or counterfeit, for the truth, were we to overhear a lunatic or a street-walker.

That particular modulation is never heard upon the stage; but we have accepted a conventional tone, so that stage soliloquies are but rehearsals or declamations. A blind man, overhearing them, would know for a certainty that the speaker was not alone, and was not talking to himself.

At the time I speak of, I was in my twentieth year, well grown, active, and alert; ambitious, too, and not easily discouraged; anxious to "do, I knew not what," like old Lear, with no idea of what I was good for, or capable of.

As for what is called oratory, or elocution rather, I knew it was in me; and, like Sheridan, I was determined "to have it out" — and the sooner, the better. Still no opportunity offered, until I was a member of the Delphian Club at Baltimore, when I had reached the age of twenty-three, or thereabouts. Our treasury being low, we set the members talking and writing, to entrap them into forfeitures, under one pretence or another. Most of us tried our hand at what our secretary called *ex-trumpery* speaking; but we found it wouldn't *pay*, though we did. All of us fell short of what might have been reasonably expected — all who made the attempt, I should say; for two or three of the brethren had large experience at the bar, General Winder being an accomplished advocate, and William Gwinn, and Breckinridge, respectable attorneys, to say nothing of Mr. Pierpont, my old partner in business; but, after all, I rather think mine was the most pitiable failure, because too much was expected of me. I was then studying law with General Winder, and my best friends did not seem to know that an after-supper speech cannot be made by the unpractised speaker, any more than

an after-dinner speech; that pleasantry and playfulness are the after growth of great experience, much trial, and many a failure; that among the last acquirements of an orator are the readiness and self-possession we must have in familiar talk, and a frank, free, conversational style, standing up.

For the purpose of replenishing our treasury, we set a variety of traps for the brethren. One was to limit their speeches to three minutes, or five — I forget which — and to fine them, if they passed over the time, though they were not allowed to look at a watch; another was to oblige all who spoke, to speak for just three minutes, at their peril, on the same conditions. But this fell through, after a brief trial; and our forced contributions were obtained on easier terms, amounting at last to "stand and deliver!"

And this reminds me of a little incident which happened about the time we were trying to raise the wind, without going at once on the highway. Two or three of us Delphians were dining at the house of a friend. On the table was a plate of hard crackers, or biscuit. Some talk was had about the difficulty of swallowing them, without the help of water. Somebody declared that it would be impossible for any human being to eat five of these little crackers, without drinking. "But in how long a time?" said our President, Pertinax Particular. "In five minutes," was the answer. "I'll bet you half a dozen of wine," said the President, firing up, as only Dr. Tobias Watkins could fire up, on such an occasion, he being a capital surgeon, and valuing himself especially on all that concerned deglutition, physiology, anatomy, and all the rest of the sciences, — "I'll bet you half a dozen that I can eat five of those biscuit — not crackers, if you please — biscuit, sir, biscuit — within five minutes, and without drinking a drop." — "Done! — and who shall time you?" — "The Vice-President." — "Agreed." And so Mr. Pierpont, our Vice-President, lugged out his watch, and sat, with one elbow on the table, and with eyes fixed upon its face, while Watkins went to work. The first two or three were soon disposed of; but the fourth began to be troublesome, and long before he had got through with the fifth, he began to breathe short, to grow very red in the face, and to shift about in his chair, as if undergoing strangulation. At last,

after two or three convulsive gasps, with his eyes fixed upon Mr. Pierpont, he succeeded in swallowing the last mouthful; and, springing from his chair, he asked, in a voice so husky as to be almost inaudible, how long he had been at work.

"Just six minutes and a half," said Mr. Pierpont, without a change of countenance.

And then wasn't there a shout! I never heard men laugh more heartily, nor, if I must own up, more unfeelingly. The poor doctor was almost beside himself with suppressed rage: he couldn't see the joke — not he; and, while he sat puffing and blowing, seemed to believe, almost, that he had been cruelly betrayed, and perhaps cheated. Nor do I believe that he ever forgot or forgave the trick, to his dying day, though he was one of the most amiable men I ever knew, and eminently good-natured, but a man who could not bear to be laughed at. This anecdote will give some idea of how the Delphians passed their "learned leisure," how I prepared for the bar, and how I studied elocution.

After this — a long while after, I should say now — having been admitted to the bar, I was engaged for the defence of a man charged with receiving stolen goods, knowing them to be stolen. It was my first case; and I had been retained, and not only retained, but handsomely feed, at the suggestion of the late Colonel Edes, of the Baltimore "Telegraph," who was actually paying me at the time about five hundred dollars a year, with board in his family, for my editorial help on that paper.

And here I achieved my maiden speech, without preparation — that is, without premeditation, for I was master of all the facts, and all the law, and if I had been called upon to argue the case in writing, or in my seat, I believe the poor fellow would have been set free; but having to stand up in a crowded court-room, with the eyes of all my brethren of the bar fixed upon me, and the outsiders who knew something of my past life, and were expecting altogether too much, leaning forward with eager countenances — and all about me silent as death — I managed, in about fifteen minutes after I rose, to make a fool of myself, to so muddle the case that nobody understood it, and to send my unhappy client to the penitentiary — out of which he was pardoned, upon such

a representation of the facts as I could have put in writing, upon the spot, in fifteen minutes. So much for my maiden speech. One of my best friends, and sincerest admirers, took the earliest opportunity, of saying, just as if he were only reporting the settled opinion of others, if not of the public at large, that, whatever else I might do, I should never be able to make a speech.

Whereupon, I determined to disappoint them all; but I was in no hurry. I had a theory of my own, wholly opposed to that which prevailed everywhere at the time, and a theory which I have since verified; but of all this, hereafter. And I have only to add, that, with unpremeditated speaking, as with languages, literature, law, and poetry, the mere spirit of contradiction — the desire to do what my best friends believed me incapable of — has done more for me than any and all other influences which have been brought to bear upon my character. Up to the age of threescore, it was enough for any man I respected, to show that he did not believe me quite equal to any undertaking, no matter what, to set me all agog, till I had succeeded in disappointing, to my advantage, even those of my friends who had the highest opinion of me. The truth is, that I never failed where success depended wholly upon myself, and not often where it depended partly upon others.

After this, and upon all questions arising suddenly before the court, where I had no time for preparation, I managed to make myself pretty well understood, and got something of a reputation, as at least a well-read lawyer; though it so happened that I never had a fair opportunity of addressing a jury, upon any important cases, till after I had been abroad. Such were the delays, and such the hindrances, that we might as well have been in chancery, most of the time, as in our Maryland courts of common law; and our heaviest cases were often hung up, or passed by, year after year.

CHAPTER V.

DEBATING SOCIETY; FIRST SPEECH.

DEFENCE OF QUALIFIED SLAVERY; WOMEN'S RIGHTS; LAW ARGUMENT ON MAGNA CHARTA IN LONDON; DEBATES IN JEREMY BENTHAM'S LIBRARY; MILL, GROTE, ROEBUCK, AND OTHERS; LONDON DEBATING SOCIETY; WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

DEC. 18, 1866. — At last, we have a downright noisy old-fashioned snow-storm, beginning on Sunday night, and continuing through Monday; so that, for the first time this fall, the out-door work of our builders has had to be suspended. To-day, the weather is clear and bright, and all our new hives are swarming.

Oddly enough, what I have been predicting for the last three months, without pretending to prophesy, has been fulfilled to the letter. Having had a somewhat large experience in building, many years ago, I used to foretell the weather, and take the whole risk upon myself, year after year. After much rain, of course, we might look for dry weather; and so, if it had been very cold, we might well hope for warm weather; humidity and temperature being subject to general laws. This year, I ventured to assure my friends and neighbors, at a time when they were most anxious, that we should probably have fine weather for building, up to the middle of December, with an occasional brief interruption, of course, but, in general, the very weather we wanted. Upon this belief I acted, and so did others, who, not having understood the grounds of my calculation, gave me credit for a foresight I never claimed; and now, as the weather changed so suddenly, and we had our first snow-storm within the first hour after we had passed the middle of December — that is, at nightfall on the sixteenth, December having thirty-one days — I am looked upon as exceedingly weatherwise, and may yet be consulted as an oracle, or at least as a quarterly barometer;

so natural is it for odd coincidences to be mistaken for something more mysterious.

But to return. Just before I went abroad, I was invited to join a debating society in Baltimore. I went once, and once only. The question before the "House" had arisen out of the Missouri controversy. Oddly enough, though most of the club were slaveholders, by themselves or by representation, the tide seemed to be setting all one way, and against slavery. This appealed to the spirit of contradiction I have referred to. I could not bear to have such a great question go by default; and sincerely questioned the moral courage of those who maintained opinions in a debating club, which their daily walk and conversation gave the lie to elsewhere. I was resolutely and heartily opposed to slavery. They were not; and their arguments were weak and frivolous. Before I knew it, I was on my feet, and making my first speech in public. I had always determined never to take the wrong side of any question from choice, and never, when obliged to take it, as a lawyer, to say what I did not believe; though I might, and certainly should, urge the best arguments I could, for others to answer.

On this particular occasion, though wholly unprepared and taken by surprise, I undertook to show, and really did show — to my own satisfaction, at least — that the definitions of slavery were false and preposterous; that a qualified bondage, the bondage, that is, which prevailed in our country — not the bondage of the books, for that no longer existed anywhere among civilized nations — *might be* — observe! I did not say *was*, but might be — both lawful and just, according to every principle of law, national or municipal, notwithstanding the negro Somerset case; and all that had been suggested by Montesquieu and Grotius and Puffendorf, and other writers on the law of nations, who had been liberally quoted. If we could bind an apprentice for seven years, why not for fourteen? — why not for life? If minors could be held to a qualified bondage, so that their earnings went to their parents, for twenty-one years, under English law, and our law; and by the Roman law, and through a large portion of Europe, for twenty-five years, why not for fifty years? — why not for life? By what principle are the cases to be distinguished?

If one be wrong — necessarily and always wrong, as an outrage upon man's nature — how can the other be right? Can the number of years make such a difference?

Who shall be the judge, when it is asked how long an apprentice, a child, or a *wife* — and here the great question of woman's rights and woman's wrongs, with all its tremendous bearings, in all their magnitude, opened upon me, as by a flash of lightning — when it is asked, how long they shall be rendered by law incapable of acquiring, holding, or transmitting property, except under special conditions, like the slave?

Take the best and most comprehensive definition of slavery, as you find it existing here, and you will be satisfied that one-half of your whole white population — that is, all your females, — are born to slavery, that they live in slavery, and are dying in slavery; that is, in qualified bondage.

They are taxed without representation. They cannot hold office. They are denied the right of suffrage. All their earnings and savings, after marriage, belong to their husbands, or masters, who make the law. They can neither acquire, hold, nor transmit property, otherwise than as their masters, the lawgivers, may prescribe; here, by the intervention of trustees; and there, by some other roundabout, costly, and troublesome process. Why, then, are they not slaves, as much as the blacks, though not often sold openly in the market? Are they ever their own mistresses? Who makes the laws for them? What would men say, if women had the upper hand, and made such laws for *them*? Being taxed, would they be satisfied with *virtual* representation, such as our fathers rebelled against? with the distinctions between dower and courtesy? While a husband takes all his wife's personal property on marriage, and *all* the rents and profits of her real property *for life* — and the wife only one-third of her husband's personal property, and that, not on marriage, nor during his life, but only after his death, and *one-third* only of the rents and profits of his real estate, after his death — what would men say, if the condition were reversed, and they were dealt with by law, as women now are? And how would they like to be classed with infants, idiots, lunatics, and persons beyond sea, as all married women are? And how, if a husband killed

his wife, to have it called *petty treason*, punishable by burning and hanging (a law since altered, so that a woman who kills her husband, an ecclesiastic his superior, or an apprentice his master, is only drawn on a hurdle, and hanged, by English law), while if a wife killed her husband, it would be *only* murder, punished by hanging *only*? And how would they relish having such a code of morals established for women as men have established for themselves — their daughters and sisters and wives turned loose upon the streets, while husbands and brothers and sons were held to a strict account for every breach of propriety and morals? In a word, what would men say, if the conditions were reversed, and men were dealt with, as women are now?

If all these things are just and lawful, said I, while they affect the qualified bondage of apprentices, minors, and married women, why is not the qualified bondage that prevails here, under the name of slavery, capable of being justified by the principles of law — of English and American law, as well as by the civil, canon, ecclesiastical, and Roman law?

Thus I argued, and with all sincerity, so far as I went; and the result, on the whole, was rather flattering than otherwise. I had felt my ground, I had broken the ice, I had satisfied myself that my theory was founded in common sense; that speechifying was childish, and talking, the most wonderful exhibition of human power.

But I never tried my hand at another speech, nor even at another serious talk, standing up, until I was more than half-seas over, and found myself in England, where I was betrayed into another manifestation of what there was in me, under the following circumstances.

I was taken one night to a club of English barristers, among whom were half a dozen perhaps, quite renowned as *heavy* speakers; meaning, as I understood, after a while, not dull, ponderous speakers, but guns of a heavy calibre — line-of-battle ships, not intended for privateering, or brilliant enterprise. With two or three of these, I had become acquainted, as a reformer, and as a disciple of Jeremy Bentham, though at the time we were strangers, notwithstanding my familiarity with his labors, and were likely to remain so; for nobody I had then met with could tell me where he was to be found,

nor whether he was living or dead, a Frenchman or an Englishman; all his later works, under the editorship of Dumont, having appeared in French. By not a few, he was regarded as a myth, somewhat resembling that old man of the sea, who fastened himself upon poor Sinbad the sailor, and would have been the death of him at last, if the disciple had not come to his senses, like two or three of Bentham's great followers, before it was too late, and flung his master. Others, too, while professing the greatest admiration for his works on jurisprudence, thought he must have been dead for a long while, having been killed off by the wicked wits of the day, Sydney Smith, Francis Jeffrey, and Christopher North.

Among these gentlemen of the robe were Mr. Hill, since knighted — the originator of cheap postage; and, I believe, Mr. Joseph Parkes, the celebrated Solicitor in Chancery, who married a daughter of Dr. Priestley, and was one of the great Birmingham radicals, an acknowledged leader among the reformers, and a great friend of America.

In the course of the evening, a question arose, I know not how, for it seemed to be sprung upon us; with a view to something I did not then quite understand. It related to a provision of Magna Charta, for the trial of offences by the vicinage, or neighborhood; and involved another question, that of "judge-made law," as Mr. Bentham called it. I know not what possessed me; but, on being appealed to by the president, I took the floor, and made a speech, or at least an argument, before I well knew what I was doing.

That I was taken by surprise, I must acknowledge; that a trap was set for me, and pleasantly baited by the friend who took me there, I had reason to believe, before I slept; but, after all, the want of preparation was no disadvantage to me; for while others who spoke, *might* have been prepared, all could see that I was not.

The question appeared to come up incidentally, somehow, while we were talking about the use of English authorities in all our American courts of law, from the highest to the lowest. They knew that I was from Baltimore, and had a vague notion that the Baltimore bar was crowded with luminaries; William Pinkney, Luther Martin, Roger Taney, Robert Goodloe Harper, William Wirt, General Winder,

Reverdy Johnson, Charles F. Mayer, and half a score of inferior intellectualities, being in their glory just then, or fast rising to their meridian strength.

I had been provoked into saying that Westminster Hall continued legislating for the United States.

"*Legislating!*" exclaimed two or three voices.

"Yes: *legislating;* for, by a system of interpretation, whereby the *jus dicere* overpowers the plainest language, it absolutely *repeals*, among other things, one of the plainest and wisest provisions of your Magna Charta.")

I was challenged to the proof, and replied in a brief speech, somewhat as follows. I give the substance only. By the great charter of your English liberties, wrung from John by the Barons of Runnymede,

> "Who carved at their meal
> With gloves of steel,
> And drank the red wine through helmets barred,"

it was provided, that all offences should be tried by the vicinage, or neighborhood, it being safer for the innocent, and more to be dreaded by the guilty, as acknowledged by all your writers on jurisprudence.

But, after a while, the judges of Westminster Hall took a position which *repealed* the provision, so far as it related to one of the most common and troublesome offences, that of larceny.

Here the heavy gentlemen about me began whispering together; and my friend grew uneasy, thinking I had got beyond my depth. I saw it in his eyes.

"But *how!* how was it done, pray?" asked one of the heaviest, and the most learned of the whole.

"By what Jeremy Bentham calls judge-made law; that is, by *interpretation*," said I.

"By interpretation!"

"Even so. It was decided by your highest courts of law, that, in larceny, possession was a new taking; and that, therefore, if the thing were taken in the county of A. and the thief carried it with him into the county of B., C., or D., he might be tried in B., C., or D., as well as in A., thereby repealing one of the wisest, best, and most salutary of all the provisions to be found in that great charter, so far as larceny is concerned.

Here looks were interchanged between two or three of the leaders, whereby I was encouraged to go a step further.

"Nor did the mischief stop here. In your North American possessions, where Magna Charta was regarded as the very Bible of the law, this interpretation was accepted without a word of complaint or remonstrance, without remorse or shame, though fundamentally weakening what every Englishman regards as the bulwark of his liberties.

"And what next? So profoundly were we imbued with reverence for your 'judge-made law,' so unquestionable was our submission, that after we had set up for ourselves, and begun to adopt constitutions and Bills of Right, for outworks that were never to be abandoned, never to be overleaped nor passed, and, using the plainest language, adopted the same wise provision — our judges, following yours, throughout the land, gave the interpretation of Westminster Hall; and to this hour, and in this way, your judges continue to legislate for us, and for our twenty millions of people."

As I have said before, though wholly unpremeditated, this little spurt was of no disadvantage to me, but, on the contrary, a great advantage; for it opened a new path to my ambition, and soon after led to my acquaintance with Jeremy Bentham. Here I had not only broken the ice, but had learned to strike out boldly, without wandering into declamation or rhetoric, and without making a fool of myself, by trying my ground-tiers where they were not wanted. In short, I contented myself with making an argument, instead of a speech.

Not long after this, while going through a course of gymnastics, at Völker's celebrated establishment, I was invited by one of our best members, who proved to be Jeremy Bentham's private secretary, to meet with a club of Utilitarians, who confederated once a week at Queen-Square Place, where the great philosopher burrowed, and where they discussed with uncommon cleverness and pertinacity, and still greater presumption, the most ponderous questions in government, political economy, morals, metaphysics, and theology, as if they were the Areopagus, and were expected to settle them for ever, and without appeal.

Among these were Master John Mill, since known as

John Stuart Mill, the great logician, political economist, and metaphysician; a thorough-going radical, then a boy of eighteen, or nineteen at most, with a girlish face and a womanly voice, like that of John Randolph; yet a formidable antagonist, with his pen, of the "Edinburgh Review," after the batteries of the "Westminster" had fairly opened upon that Gibraltar of the North; and the editor of Mr. Bentham's "Rationale of Judicial Evidence," in five volumes, royal octavo; — John M. Roebuck, who began to grow troublesome about the time I first knew him, and has been growing more so, from that day to this — whether in parliament or out — and more troublesome to his best friends, perhaps, than to his worst enemies; a man of a churlish, discontented spirit, and of such unreasonable, fantastic ambition, that he was known to have his eye on the woolsack at the age of twenty-three, as if it had been promised to him, like the imperial throne to Josephine; a man of great shrewdness, tenacity of purpose, and fiery edge, nevertheless; but of a most uncomfortable temper, so that he was never satisfied with any thing, not even with the administration of the universe, nor with anybody; a snarling, querulous, and peevish antagonist, to whom paradox was the breath of life, and contradiction of the most obvious truth, life itself; a man who was always on the watch for the halting of his best friends, who was "nothing, if not critical," and who read mankind as others would, a proof-sheet — only to find the errors and omissions. We had also the editor of the "Globe," Walter Coulson — a Devonshire Yankee, who would have passed muster for a native, in any part of New England; one of the coolest and clearest headed men I ever knew, and one of the most sagacious of journalists, but far from being either luminous, original, convincing, or satisfactory to the multitude, for whom he wrote; — and then there was Mr. George Grote the banker, who edited Mr. Bentham's "Natural Religion," under the name of Philip Beauchamp, and who has written so much and so well upon Greece, and the doings of Greece, and the men of Greece, that "Commonwealth of kings;" — and Richard Doane, the private secretary of Mr. Bentham, who brought forth Mr. Bentham's "Not Paul, but Jesus," under the name of Gamaliel Smith; — a Mr. Ellis or two, the younger Austin,

and some few others, who clubbed with us, from time to time, and threatened to be heard of one day or another; but, having failed to keep their promise, I have forgotten their very names.

One of our heaviest discussions, and the earliest I now remember, was about the poor laws. It was carried on by a Mr. P——, whose name has entirely slipped my memory, and Mr. John Stuart Mill, who contended for their immediate repeal in a body, as a source of continual, unmitigated mischief. Others participated, after a feeble spasmodic fashion; but I held my peace, being shy of committing myself among strangers, upon a subject I was not master of.

At the very next meeting, a question arose — I forget how, though I had reason to believe that it was the result of a conspiracy — which involved the very existence of God. All his attributes were seriously questioned by one or another of these fledglings, and subjected to what they called a "searching analysis."

Here I felt at home; for I was already a metaphysician, without knowing it; and, finding that I was in a club of unbelievers — of atheists, I might say — I felt obliged, by all the higher instincts of my nature, to assert my convictions. Believing as I did, not only in a Supreme Intelligence, alike infinite in wisdom and power and goodness, alike omnipresent and omniscient, but in that all-embracing love, wherewith He holds the Universe to his heart, I undertook to show that all his attributes were so clearly deducible from what we know and see, in the operation of our own minds, and in the phenomena about us, as to be *self-evident*, and might be demonstrated, without the help of revelation.

I contended that the objections to his benevolence — after his wisdom and power were acknowledged, on account of the evil and suffering we see — amounted to little or nothing, since he could, if he would, make our lives intolerable to us, by prolonging our days and quickening our sensibilities, and multiplying our temptations and our sorrows; that our greatest blessings are the commonest — blessings so great, though seldom acknowledged, that we could not live without them — such as the gift of speech, of bread, air, and water — understanding, memory, the social affections, &c., &c.; that all our

senses — the eye, the ear, the taste, the smell, and the touch — instead of being sources of pleasure, might be made sources of inconceivable agony; that so unreasonable are we, even the best of us, that we constantly overlook these common blessings, and are for ever reaching after the uncommon and the unattainable; that suffering and pain and evil are the exceptions; and yet we dwell upon them, as if we doted on them, and complain of them, as if the reverse were true, and God a malevolent being; so that a man in perfect health, a husband and a father, worth millions, and enjoying the highest consideration of his fellow-men, together with all the blessings that earth can give, shall forget them all, and fix his whole attention upon a splinter in his finger, a toothache, or a little dust in his eye — showing that, to such metaphysicians, these trifles outweigh the universe. Pope has been quoted.

I maintain that Alexander Pope was inspired when he declared

> "All partial evil, universal good;
> All discord, harmony not understood."

Though, in my judgment, another passage from Pope, which has been triumphantly quoted, was little better than blasphemy, where he represents God, the Sovereign of the universe — our Father — as wholly indifferent to the disturbances and perturbations that occur, both in the empire of morals, and in the material universe, by declaring that —

> "He views with equal eye, as God of all,
> A hero perish, or a sparrow fall;
> Atoms and systems into ruin hurled,
> And now a bubble burst, and now a World."

Paley's "Evidences" were treated with very little consideration; and even Butler's "Analogy" did not seem to be thought much of. In the language of their school, adopted from their great master, Bentham, both were "*sentimental.*" And yet, if plainness of speech, clear, vigorous logic, and unflinching boldness — among themselves — were signs of promise, foretokening a proud future, most of these young men were what might be called hopeful cases.

I had to argue the question by myself. I stood alone; and as I did not attempt a speech, but contented myself with talking, I had no reason to be ashamed of the result; although

the question was not pressed to a vote, and I had no antagonist worth mentioning, except young Mill, who contented himself with half a dozen diluted syllogisms, which did not reach the heart of the subject, though they would have been acknowledged with emphasis, had they been applied to the corn-laws, or to universal suffrage. They were too general, in fact, for special application. Of course, I do not pretend to give the language, but I do the substance, of my argument, and the general drift of the discussion. This was in 1824.

I was now in my thirty-second year, and had never been guilty of a speech; but I had satisfied myself that, should my notions upon the subject change, I might find it a very easy matter, with a little practice, to speechify with the best. And I am now in my seventy-third year (seventy-sixth at this time), and yet, even to this day, I have never made what I call a speech. Not only have I never written and committed any thing to memory, but I have never premeditated a single paragraph or sentence, even in my public lectures; and only two or three times have I ever written what is called an oration, or address. I have merely arranged the outline in my head, fixed my attention upon the object I had in view, and trusted wholly to the inspiration of the hour, the presence of my learned brethren, or to that of the unwashed multitude, and to the power of adaptation we are all more or less gifted with, for the transaction of business; that which is argument or illustration to one class of minds, being often unintelligible, or preposterous, to another. But being once written, like one of Mr. Everett's or Mr. Choate's speeches, and then committed to memory, no matter what changes may take place among your auditors — they may be many or few, wise or simple, learned or unlearned, enthusiastic or uninflammable — on you must go, with what you have written, hit or miss, and take the consequences. And so, too, if you have only written your speech to be read, without learning it by heart, you are obliged to give it, word for word, or risk a pitiable failure, in trying new adaptations, or in supplying deficiencies, or hazarding changes. But if you have good conversational powers — I do not say colloquial — or if you are in the habit of *orating* from your chair, when greatly moved, in the midst of your friends, how easy to accommodate your language and illustra-

tions to your audience, without losing sight of your original purpose.

I had still much to learn; I was far from being satisfied with myself; I wanted arranging power; but, being rooted and grounded in a belief which has long been a part of myself, I determined to be led into no more convulsive displays, and to make no more demonstrations, if I could help it, until they should become necessary in my profession, if I went back to it; or in public life, should I be launched headlong into that, as had been threatened more than once, both at Baltimore and at Portland.

Not another speech, therefore, did I make, or try to make, while abroad; though, by what follows, it may be seen that I had opportunities enough — such opportunities, too, as the most ambitious would be likely to desire, and would not be likely to forego or disregard, under any conceivable circumstances.

The great London Debating Society, made up of Oxford and Cambridge graduates, young and middle-aged barristers, and members of parliament, who needed practice, had just been organized. I was invited to join; and our meetings were held in the celebrated Freemasons' Tavern, one of the largest halls in London. We had members enough to make a large house; and our proceedings were conducted with all the forms that prevailed in the House of Commons, and with all the decorum and solemnity you would wish. We had even opposition and ministerial sides.

I was one of the managers; and I see by a lithograph, now before me, that Mr. John S. Mill, Mr. Roebuck, and young Mr. Romilly, son of Sir Samuel, were with me, in preparing questions for debate. Most of these are so characteristic, that I am sure I shall be pardoned for introducing them here.

Mr. Roebuck proposes to resolve "That the ends of penal law can be attained without the punishment of death."

Mr. Neal, "That the intellectual powers of the two sexes are equal," and "That slavery *may be* justifiable."

Mr. Mill, "That the French Revolution was necessary;" and "That freedom of discussion on religious subjects should not be restricted by law."

Mr. Romilly, "That the residence of landlords would not mitigate any one of the evils existing in Ireland."

Mr. Earle, "That the principles of Phrenology are sufficiently established to form the basis of a science."

Here we have, in these few brief questions, not only a preface to the lives of these young men, but a sort of abridged autobiography, glimpses of the future, and unconscious foretellings of themselves — eminently suggestive, are they not?

Not satisfied with opposing capital punishment, mainly, I dare say, because the death of Fontleroy the forger had set a few philanthropists upon reconsidering the question, while the great mass were more determined than ever to enforce the death penalty, our friend Roebuck, having made up his mind to startle the House, undertook to show that Catiline was no traitor, and no enemy to his country, but, on the contrary, a high-minded, eloquent, much-injured man, and patriot; and Cicero but a vain-glorious mountebank, both treacherous and cowardly, which could not well be denied.

One of our leading members was a brother of Mr. John Austin, husband of Sarah Austin. Both were distinguished: the elder, as a writer on Jurisprudence, and as a disciple of Mr. Bentham; and the younger for his knowledge of American affairs. Upon that subject, he had long been a leading authority, both in the club and out. One little incident will show something of his qualifications. On being appealed to in debate, concerning the title of President with us, he said it was given to him because he always presided in our Senate. Whereupon, I smiled, and shook my head: all eyes were turned upon me. But I did not choose to take the floor: I merely signified my dissent, by shaking my head somewhat more seriously; taking it for granted that the gentleman would discover his mistake, or that somebody else would set him right.

"If he does not preside, why then is he called President?" asked Mr. Austin.

"For the same reason, perhaps, that the only man who does not speak in your House of Commons is called the Speaker," said I.

This reply, though conclusive enough, since it stopped the discussion, did not seem quite satisfactory to my antagonist

and his followers, who, by the way, so lost their self-possession, that they forgot to remind me of the fact that the Speaker of the House of Commons does speak sometimes, and may do so at any time, by calling a member to the chair. But, after all, why distinguish him as the *Speaker*?

Having now satisfied myself that if it should ever become necessary for me to talk at large — either professionally or otherwise, on the platform, or off — I should find no serious difficulty in the way, after a little practice, I went no more to any of these debating associations, and never opened my mouth in public again, till after my return to my native place, in 1826.

But here my first experience was in quite a new field. It so happened that I had never written a discourse, an address, or a lecture, to be read or delivered in public. I had not even tried my hand at a Fourth-of-July oration. But soon after I had settled in my native town — after settling some of my adversaries, who swore they would not allow me to stay here — I was waited upon by a committee of citizens, with a request that I would favor them with an address on the subject of Temperance. I consented; and, having written out enough to occupy me about half an hour in delivery, went into the pulpit of the First Parish, and made my first essay in that line. It was not committed to memory: it was only read; but with such good emphasis and discretion, that, although it was my "first appearance on any stage," it was well received, and went far to commit me for life upon that portentous question, of which I shall have something to say hereafter.

Next followed the organization of a large debating society, of which I became a member by special invitation, under an idea that my long experience would be a great help to them! We met weekly over the Canal-Bank, in Union-Street, and after awhile in the United-States District-Court-Room, and City-Hall; and I took a leading part in every serious question that came up, and always without premeditation.

Other addresses followed, which were written for publication, and of course published; though I was often sorely tempted to throw aside the pen, and trust wholly to the inspiration of the subject, and to the magnetism of the audience. Whether I should have had the courage, however, is yet a

question with me, had I not been obliged to keep a promise, after having declared that I would never write another discourse, or lecture, while I breathed the breath of life. Neck or nothing was my motto then, as it will be to the end, where I have much at stake.

At last, on the 2d or 3d of July, 18——, I was waylaid in the street by a couple of friends, who insisted on my taking the place of somebody, who had disappointed them, for the coming Fourth. I consented, of course; and went into the pulpit of our largest church — always my horror, by the way, and, at the best, only a sort of sentry-box, or wooden surtout; and without having written a word, nay, without having premeditated any thing more than the general outline, gave an address about freedom and slavery, the rights of women, and the wrongs of women, and there laid, as I think, the foundation of all that has been built up since in favor of Women's Rights. After urging that our seven years' war of Independence had been against *virtual* representation, I asked how the women of our country, constituting one-half of our whole population, were likely to be satisfied with *virtual* representation, after they understood the difference. I held that the interests of no two persons that ever lived were identical, any more than their bodies or souls; and proceeded to answer certain objections. One was, that women would not care for the privilege, because men do not always vote, even where qualified; that the right of suffrage is often regarded as a tax, instead of a privilege, not two-thirds of our qualified voters, upon the average, availing themselves of that sacred right, for which others, over sea, are ready to risk their lives, except on extraordinary occasions. Granted; but what then? All these qualified voters *can* vote, if they will. Would it be a good argument for any of our people, who might be forbidden to keep arms, to tell them, that very few of those who are allowed to keep arms ever do keep or use them? True; but they may if they will, would be the answer. Give us the right of voting, and the right of keeping arms, and leave us to judge about the necessity or expediency of using these rights. Were precedents called for? The women of New Jersey were allowed to vote, until long after the beginning of this century. Was the revolutionary war all a pretence?

Were we serious, when we undertook to maintain — appealing to the Sovereign of the universe for help — that taxation and representation were coincident and reciprocal, each being the measure of the other, like allegiance and protection? Was it honest, was it fair, I asked, after acknowledging that empires and kingdoms had been wisely governed by women, to say that their ministers were not women, but men; for *who chose the men?* Where kings reign, women rule, it is said — and with great truth; for there the men choose for themselves, and the beautiful and the fascinating become the dangerous and the destructive. Which, then, are the wiser, and the safer — the queens, who choose for their ministers great men; or the kings, who choose for their favorites beautiful women? Other arguments were urged, and, among them, about all that have since appeared, except this. Women do not ask for the privilege of voting. Very true; but what then? The Hindoo widows do not ask, or did not, until within a few years, to be spared the funeral pyre; Chinese women do not ask the privilege of gadding; but is that a good reason for crippling these, and roasting the others alive? Our children, if it were left to them, would not be likely to ask for many of their high-school privileges; but is that a reason for denying what we know they need, and what they will hereafter want? If we, who claim to be wiser, know thus much, is not our duty clear? Shall we withhold what we know would be for their advantage, because they are children, or women ignorant of their rights?

But enough, —

> "The die was cast —
> The golden link that bound
> A glorious Future to a glimmering Past."

And there I stopped. From that day to this I have never been betrayed into writing, or preparing so much as a single paragraph, either at the bar, at our largest public meetings, or as a lecturer, in any part of the country. That I have pretty well overcome the diffidence that used to make me hesitate and blush and stammer — when I had nothing to say — seems to be generally acknowledged. That I am ready and fluent and self-possessed, I should not think of denying; but I am so

heartily sick of speechifying, that I seldom consent to say more than seems absolutely indispensable, on paper or off, and then only when I am sorely pressed for a speech, or a newspaper article, and cannot escape.

Thus much for the encouragement of others, who disbelieve in themselves, and who, instead of learning to swim on a table, as I did, have made up their minds never to go into the water till they have learned to swim.

CHAPTER VI.

QUARRELSOME OR NOT?

CHILDISH FISTICUFFS; BOYISH, DITTO; SERIOUS CONTROVERSIES; DISOWNED BY THE QUAKERS, AND WHY; SPARRING OVER SEA; MY LAST QUARRELS THERE AND HERE, I HOPE.

DEC. 26, 1867. — Our fine weather still continues. The earth is bare of snow, and to-day we are getting our roofs on by the score. Most of us are now safe, though some of our best walls are out of plumb, since the last thaw. To business therefore.

I do not believe that my disposition is bad; or that I am either quarrelsome, vindictive, or unforgiving. Indeed, I know better; for, notwithstanding my reputation, I never began a quarrel, so far as I know and believe, in all my life. I never went to bed, since I was a boy, with a feeling of bitterness toward a human being; and I never saw the time when I would not have instantly forgiven the worst enemy I had, the moment he seemed sorry. And yet I have always been in hot water, and have always had, until within the last few years, half a dozen serious quarrels upon my hands, on account of other people, whom I have supposed to be misunderstood, or misrepresented, slandered, wronged, or cheated. On my own account, personally, I have not had a regular toss-up with anybody for many a long year; so that some of my best friends have thought, I fear, that I was spoiling for a fight, and have even ventured so far as to tell me so, thereby proving themselves mistaken in my character.

How is this to be explained? I think I know. In the first place, I was born a coward — not to be mealy-mouthed — a downright coward. In the next, when badgered and bullied and beset, beyond human patience, in my early boyhood, I felt sure that, when I overlooked or forgave the offender, it was from fear, and not from love — the fear that something

would happen to astonish me, whatever might be the size or age of my antagonist, if I let fly. In short, I was afraid of myself; and how could I be magnanimous, or forgiving? And yet I *was* forgiving, as I have said before; never in my life going to sleep on a grudge, so far as I now remember.

Having been born and bred a Quaker, and all my relations on both sides of the house being of that faith, and having their birthright in the society, I was quite sure of being trounced, right or wrong — if not by my dear mother, who was a great disciplinarian, till I got large enough to be somewhat unmanageable, at least by some proxy, among the Friends; most of whom were sufficiently orthodox to set them apart from all other religious denominations, though many of the younger people gave up *thee* and *thou*, wore buttons behind, with notches, instead of lappels, in front, and turned-down collars on their single-breasted coats.

I was no sooner admitted into the town-school, after being pretty well grounded in reading, spelling, writing, and arithmetic, by my dear mother, who had quite a reputation for these branches, up to the very last of her long and useful life, than all the big boys began to hector and buffet me; while the lesser fry contented themselves with running after me in the street, or hiding behind fences and wood-piles, and singing out, "Quaker Neal! Quaker Neal!" as I went by.

This I bore, till I could bear it no longer. Having well weighed the consequences, and calculated the chances — like Frederick the Great, after running away from his first battle; or Wellington, after he had shown a white feather in the East — I made up my mind, that, in most cases, it is safer to fight than to run; and I resolved one day, or one night rather, after a little affair I had, which mortified me beyond expression, to be badgered and bullied no longer, by any boy of my size or age. And I kept my resolution, till I was no longer a boy; after which, I took my stand with men, and may now venture to say, notwithstanding my original nature, that I have kept the field against all comers, from that day to this.

The change of character which followed, and which amounted to a transfiguration, occurred when I was not far from eight years of age. A smaller boy, though, as I have

lately ascertained, somewhat older, met me at the corner of Federal and Pearl Streets, near the town-pump. I had no acquaintance with him: I do not know that I had ever seen him before. Without a word of warning or explanation, the little wretch gave me a smart blow on the mouth. At an open window sat a large, pompous, red-faced man, the collector of our port, Mr. Fosdick, who appeared to enjoy the affair prodigiously, and when I appealed to him, as to one of the fathers and magnates — I, a poor, little, innocent, Quaker-boy — he only laughed in my face, and asked me if I was not ashamed of myself, to let such a little fellow strike me, without returning it. For a moment, I was utterly confounded. Where I had looked for sympathy, encouragement, and approval, I met with ridicule and scorn. What was I to think of the serious admonitions I had been so long familiar with, at home and abroad, about doing as I would be done by, and returning evil for good?

That settled the question with me for life. Preaching, I saw clearly, was not practice. I could have cried for shame and vexation, and believe I did cry, though not until the boy had gone about his business; but, before I slept, my mind was made up to bear these outrages no longer, and to take my own part against all the world, Quaker or no Quaker. And this promise, though made to myself, and in the darkness and silence of midnight, with nobody to overhear me, at the age of nine at the most, has been faithfully kept, with two or three trivial exceptions, from that day to this. "A fair field and no favor" has been my motto — the legend upon my shield, if not upon my blade — for more than sixty-five years. Not satisfied with fighting my own battles, indeed, for most of the time, I have been fighting the battles of other people, of the public, and of strangers, whenever I saw them wronged; often, I must acknowledge, without reaping the least possible advantage for myself, and sometimes without much helping those I befriended — like Pelby, the actor; Buckingham, the editor; Fairfield, the poet; General Bratish, the Cagliostro of our day; and fifty others I might mention, if I would.

But I had my revenge. Five or six years after the bitter humiliation I have complained of, which first brought me acquainted with myself, and set me thinking about self-

defence and our Quaker principles of submission, I happened to be passing up Fish-Street, now Exchange-Street, Portland, when I saw a crowd gathering, and people rushing toward it from every quarter; and then I heard the voices of men evidently engaged in angry discussion. After a few minutes, the crowd withdrew; and two large, tall, dignified-looking gentlemen — I call them gentlemen, because they wore small-clothes and hair-powder — emerged from their midst, brandishing shillelahs, and threatening each other, from opposite sides of the street, and in the most violent and opprobrious language, with a tremendous beating: one, Collector Fosdick — the red-faced, pompous gentleman, who had so mortified me not long before — threatening to break every bone in the other's body; while Eben Mayo, the other, set him at defiance in language quite as unbecoming, for a man of peace. But didn't I enjoy it! Here were two of the fathers — line-of-battle ships, three deckers, with lighted matches, and guns double-shotted — running away from each other, and threatening to play the very mischief with whatever should come athwart their hawsers. Pshaw! I have seen just such an exhibition of boastful cowardice, and noisy threatening, at Baltimore, between two negroes of huge proportions, after a brief, bloodless encounter. Separating by mutual consent, and taking different ways, they went off, shaking their heads till they were out of sight, and saying, "Lemme cotch you, dat's all, nigger! goody gorry mighdee — lemme cotch you!"

And now let us return. As might have been expected, it was not long before I had an opportunity of showing — to myself, at least, if to nobody else — whether my resolution would keep, or was worth keeping. In the same house with my poor mother lived a family named Lee. One of the boys, about a year older than myself, was the terror of the whole neighborhood — smart as a steel trap, and quick as lightning. We were both in the daily habit of going for water to the town-pump, lately standing on the corner of Federal and Franklin Streets; and it was very seldom we met there without a serious altercation — Lee trying to push me away, if I was beforehand with him, or to delay me, if I seemed to be in a hurry. I had always yielded, when it came to the pinch, and must acknowledge that I was afraid of him.

But, as there are said to be limits to human patience, I determined, after thinking the whole matter over once more, to yield no longer, come what might. The consequence of which was, that, the next time he tried to drive me away, I stood my ground, to his unspeakable amazement; and though, after a short, angry, rough-and-tumble affray, I came off only second best, I saw that he hadn't much to brag of; and though, from that time forward, month after month, our altercation was frequently renewed, he seemed to be fighting shy, until, at last, he gave up hectoring me, and we became fast friends for life, with one single exception, which occurred after I was eighteen, when we fought our last battle. As Peter the Great learned of Charles XII., through a succession of disasters, how to conquer, so had I learned of this tyrannical, though clever boy, how to withstand encroachment. Both of us happened to be out of business, and our masters had failed. I had a new coat of the latest London fashion, which had been made for a neighbor, but did not fit. One summer afternoon, while we were idling away an hour on the wooden benches that stood in front of old Captain Smith's shop, on Fore-Street, fronting Union-Wharf, Lee amused himself, and two or three of the bystanders, by plucking at my coat-tail, whenever I started to go, until at last he tore it. I remonstrated: he persisted and threatened, until I promised to strike him, if he laid his finger on me again. The old spirit revived, and began to look out of his eyes, and, after a few minutes, he took another pull; and I struck him in the face. He did not return the blow at the time; but, watching his opportunity, after a few minutes, gave me two little dabs right and left, on account, when I was entirely off my guard; and then added, that, if I would step down behind the brick store at the head of Union Wharf, he would give me a thrashing. I had half a mind to turn it off with a joke, and say, "I wouldn't go so far as that, if he would give me two;" but remembering the promise made to myself, and kept without flinching for about six years, I accepted the challenge. Down we went, followed by a crowd of boys and two or three of our companions, who had been treated by us with bottled cider and Boston crackers more than once; and who, for that reason, perhaps, were willing to see the last

of both. But instead of going to work at once, as he had threatened with his dark, handsome eyes, if not by speech, when I planted myself — "poised on my own magnanimity," as Dexter said, in his plea for Selfridge — Lee suggested our throwing the blackguards off the scent, and adjourning to Back-Fields, behind the old First-Parish meeting-house. "With all my heart," said I; and away we went, fetching up at last, without a single follower, in a clay pit.

We lost no time, I assure you. Our coats were off, our shirt-sleeves rolled up, our castors landed wherever the wind might happen to take them; and at it we went. After a round or two, my friend got a black eye; and, soon after, my nose began bleeding, so that I had to go down to a puddle of dirty water and wash my face. Then he slipped, and fell flat upon his back; and when I followed him up, with no intention, I protest, of touching him, till he should be up, and ready for me, he began kicking at me with all his might, much to my surprise, and greatly to my satisfaction, I must acknowledge; for I then saw that he was afraid of me. At last, having kicked himself out of breath, he proposed to knock off; and if I would let him get up — as if I had any idea of hindering him! — to call it a draw, so good and so good, six of one and half a dozen of the other. I agreed to the proposition, and we went home together. On our way, as we were both climbing a fence in the rear of the parsonage, he said, "I needn't think it was all over; for, the next time he saw me out in the evening, he meant to have another try with me." I signified my willingness; and there the matter ended — and for ever. We were always good friends after that, up to the day of his death. So much for my first pitched battle, and so much for the ultimate issue. I had begun rather early to vindicate my manhood; and I had persevered, as will be seen before I get through this chapter, under many discouragements, until few that knew me would have been willing to "answer my waked wrath."

No second blow, said Cœur de Lion. No second battle with the same foe, said the Lacedemonians. And so I say. If you must have a toss-up, let it be once for all, say I, that you may not feel as if you had left your work unfinished. Bear in mind, I pray you, that these were the notions of

my boyhood — notions which "grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength," till a steadily active, wholesome caution did that for me, in the course of time, which fear did for me at first. It made me unwilling to take offence, and still more unwilling to give offence; so that, notwithstanding my imperious and fiery temper, and my reputed fearlessness of consequences, I have managed for the last five and forty years, with a few exceptions, to keep out of personal controversies, except on paper — for which, by the way, I do most heartily and reverently thank God, for reasons which may appear by and by — else I might have had much more to answer for than I have now.

But I have not done with my boyhood. Soon after breaking my first lance with young Lee, at the pump, I found that I had got myself into business for life; that, happen what might, I was bound to keep the field against all comers, or withdraw at once, and for ever. His reputation stood so high among the boys, both for fighting and wrestling, that to have contended with him, as I had, and to have come off, even second best, without a pair of black eyes and a bloody nose, began to work out for me the retribution I had provoked, till I came to be talked about as rather an "ugly customer." The larger boys were set upon me to try their mettle; and boys of about my own size were encouraged to waylay me, with chips on their hats, which they dared me to knock off. To all these intimations, I gave no heed. My plan was to keep clear of all such company, and to avoid giving offence; but if attacked by anybody, however large, to defend myself as best I could. This resolution, too, I was enabled to keep, with two or three lamentable exceptions, which I had overlooked, when I said, at the opening of the chapter, that I had always given blow for blow. Let nobody who has been belted for the championship, whether with, or without his own consent, be persuaded that he is not enlisted for life. Whatever he may suppose at first, he will soon find that there is no discharge in *that* war, if he would not be trampled upon by every whipper-snapper that stands in his way. Think well therefore, my young friend, before you take up the glove, when it is offered, and never allow yourself to dash your gauntlet in the face of another, if it can be helped. "If it be *possible — as much as in*

you lies — live peaceably with all men;" that's the law and the gospel.

The natural consequences I had begun to fear, soon followed. The reputation I had of being somewhat dangerous, while it deterred a few, even among the boldest and sauciest, from meddling with me, rather stimulated others to put my courage to the proof, at least by proxy. My second trial happened in this way, and took me altogether by surprise.

One day, I was passing through an open lot, in the rear of Ma'am Berry's toy-shop, at the corner of Federal and Temple Streets, when I was set upon by a boy named Titcomb, a son of Parson Titcomb, who lived near. The boy was about a year older than I, but not so large; a famous rough-and-tumble fighter, and always quarrelling with somebody, until even the bigger boys were shy of meddling with him.

I forget how the affair originated, though I have an idea that he threatened to lick me on the spot, asking no questions for conscience' sake. I had my misgivings, I dare say, though I could not well stomach his overbearing, insolent manner. And so, instead of yielding at once, or running away, as he undoubtedly expected, I stood my ground; or, as they have it now, showed fight. Whereupon, the little wretch came at me head-first, with his eyes shut. I was not at all frightened, I remember, nor at all hurt; though he was covered with blood, after a few minutes, my blows having been delivered, by striking up, as often as he rushed in upon me, while none of his reached my face. I know not how long the affair lasted; but when it was over, and he had sneaked away, and I had gone about my business, pluming myself not a little on the result, I was overtaken by a big brother of his, who pummelled me to his heart's content, while I covered my face with my hands, and set my teeth, and bore it handsomely, though without returning a blow, I dare say; for he carried altogether too many guns for me, being twelve or fourteen, and both cruel and cowardly, while I was not over nine.

But my trials did not stop here; and, that I may not have to double on my track hereafter, I propose to give all that I now remember which had the effect of hardening my nature, without regard to the order of time, up to the day when I

took my stand for the last time — the stand which I have maintained for the last fifty-five or sixty years, or thereabouts, against all the world. But I hope not to be misunderstood. I am not, or rather I do not intend to be, boastful, nor to encourage a quarrelsome disposition. The hardest rocks are gold-bearing; but they need to be crushed, or tapped, to let the sunshine out. And so with me. The trials and mortifications that do not soften the heart, always harden it, like fire. Many are the changes I have undergone; but few have been so radical, or so enduring, as the first, which made me obstinate and fierce, when assailed, or the second, which led me to count the cost before I entered into a personal controversy, which, following out my declared purpose — declared, I mean, to myself — would oblige me to persevere to the end, whatever might be the inconveniences. That I came to be cautious and forbearing at last, where I had once been headstrong and rash, grew out of my experience, before I had reached manhood. My character being established — my strength and quickness having been proved, to my own satisfaction — I no longer distrusted myself, and could afford to overlook what would have exasperated me to madness, before I had learned to respect myself.

The following are the incidents referred to, as exceptions, and all that I now remember worth mentioning, from the day of my first battle with Lee. One day, a big lubberly boy, who, according to my present recollection, must have been almost a man, came up behind me when I was gathering chips on the wharf, in front of a pump-maker's shop, where he worked as an apprentice, and gave me a blow on the back of my neck, which at the time appeared heavy enough to fell an ox, and might have dislocated the vertebræ. And for what? I never knew, and to this hour have no idea what had enraged the brute; although I am sincerely thankful that I never knew his name, or I might have harbored a little grudge against him, as I did against an old school-master of mine, who thrashed me severely, when he knew I had a written excuse for absence, and then boasted of it before all the boarders — a grudge, however, that did not keep me awake nights, nor taste bitter in my throat, until I was big enough to avenge myself, when I forgave him on account of his gray

hairs, with a word of admonition, which he never forgot to his dying day, I am quite sure; because he sent for me just before his death, on hearing that I had become a changed man, and proposed, in all seriousness, that I should make him a compensation for the suffering I had caused him by telling the story in "Errata, or Will Adams."

Next in order came the following incident. Among the larger boys, by no means remarkable for courage or bad temper, was one by the name of Bryant — still living, I see, for I met him a month or two ago — whom I believe in my heart I used to hector and bully, as others had me. At last, however, being "much enforced" by his companions, partly upon the ground that he was afraid of me, and partly upon that of my having a reputation for pluck, which I did not deserve, he was shamed into fetching me a slap in the face, which so took me by surprise, that I did not think of returning it till it was too late, alleging to myself, as an excuse for showing the white feather, after the solemn resolution I have mentioned, that I was alone, and he with two or three companions.

After this, and long after I had redeemed myself in the opinion of my school-fellows, another lad, both larger and older than I was — Luther Jewett, our collector not many years ago — was persuaded to follow me up the passage-way leading to my mother's in Fish Street, when it was already dark, followed by a troop of young reprobates, and there give me a blow in the back, which, alas! I did not return, being, I dare say, glad to get off so. "The villain came behind me, but I slew him," says young Norval; and, at the time, such was my rage, to say nothing of the mortification I endured, that I should have been heartily glad to say the same thing of my old friend Jewett, with whom, by the way, I came near having a set-to in the street, soon after my return from abroad, because, forsooth, I had "taken up" for a sailor, who had been abused on board some vessel which a friend of Jewett had some interest in. But, on the whole, as I had ventured to put myself in his way, after he had threatened to "wallop" me, he thought it the safer and the wiser course, to overlook the offence; and so did I.

And here ended my first course. From that day to this,

I have been faithful to the understanding I had with myself; never giving an offence, or, rather, never giving the first offence, though I have always given the first blow; always offering the best apology I could, if I had hurt or offended another, unintentionally; and always resenting upon the spot, and instantaneously, whatever seemed to be intended for an affront, until within the last few years; and, if we were obliged to try conclusions in a serious way, always *defending* myself, by giving the first blow.

My other experiences were sufficiently amusing, and some were what my legal brethren, and perhaps my medical friends, would call cumulative; each being a little harder to bear than that which preceded it.

One evening — and this I regard as my first *pitched* battle, for I had to do with a young sailor in *tarred* clothes (not so bad) — one evening, I was called out by some boys, who announced that the Lower-Enders were coming up in a body to thrash the Middle-Enders, as we were called. They wanted a champion. I was now behind a counter, well dressed, and tall of my age, with quite a reputation among the school-boys and counter-jumpers for courage and pluck; having only a few days before accepted a challenge from Bill Gibbs, the greatest bully among us, when he dared me to come on board a vessel, one sabbath-day, which he had undertaken to hold against all comers. Whereupon, I jumped aboard at once, and waited the issue; having a crowd of spectators on the wharf to see fair play. But he failed to redeem his pledge; and, when the boys began crowing over him, I verily thought he would jump overboard, to conceal his mortification. He was the eldest of a large family, all given to fisticuffs; and his father kept the county-jail, for amusement.

Though far from desiring such a distinction, and by no means qualified for the championship, I did not refuse; but went with them to the head of Exchange-Street, then called Fish-Street, where we found the rival faction, headed by a sailor-boy named Wiley, at least two years my elder, according to my present recollection; somewhat heavier, and accustomed all his life to being knocked about, both at sea and ashore.

After a brief, though clamorous parley, it was agreed that

the two parties, instead of going into the battle head-first, every boy for himself, should fight by proxy; we to do the hammering, and they the hurrahing. Of course, having gone so far, I could not say no. My reputation was at stake — my self-respect indeed. Fools that we are! I had never seen Wiley before, though I had been told of his doings. Nor am I sure that he knew me, otherwise than by the reputation I had among the boys. We were both natural fighters, game-cocks without feathers; but wholly ignorant of boxing, or, as it is called now, "the manly art of self-defence," under color of which the well-trained pugilist sets a fellow spinning, with a slap in the mouth; or drops him, with a blow under the ear, as dead as a herring.

Not a moment was lost. There was no palavering, no backing and filling. We did not even off coats, and roll up our sleeves: nobody thought of *peeling* in that day; and I had on, I well remember, that London-made coat of blue broadcloth, with gilt buttons, which had been made for a young merchant for whom I had been writing, and who gave it to me because it did not fit him, though it fitted me to a charm, after a few alterations.

And so to work we went, hammer and tongs; and, before five minutes were over, I had a lift under the right ear, which I did not get entirely over for two months, while he, poor fellow, was bleeding like a pig, and actually crying with shame and vexation. At last, he called for a pole: he wouldn't fight, as we had begun, rough and tumble, though neither of us had gone down, and there was no pulling hair, nor kicking shins; but a pole he must and would have, or he should leave it for somebody else to polish me off. This delighted me, of course; for it was an acknowledgment, before all the belligerent youth of Portland, that I was too much for him. I forget whether a pole was brought; although I have some recollection of seeing two boys of about my age, who were either bottle-holders or pole-bearers, jumping about, like two young bears learning to dance on hot bricks, barefooted. The battle was soon over, and I came off with flying colors; though, in consequence of being remonstrated with by the late John Fox, who happened along, just as we had got through, and I was buttoning up, I began to feel most heartily ashamed of

myself; and am to this hour, whenever I recall the circumstances. For what business had I, a young gentleman in comparison with all the rest, and a Quaker, to be battling the watch with a set of graceless vagabonds, at the head of a great thoroughfare, and within sight of my poor mother's windows? But, after all, it did me good; for it cured me of championship. And, though I have never seen Wiley from that hour to this, I have always felt a desire to thank him for that rap under the car. It made me cautious, though "sudden and quick in quarrel" as ever, until I knew how to guard against similar visitations.

Long before this, however, I had found myself at a Quaker boarding-school, in Windham, a small, scattered village, about twelve miles from Portland. There I had a furious encounter with knives — wooden knives — in which I acquitted myself handsomely; and though the boy was older and larger and tougher than I, yet, after a somewhat lengthy struggle, which he had begun, we parted "so good and so good;" and I had no further trouble with him, though he was a terrible tyrant by nature, except in relation to another phase of my character, which I must defer an account of, until I come to a chapter upon authorship and story-telling, when poor Dave Purinton will re-appear upon the stage, in a character entirely new.

This prepared me, in a measure, for toeing the mark, with our Quaker boys, whenever they forgot themselves — or me — and undertook to tease and worry me, after a fashion peculiar to the race. Among my school-fellows, when I went to Master Boyce, a Quaker teacher, and to Master Moody, who taught as others did, without sectarian proclivities, was Daniel Cobb, a quiet, amiable, and obliging boy, with whom I had always been upon the best of terms, till he took lessons in French, and tried to make me and the rest of the school believe that my name in French was *Jean* — Jean Ne-al; after which my liking began to abate, and at last, on finding that he was far ahead of me in penmanship, a department I had been very successful in, it died out altogether, and we came to an open rupture. It was my fault, beyond all question, and grew out of sheer envy on my part, although I do not now remember the immediate cause of our quarrel; but one day I found myself at loggerheads with him, at the head

of Exchange-Street, my old battle-ground, though somewhat higher up, on a ledge, since levelled and built over for the custom-house and post-office. Daniel had armed himself with what we, in this part of the world, call "rocks;" which he held in his hands, and struck with, believing, as he told me, after it was all over, that nobody could endure such blows. But I did, nevertheless; and poor Daniel had to back out, step by step, and finally to give in, though neither of us had much to complain of. Long after this, we met in Baltimore — where he had settled for life, as he thought, and as it soon proved; for he died there while I was abroad, universally respected and beloved, a Quaker to the last — and we renewed our acquaintance there, as if it had never been otherwise than agreeable to both.

But some of the Quaker boys would not leave me in peace; and after I had gone into business for myself—behind the counter — and had begun to dress better than my old schoolfellows, and so to qualify the cut of my Quaker garb, that I fairly eclipsed not a few of the more advanced and more ambitious, who sat with me on the wooden benches at meeting, there seemed to be a sort of combination or conspiracy, among them, to "cut my comb." The skirmishing began by Dave Purinton "*daring*" me down to the back field, one day, as we stood on the step of the old brick meeting-house, corner of Pearl and Federal Streets, where my mother kept a school. It was "fifth day;" and we were waiting for the elders to take their place, on the "fore seat," before we went in.

I accepted the challenge at once, greatly to the surprise — I might say, to the amazement — of all the other boys who stood about the door. But my reputation was at stake, and, as I then believed, my self-respect; and having already been tried with knives, and with knives to the hilt, in Congressional phraseology, as I have already mentioned, I felt sure of myself. "After meeting?" said he, as we entered the sanctuary. "After meeting," I answered, "I shall be ready for you." But, after meeting, Dave was not to be found. He had slipped away, like an adder. But he never forgave me; and, to the other boys, I began to loom up like a portent; for, instead of saying, "One's afeard and t'other darsn't," they went about declaring that Dave Purinton was "afeard o' me,"

that he had dared me down to the Back-Fields, and then sneaked off.

However, my troubles were not ended; and I soon had occasion to show that I was of a truth growing dangerous. To the Quakers, buttons behind were forbidden. Useless to be sure, but fashionable nevertheless — and for that very reason, perhaps, fashionable — they were prodigiously coveted by the young broad-brims. I had them on a new coat — I dare say, without my dear mother's knowledge; for she was orthodox to the core, on all such questions. One day, at the weekly meeting, I felt somebody behind me tugging at a button. I turned round, in the awful stillness that prevailed, only to see Ben Hannaford, with an open knife in one hand, sharp and glittering, and, in the other, my poor button just ready to give up the ghost. I told him to *stop that!* He persisted; and I let fly, with such effect, that his nose gushed out with blood, and, for a minute or so, I sat expecting to feel the knife in my side; for he had a terrible reputation, and was thought to be both cruel and vindictive, unrelenting and treacherous. But he was not altogether evil; for he suffered me to escape, though some of the boys, and not a few of the young men, who saw the figure he cut, and my paleness, looked as if they expected the roof to fall in upon us both. Nothing more came of it, however; and I was left in peace.

For many a long year after this, I had no personal encounter worth mentioning; though I did not entirely escape, either at Boston or at Baltimore, after it came to be understood that I was an "ugly customer." But, after my failure in the latter place, I began to be more sensitive and waspish; and so, one day, being stopped by a stout lubberly Irishman, as I was walking leisurely along through Market Street, on my way toward Gadsby's, we had a rough-and-tumble toss-up, which set the whole neighborhood agog. The fellow kept a retail shop. He and some of his neighbors had bought of me a quantity of cotton-balls for cash, at a time when cotton-balls were something better than specie. But, instead of paying cash, these gentlemen, having understood that we were in failing circumstances — Pierpont, Lord, and myself — concluded not to pay at all, not even in promises; whereupon, getting out of patience with them, I left all my demands with a

lawyer, directing him to enforce them without delay, and to "*warrant*" all who did not "pony up," where the amount did not exceed twenty dollars.

This was reckoned a personal affront, if I may believe what was afterward told me. And so the debtors came together, and chose the biggest of their number to give me a "walloping" on the public street, and at a time when it was likely to be thronged with fashionable women. I knew nothing of the arrangement, and was wondering, as I turned the corner of South Calvert-Street, where I boarded, into Market-Street, what the retail shopkeepers were hurrying to their door for. As I passed the shop of this fellow, who was sitting on a box, just outside, he spoke to me, and I stopped to answer. "Ain't you a pretty feller?" said he, flourishing both fists at me, as he spoke. I bowed. "Arrah!" said he, "if yer wouldn't take the law o' me, I'd give yer what Paddy give the drum." "If you want a quarrel," said I, "you can be accommodated; but this is not the place: the street is crowded with women." It was toward evening on a beautiful summer day. "Oh!" said my man, raising his voice, "it's none o' your barkers, I want. I'm for the bull-dogs," again flourishing his fists at me. "Well, then," said I, "if you insist upon it, here let it be; and I give you my word, I will not take the law of you."

But instead of opening fire, as I expected, the great lubber, who had jumped off the box, as if to carry his threat into execution, hesitated, faltered, and at last contented himself with calling me "a d—d puppy."

Whereupon, I levelled a blow at his head, with a heavy orange-tree cane I happened to have with me, which, had I not relented before it reached him, must have brought him to the ground, and perhaps finished the quarrel, by finishing my antagonist. My hesitation saved him; for he caught the cane with both hands, and fairly wrenched it out of my grasp.

And then we fell to, in downright earnest; and, after interchanging a few blows, he seized me round the waist, and being a very powerful man, with quite a reputation as a rough-and-tumble fighter, I felt as if a boa-constrictor had me. It was a moment of terrible suspense — a matter of life or death for me, if not for him; for every thing I had on earth

was at stake. The struggle was very brief. I threw him; and, as he fell with his back over the curb-stone, he drew me down, so that I had great difficulty in disengaging myself. At last, I succeeded; and the moment he was on his feet, he began flourishing the cane he had wrenched from me, and daring me to come on; while his wife kept screaming at us both, from an open window above. "Will anybody give me a cane?" said I, turning to the bystanders, and feeling very sure of myself, should it come to blows in that way. The next moment, somebody — I never knew who — slipped a small knotty stick, with a silver head, into my hand, which the owner never took the trouble to come for. But the question was settled. My antagonist withdrew, the crowd dispersed, and I went on my way rejoicing, without a scratch; though the brutal ruffian had literally torn out one breadth of the frock-coat I wore, with every thing underneath — vest and shirt. He had the clutch of a grizzly bear. These ravages I concealed, by buttoning my coat over on the other side, so that when I reached Mr. Gadsby's, where I met a party of charming girls, nobody would have suspected that I had been engaged yard-arm and yard-arm, within the last quarter of an hour, or that I had hauled off to repair damages.

And then followed the funniest part of the whole affair. I was called up before the great Luther Martin, judge of the criminal court, to answer for an assault and battery on this very Mr. Hill, who had been so afraid of my taking the law of him! After he had told his story, and had got as far as where he acknowledged that he had called me "a d—d puppy," he came to a full stop.

"Well," said the judge, "and what then? What did he do?"

"He knocked me down," said Hill.

"And what else could you expect?" said the judge; and then, because my bearing and appearance were so much in my favor, that my example might be dangerous, he fined me ten dollars and costs.

Up to this time, I had never forfeited my birthright with the Friends. I had gone to their meetings now and then, though not often, and never on week-days; and they were unwilling to give me up. A committee were chosen to labor

with me; and after several interviews, on finding me obstinate in my notions about non-resistance, they yielded to my request, and consented to disown me.

"I understand, John," said one of these venerable men, "that thee doesn't believe in God: I never saw an atheist, and I thought I should like to know the truth from thyself."

"All a mistake," said I, "I am no atheist. I do believe in God the Father, and in" —

"Ah, but not in the Son: is it so?"

"Another mistake," said I. "I am no deist; though I cannot believe that He who says, 'My father is greater than I,' can be the equal of the Father."

"Then thee believes him to be only a man: is that it?"

"No, indeed, not I! I do not pretend to settle his rank: I only feel that the very relationship of Father and Son implies a difference, inequality, and subordination, if nothing more."

"But divine or human, he must be."

"Why so? The angels are neither divine nor human: are they?"

And here the controversy ended; and as I refused to acknowledge the wrong they charged me with, and persisted in desiring a dismissal from the society, not more for my own sake than for theirs, they cut me off, but with great tenderness and consideration, assuring me, when it was all over, that they did not despair of seeing me in the right path, at some future day. How little did I think then, that I should ever be what I am now — a professor of the orthodox faith; and full of amazement that I should have been spared so long, and borne with so patiently, by our heavenly Father!

Two or three more cases, for illustration — while a score, which resulted in nothing, are passed over — and this chapter will be ended.

Before I went abroad, I took lessons in boxing of a fellow named Riley, a blacksmith, who had obtained a great reputation at Philadelphia, in some riot, which occurred there, and came to Baltimore as a teacher of the "noble art of self-defence." Large and powerful, — he was, at the best, a bungler, loose and clumsy; and I learned little more of him than how to take heavy blows without flinching. I was by far the

quicker and cleaner hitter, though by no means a match for him, with my little experience, on account of his reach, and weight of metal, and great bodily strength.

Soon after my arrival in England, I took lessons of Richmond the black, whose battle with Tom Crib had given him a prodigious reputation. He was a powerful, clumsy hitter, but far from being a neat sparrer. Then of Eales, the quickest man in England; and then of Ellard, a capital hand with the gloves, but of no account in the ring. I was now in my thirtieth year, vigorous, well proportioned, five feet eight and a half, and weighing only ten stone and a half, or 147 lbs. Having sparred with many a prize-fighter of the day, and interchanged hard knocks with Richmond, Ellard, and others, to my entire satisfaction, I withdrew to my chambers, and, while writing for the magazines, gave myself up to gymnastics — the small-sword, sabre, cut and thrust, horsemanship, and the cavalry exercise at Knightsbridge-barracks; after which followed two or three adventures, worth mentioning perhaps.

One evening, I was at the theatre with Chester Harding and two or three friends, who did not wear hats, to see Miss Foote in Letitia Hardy, after she had been led astray by Colonel Berkley. I had been rather unwell for a week or ten days, with a troublesome cold, and a slow fever; and, not knowing what to do with myself, had consented to join the party, though tired of the stage. Feeling dry in the mouth, when the play was about half through, I sent a boy to get me some oranges. He loitered; and, growing impatient, and of course irritable, I went after him. On my return, I found two strangers in possession of our seats; my friend Harding, who had been left in charge, having yielded without remonstrance. He saw what was brewing, I suppose; for he took me aside as I was about entering the box, and, pointing to the two strangers, signified in a way not to be misunderstood, that they had better not be meddled with. But I was in no humor for trifling; and so I touched the nearest on the shoulder, and told him that we had engaged the seats in advance, and that I had left mine for a few moments only. But my gentleman persisted, without turning his head to look at me. Upon this, I gave him an intimation that I had something further to say. He understood me, and started to his

feet, followed by his companion. "Will you give up the seats you have taken?" said I. He laughed in my face — being a larger man, almost as large as Harding himself. The next moment, I collared him, and he was under my feet in a twinkling; and his companion so frightened, that all eyes were upon him. Harding did not interfere; and the gentlemen withdrew; and we had no further trouble, though not a blow was interchanged between us, and the affair was ended so quickly, that there was no time for interference outside our box.

Not long after this, a young Virginian arrived, who wanted to see all that was worth seeing, in the shortest possible time. Young Sully, Robert M., the painter, a nephew of Thomas Sully, had known this young man, I believe, in Philadelphia; and wanted to do the honors. I had given up my drawing-room to Sully, and obtained a few fine subjects for his pencil; and, among others, Northcote the painter, whose portrait by him is now — or was, not long ago — in the Philadelphia Academy. After consulting with me, Sully undertook to show his friends the lions; and soon after begged me to get them both into the little Haymarket-theatre, where Liston was then playing Paul Pry, night after night, to crowded houses — to houses so crowded, indeed, that, unless we would consent to try the shilling gallery, there seemed to be no chance for us, and the young Virginian couldn't wait.

I succeeded in securing seats for all three, just under the eaves, on a sweltering close night, when, if every thing had gone on smoothly, it would have been somewhat difficult for any reasonable man to keep his temper. When the play was about half through, I heard a bustle at the door, just beyond the Virginian; and a big burly fellow appeared, with a drab overcoat on, such as served to distinguish the "Fancy," and, with his castor tilted over one ear, trying to force himself into our seat, and swearing he *would* come in, whether or no. Not much liking the fellow's behavior, I stepped forward, and took my station where he would have to encounter me first. He had begun flourishing his fists about, and everybody had given way to him, until he saw me, planted before him, and standing up with my feet on two benches, fronting the passage-way. Whether he did not much like my attitude

and bearing, or happened not to take a fancy to the expression of my countenance — for I have reason to believe that I was deadly pale — I do not know; but his long arms dropped gradually lower and lower, and he sheered off out of my way, and took a seat in front of us. The people about me hissed him; and so he set his castor in such a way as to intercept our view. I remonstrated; but he paid no attention to me. I then reached over, and, touching him on the shoulder, begged him to take off his hat. He would see me d—d first. "Then," said I, "I shall have to take it off for you." He would like to see me do it. No sooner said than done: I reached over, and, snatching the hat from his head, was just on the point of shying it into the pit, when it occurred to me that I might "bring down the house," without intending it; and I forebore. Upon this, my gentleman swore a monstrous oath; and I caught him by the collar, and being above him, a whole bench higher, with all the purchase I needed, I drew him up with one hand and set him on his feet by main force, and then planted myself right in his way. Such a shout, and such a volume of hissing and half-smothered laughter, followed, that all eyes from below were turned up to the gallery. But, as he made no further demonstrations, I turned round to give a hint to my friends; and, when I looked again, my formidable antagonist was nowhere to be seen. He had slipped away, and was probably waiting for me in the narrow passage behind. This I did not half like; and so, begging Sully to take my watch, and both to see fair play, I waited the issue. But, lo! when I went out, nothing was to be seen of the foolish blusterer; and I escaped with a whole skin, greatly to my satisfaction, I promise you.

And then followed a transaction, which grew out of another visit to the theatre, to oblige a friend. Kean was playing Richard. Webster, a Scotch barrister, with whom I had become acquainted at Angelo's fencing-rooms, where we used to try our hands on each other, with the Scotch broad-sword, cut and thrust, and small sword, weapons he handled like a master, had never seen the great tragedian in this character, though I had, more than once.

The house was crowded, crammed; and, soon after we had taken possession of our places, Webster sitting with me and

two other friends, who were of the party — George Bentham the nephew, and Richard Doane the private secretary, of Jeremy Bentham, taking seats in the rear a little way off — at a very interesting passage of the play, I happened to look down, and saw a young handsome woman trying to get a glimpse of the stage from her standing-place in the alley on my left. Pitying her from my soul, for I saw by the expression of her countenance that she was no theatre-goer, and that she was unable to see or hear, I stooped over, and told her if she would step up on the floor of the seat I occupied, I would make all the room I could for her. She was very thankful; and, after consultation with a friend at her elbow, she consented, and took her place by my side. But, after a few minutes, I found her in danger of falling, and proposed putting my left arm round her waist, and taking hold of the next seat with my left hand. Soon after this, I heard some growling on my right, from a party of roughs, next beyond Webster, with their doxies; and then I heard him say, "You'd better be quiet, my mon, or ye may find yoursel' in the wrong box. If you want a quarrel though, you can be accommodated." — "I don't want a quarrel with you, nor with your puppy neither," said the fellow, glancing at me, as he spoke. Whereupon, though Webster tried to dissuade me, and was for taking the business into his own hands, I begged the young woman to let me off, my left arm being nearly paralyzed; and then, drawing off my gloves, and taking a seat beyond Webster, I leaned over, and asked the fellow if that was meant for me. He made some insolent reply, and I struck him a heavy blow on the mouth, with the back of my hand; but, most unfortunately, the woman at his side, sitting between him and me, thought proper to interfere, at a most unseasonable moment, by thrusting her head forward, and received my arm athwart her mouth; and both began bleeding profusely. I was horror-struck; and though I apologized on the spot, endeavoring to soothe her, and telling her how sorry I was, and that she ought to have interfered before, or not at all, I expected nothing less than a battle royal, there being three of them, and all clad in fighting gear, and two of us, with reinforcements behind. But probably, as the police did not show themselves, and I stood up, and there was no row,

the whole was taken for a misunderstanding, or an accident. But my man, who was evidently in earnest, leaned over, and in a low voice, boding mischief, said he should be ready for me after the play. I assented, and, after the play was through, touched his arm, and signified that I was entirely at his service; and then, taking Webster with me, who appeared to enjoy the prospect amazingly, made my way to the door, expecting to be followed by the insolent blackguard and his two drab-coated companions. But no: they had other fish to fry; and I saw no more of them.

And here ended, with half a dozen trivial exceptions, my adventures in this line, till, about three years ago, when, at the age of threescore and ten, I was betrayed into an outburst of temper, which ended with my pitching a big burly Irishman, head-first, down the stairway, leading to my office — at the risk of breaking the poor fellow's limbs, if not his neck. I had borne till I could bear no longer. He was making a tremendous uproar; and, when I ordered him off, he swore he wouldn't budge a hair's-breadth. I was unwilling to strike him, unless obliged to do so, though he flourished his arms about me, like a windmill in a hurricane; but I pitched him headlong down a steep flight of stairs, with such violence, owing to the opposition he offered, that he struck first on the third or fourth step from the bottom — God forgive me! — and might have been crippled for life; but he soon recovered himself, got up and walked off, to the amazement of all who saw him on his way down, without staggering or limping, and I heard no more of him. But enough — too much perhaps for a professor of religion, at my age. Since then, I have led a very quiet life — *comparatively*.

CHAPTER VII.

SPIRITUAL GROWTH.

QUAKER PREACHING; UNIVERSALISM; A TROUBLED CONSCIENCE; SPROUTING OF METAPHYSICS; LANGUAGE; FREE AGENCY.

JAN. 27, 1867. — At last, after many interruptions, two or three head-flaws, and no little embarrassment in my building operations, I am able to go on with my story. Within the last month, and long since I began the last chapter, we have had two of the toughest and heaviest snow-storms I ever saw; and are now up to the waist in another, which threatens to stop all intercourse with the rest of the world, to obliterate all our thoroughfares, and highways and fences and landmarks, if not to bury us up altogether.

And yet, our people are swarming to their work, early and late; the city is going up silently through the deep snow, block after block, and street after street. Prodigious improvements are under way; and arrangements are in progress, before the city, for loaning two millions, upon mortgage, to the sufferers who most need help, to finish what they have undertaken.

I have been very busy, not only writing for the magazines, where, as my papers are almost always thrown off at a single heat, there is no danger of repetition, and not much of forgetting what I had to say; but in carrying on the work of our common hive, until I have no less than three new dwelling-houses finished and occupied, and two others, of a larger size and loftier pretensions, well under way, together with a large warehouse on Exchange Street; all of which will be ready for occupation before the first of April, D.V.

And now I begin to breathe freely once more, and hope to go on, for a while at least, without crossing my tracks, or repeating myself, as I may have done heretofore; having so

much to say, and so little time to say it in. For who can remember all he has written, or intended to write, if interruptions are frequent, or hindrances occur to put him out, as if he were adding up a column of figures for the treasury department?

To the question therefore. Properly speaking, I had no religious education, and very little of any other. Having been put behind a counter in a retail haberdashery, at the age of twelve, unacquainted with every thing now taught in our common schools, except reading, writing, and arithmetic — the three R's, you know — and never having been to school since, for a single day, I claim to be — not *uneducated*, as all are said to be, who have not been pushed through college, but *self-educated*. By this, I do not mean that I never attended a course of lectures, or that I never took lessons in horsemanship, sparring, or the small-sword; or that I never had a language-master, long enough to give me the pronunciation, at least, after which I have always taken charge of myself; but only that I never went to school, after I was twelve.

When I was not more than six — or seven, at the outside, judging by what I have since been told — my mother gave me half a dollar for reading the Bible through. It was a tough job; and I thought I earned the money, long before I had ploughed through the Pentateuch, with all the strange laws, and stranger ceremonies and bloody sacrifices, though I was delighted beyond measure with the warlike achievements of Moses and Joshua, and with the stories about Samson and Gideon and Saul, and the witch of Endor, and was quite carried away with the tremendous visions of the Apocalypse. I remember, too, with what eagerness I read portions of the Apocrypha, which I found, without warning, between the canonical books of the Old and New Testament, and received for scripture — I have that very Bible before me now, "printed by Isaac Collins, Trenton, 1791" — thinking them quite equal to the stories I had met with about Rome and Greece, or the Seven Labors of Hercules; and that, on the whole, the Adventures of Bel and the Dragon, of Judith and Holofernes, of Susanna and the Elders, and the terrible wars of Judas Maccabæus, were quite as entertaining, and much of a piece with those of the Paladins, the Seven Champions

of Christendom, or the Knights of the Round Table. But the reading, I am afraid, was of little or no advantage to me, otherwise. It led to great confusion of thought, a hankering for the marvellous, at an age when I was incapable of distinguishing the true from the false, or Bible stories from the stories I met with in a score of other books; and I read every thing that fell in my way. I believe, too, that my dear mother made a great mistake, when she hired me to read the Bible through and through, without help or guidance; and that the deepest and most abiding impressions made upon me were of a nature to harden my heart, instead of softening it. I read of Joseph and his brethren, to be sure, of the Prodigal Son, of Queen Esther and Mordecai, and of David and Jonathan, with as much pleasure as I did the "Arabian Nights;" but never so that I understood their teaching. To me, it was the great and terrible God, not the loving Father, I had become acquainted with. It was Jehovah, the uncreated, the everlasting, and the unchangeable, and not Christ, the tender and compassionate, I had been hearing so much of.

I can almost see myself now, through the testimony of another, a little golden-haired boy, with large blue eyes, very beautiful teeth, and the complexion of a girl, poring over the great Book of wonders, in breathless awe, hour after hour, and month after month, until my task was finished; and the revelations went by me like a pageant, and were lost for ever in the darkness that followed.

We had no Bible-classes, and no sabbath-schools, in that day; and, among the Friends, neither creeds nor catechism. Nor do I remember, that, up to the age of sixteen, I had ever heard a chapter of the Bible read aloud anywhere, by anybody; though it must have been used in some way at the school my mother kept, in the old brick meeting-house; for I well remember the reply of a boy, named Hannaford, who, when asked if they had a Bible in the house, answered they had a *Holy* Bible; and that, in consequence of some provocation — I know not what — I found myself one day kicking a Bible from the steps of the school-house into the street, and then following it up, for a rod or two, before I came to my senses.

Yet my mother was a sincere and earnest follower of the

Great Teacher, though she made no pretensions to special godliness, and never opened her mouth in meeting; and most of the Friends I ever knew, with here and there an exception, were devout inquirers after the truth, full of quiet reverence for the Scriptures, and obedient always to what they regarded as the promptings of the Holy Spirit.

At Windham-school, to be sure, we used to be puzzled now and then, after the exercises of the First-day were over, with questions *out* of the Bible — not *in* the Bible, I am sure — till I was ready to drop off the bench, overcome with sleep; our master, Noah Reed, a devout man, though rather harsh, having no mercy on us at such a time, so long as he could keep himself awake. Well do I remember the "strawy fire" that pestered me through my half-shut eyes, and my utter weariness of spirit, body, and soul, as the questions were solemnly propounded, in a way to frighten the oldest and wisest. And when he asked who was the brother of Christ, child though I was, it startled me, as if he had asked who was the brother of God himself, the Ancient of Days: I had wholly forgotten what was said in Matthew about the carpenter's son, and his brethren, James and Joses, and Simeon and Judas. To me it seemed like blasphemy — not merely irreverence, but blasphemy; though, even then, I had taken a distinction between the Father and Son, which I have never been able to dispossess myself of, notwithstanding my changes of opinion, year after year, till I had adopted what is called the orthodox, or evangelical faith.

As I heard no preaching outside of the Quaker meeting-house, till I had reached the age of sixteen or eighteen, I knew little of the opinions that prevailed among our neighbors, whether Baptists or Methodists, orthodox or heterodox. Of one thing, however, I began to feel sure — that, say what people would about "Quaker sly and Presbyterian sour," the Quakers were in earnest; for had I not seen Edward Cobb, a wise and good man, of large experience, who had come over to their faith at the age of thirty-five, grow pale as death, and tremble from head to foot, and break out into a profuse perspiration, when he rose to speak, as the Spirit moved him, a few simple words, which, of themselves, amounted to little or nothing, but which were made impres-

sive by the man's evident sincerity — like those of Paul, where, "in bodily presence weak, in speech contemptible," he ministered to the brethren? And had I not seen Greely Hannaford, another proselyte, in the strength of his manhood, while repeating the words, "He was made a priest, after the order of Melchisedec," apropos to nothing, falter and hesitate, as if he were on trial for life, and had been called upon to say guilty or not guilty?

I would not speak irreverently of what I saw, for the impression made upon me was deep and lasting; but I did not understand the symptoms, and of course had no belief on the subject, save that I did not question the sincerity of my grandfather Neal, Remington Hobby, Thankful Hussey, Phebe Cobb, and the public Friends who came to us from abroad; after one of whom, Rachel Wilson, my mother was named. But I must acknowledge that I thought most of their preaching very tiresome, religion itself a terrible bugbear, and the promptings of the Holy Spirit any thing but desirable.

Nevertheless, I had my misgivings; and at the age of ten, having struck a very amiable boy, not in anger, but in play, while we were tumbling about on the hay-mow, and the poor fellow having soon after fallen sick, with what used to be called the throat-distemper, I began to be troubled o' nights, and then to fear that he owed his death, which soon followed, to that unlucky blow in the side. It was very childish, to be sure; but I had no confidant, I was afraid even to trust my mother; and I do believe now, that I might have been easily persuaded that I was a murderer, and that the Avenger of blood was after me, had the testimony of my conscience been taken for truth. Yet the blow was given in sport, while we were playing together; we were the best of friends, and nothing had ever happened between us, to disturb the relationship. It could not have been very severe, though it doubled him up, and he complained for a few moments that he could not get his breath. I was frightened, and managed to steal away, as soon as I could; though he did not appear to mind it, after a few minutes. What business had my conscience here? — that conscience which "makes cowards of us all." I had really done nothing wrong; and yet, I

could not sleep, and, month after month, was in continual dread of being found out.

Long after this, I happened to be out one evening in the neighborhood of Clay-cove, where Elias Smith, the great Universalist, was holding forth. I had never seen the inside of any other meeting-house, or church, than that of the Friends, unless I except the old Episcopal Church, when it was bought up, and carried away bodily by my uncle James; and St. Stephen's, when it was going up, and I, a little barefooted boy, used to go there for chips. I do not remember the text, nor the sermon; but I do remember that I took a prodigious fancy to the preacher, he was so funny; resembling Rowland Hill and Lorenzo Dow, and Henry Ward Beecher, in his way of dealing with the questions of the day, as I have since had good reasons for believing. And I continued to hear him, at long intervals, and with uncommon pleasure, till he removed to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where I frequently found myself at his evening meetings. He was bold, hazardous, and original; and, I have no doubt, was in a measure answerable for my becoming, after many years, a Universalist, and a sincere Universalist; in which faith I continued, long after I had become a Unitarian, up to the age of fifty-eight, when I underwent, as I hope and believe, a final change for the better, in all that belongs to religious belief.

My father's library consisted of "No cross, no crown," Barclay's "Apology," "Journal of Job Scott," Young's "Night Thoughts," and Thomas à Kempis; all which I read, along with "Robinson Crusoe," the "Arabian Nights," "Don Quixote," "Caroline of Litchfield," "Aurora, or the Mysterious Beauty," "The Adventures of a Guinea," "Tom Jones," "Charlotte Temple," "Reuben and Rachel;" in short, every thing I could lay my hands on, with heaps of magazines, year after year, up to the age of eighteen, when I took a new start, with Ferguson's Astronomy, Curran's Speeches, Plutarch's Lives, Millot's General History, and other works of a similar character, which had been taken for debt by Mr. Benjamin Willis, with whom I was then living, as a sort of understrapper, at forty dollars a year, with board and washing — not *mending;* I was too far gone for that.

The very first sabbath, after I had entered upon my duties

in the store, and was charmingly done up for the occasion, I tried to make one of the family, as they set off on their way to church; but, to my unspeakable mortification, they headed me off, and I was invited to go somewhere else, and I lost the only opportunity of hearing Unitarianism preached, for many a long year.

Meanwhile, I had given up the Friends' meeting altogether, on week-days; and in pleasant weather, used to go wandering by myself, or occasionally with a single companion, through all the neighboring woods and fields, and along by the sea-shore, on the sabbath; but always, I must acknowledge, with a secret feeling of uneasiness, and with many a wish that some place of worship, other than the Friends' meeting-house, were open to me.

From my earliest recollection, I was a critic in language; and had a relish for metaphysics, I find now, though I did not know it, at the time. For example, while yet in petticoats, I remember being much exercised by a remark made in my presence, about a bed we children had been making up on the floor. When we were asked what it was, and somebody answered a bed, my mother laughed, and said she should call it "a bed with a *witness* to it." With a witness to it! What could she mean? Were we not all witnesses to it, one as much as another? And to this day, I am not very clear upon the subject, and would give something to know how it originated.

Some years after this, when I must have been about nine, jndging by other circumstances, I was greatly perplexed at hearing somebody say, that an orange he gave me would *eat* well; though I adopted the phrase, and lost no time in writing to my sister and telling her I should keep it for her, till I saw her again — she was at Falmouth, where my mother was teaching school — because it would "*eat* well." But I was not entirely satisfied, and never used it again, having already begun to be "nothing, if not critical;" though, to this hour, I am constantly hearing people of education say, it *reads* so and so.

About the same time, I had another experience, which I do not exaggerate in saying, has haunted me from that day to this. On taking up one of Hopkins's razor-strops, then just coming

into use, my eye fell upon the printed directions. They *read* somewhat after this fashion: "If you want a smooth shave, lay the razor flat; otherwise, it will produce quite a *contrary* effect." Of course, the poor man, with whom, by the way, I had something to do, many years later in life, while writing "Allen's History of the Revolution," should have said a *different* effect, instead of a *contrary* effect; for how could a cut be contrary to a shave? or, if he meant, that if the razor were not laid flat, instead of a smooth shave, it would be rough, why the plague didn't he say so?

In this way, I went on, step by step, year after year, till I heard a very clever woman talk about an egregious thunder-storm, without strangling her upon the spot; and no less a personage than John McLean, a student of Aaron Burr's, and one of Dewitt Clinton's judges, declare that, in the Highlands, they had just had an "*elegant* thunder-storm," without calling him out; and others to this day, not only talking, but writing, about this and that being *redolent* of genius or sunshine, with *twaddle* for *twattle*, and *restive* for *restless*.

Meanwhile, I had removed to Portsmouth, and one day happening to be altogether alone, with a volume of Rees's Cyclopædia, then just received, lying open before me, I came upon the following paragraph, in substance: I do not undertake to give the words; for I have not seen them since, and know not where to find them: "God does not threaten, that man may sin, and so be punished; but that he may not sin, and so escape. *Therefore*, the higher the threatening runs, the greater the goodness of God."

Here was a tremendous fallacy; and yet, if the premises were granted — and who would think of denying them? — how could we escape the conclusion? If true, then the laws of Draco, which were said to be written with blood, because they punished every transgression with death, might be so many proofs of *goodness* in the lawgiver. I was not a logician. I knew little or nothing of logic, though I had gone through with Aristotle; but I understood the use of language for common purposes, and had, beyond all question, a great natural aptitude for metaphysics. From that moment, a new world was open to me. I began to feel acquainted with myself. I was no longer afraid to meddle with prohibited

themes — with God's foreknowledge and man's freedom — nor unwilling to investigate any subject that fell in my way.

My church-going at Portsmouth was regular, but whimsically varied. I had a seat in the Episcopal Church, where Dr. Burroughs had just been settled; and I went once every sabbath, after dining with my old master, Rundlet, to hear Dr. Buckminster; and almost every sabbath-evening, to hear Elias Smith; but, I must acknowledge, without growing either wiser or better. I went, I hardly know why; because I had no pleasanter way of passing the time, perhaps, or because other people went, with whom I associated.

After this, I went back to Portland, where I sometimes heard Dr. Nichols and Dr. Payson, and sometimes a Universalist or a Methodist; and thence to Bath, where I sat for a while under the teachings of Dr. Jenks; thence to Augusta, where I attended Dr. Toppan's church; thence to Boston, where I first heard Edward Everett, and then Mr. Huntingdon of the Old South, for a pastor; and thence to New York, where I heard Dr. Mason, Dr. Nott, and others of that school; and thence to Baltimore, where, after attending Dr. Inglis for a twelvemonth or so, I took a pew in the Unitarian Church, when Mr. Sparks was settled, and continued there, until I went abroad; where, after hearing Dr. Raffles at Liverpool, and Edward Irving in London, and a few of the established faith, I gave up church-going altogether, and spent my sabbaths I hardly know how — sometimes botanizing through the regions round about London; sometimes visiting distant neighborhoods for a walk, with John Stuart Mill, Roebuck, Walter Coulson, and others; and sometimes upon the parallel bars, the rack, or the wooden horse, in Mr. Bentham's great garden. After my return to my native town — having made up my mind to settle on my lees, if I could do nothing better — I began to church it once a day, and, after my marriage, somewhat oftener; and at last became a regular attendant twice a day at Dr. Chickering's church, where, in course of time, I was led to see things in a different light, and became a professor of the orthodox type, eschewing both Universalism and Unitarianism, as not only unsatisfying, but as, in my judgment, both unwholesome and unsafe.

It will be seen by the foregoing account of my course, for

the greater part of my life, that I had opportunities enough, and of the best kind, for forming my opinions. All the preachers I heard were able and sincere, and some greatly distinguished. But still my mind was not made up; I was not satisfied with what I heard and saw, and might have gone on to the end, from pillar to post, had not my eyes been opened most unexpectedly in 1851, soon after which, I became a member of the High-street Church, where I have continued from that day to this, and where I hope to die.

While in Baltimore, and sitting under the ministration of Mr. Sparks, my mind was accidentally determined upon a question I had never before investigated. Sitting with Mr. Pierpont one day, while I was studying law, and trying to cut my own fodder — with my pen — something was said about motives, or what Bentham calls the "springs of action;" and he asked me two questions: first, whether we are governed by motives; and, secondly, whence our motives originated. I answered, as best I could, maintaining that, as reasonable beings, we must be governed by motives; and then that, whether reasonable or unreasonable, it must be the same, and that even the brutes were governed by motives. Furthermore, after feeling about in the dark for a while, I contended that motives did not originate with us, but were influences from abroad, coming and going without our consent, and not only influencing, but determining our actions.

Seeing where this would lead me, my excellent friend became alarmed, and undertook to lay the devil he had raised, by comparing the mind to a pair of scales, in which motives were to be weighed, as we called them up; but he was too late. Nor did his explanation help the matter. It was begging the question. If we had power to call up motives, or reasons, what was that but originating motives and reasons?

He appealed to my consciousness; but consciousness, like the senses, might be deceived. Although it were true that we always act as if we knew ourselves to be free — and all our plans and calculations are founded upon that belief, and we may verify the fact at any moment by lifting a hand, or forbearing — still these facts would not be conclusive; and they might exist, even if we were not free agents. Unless we can originate our motives, without help or hindrance, we are not

free. Nay, more: there can be but one Being in the universe, of whom free-agency may be predicated.

"But why so?" asked my friend, with a troubled expression I never shall forget.

"Because we act from motives, and these motives are outside of us. They come from our constitutions, our habits, our parentage, our education, and from all the surroundings of our life."

"But does not God act from motive?" he asked.

"Certainly," I replied.

"Then we are as free as God is; and what more would we have?"

"Ah! but his motives are not like our motives. They are rather purposes than motives; or, at any rate, if he be influenced by any motive outside of himself, then that motive is God, and so far even God himself is not free."

By this time, I had got bewildered. My head ached; and I felt as if I was stretching out my arms over a fathomless abyss, and groping for truth in the secret place of thunder. He did all he could to divert my attention from the subject, and tried to satisfy me with arguments and explanations, which I am quite sure had never satisfied himself. This I resented, and straightway determined to investigate the awful question, patiently and faithfully — and reverentially — step by step, lead me whithersoever it might. Soon after this, I met with the correspondence between Frederick and Voltaire; and then with Reid, who undertook to show that transgression depends not upon the act, but upon the *will*, thereby following out the doctrines of our Saviour; and therefore, if we choose to disobey, though in fact we might be unable to obey, our guilt is the same as if in fact we were able. By way of illustration, he supposes a man to be confined in jail. He is ordered to go out. He refuses to stir. Now, although the prison-doors should be locked and barred, yet if the man did not know this, but refused to go out, and even to make the attempt while he supposed the doors to be open, the disobedience being an act of the will, and in no way dependent upon the fact of the doors being open, he justly incurs the punishment. Believing himself to be free, he sins just as much as if he were free. I do not pretend to give the language: I

only give the substance of the argument, as I remember it. And this not only satisfied the great metaphysician, but was published to the world to satisfy others. To me, it was but miserable trifling. If we are not in fact free, and it should come to be known hereafter that we have been under a delusion from the first, when we believed ourselves free — and that the prison-doors were locked and barred, when we supposed them to be wide open — the whole problem will resolve itself into a question of *fact*, not of *belief*. And then is it possible that we are to be punished for disobeying, when it was impossible to obey, only because we did not happen to know that it was impossible?

Soon after this, the same question was raised in our club — the Delphian club; and I went over the whole ground, not in a speech — no, thank Heaven! — but in conversation, with Paul Allen, Mr. Pierpont, and others, until I had convinced myself anew, that only one Being in the wide universe could be free — free, that is, from all outward influences; and that, therefore, man, not being a free agent, was not accountable. At this time, God's foreknowledge had not been much in my way, though Reid had undertaken to show that God's foreknowledge had nothing more to do with man's free agency, than God's memory — the future, like the past, being unaffected by that knowledge. Mere metaphysics, thought I; and, from that time forward, I met with nothing, although I read every work I heard of, upon the subject, until Edwards on the Will turned up in my path, which afforded me any satisfaction.

Before I had touched bottom, however, I happened to go North, on a visit to Portland, where my mother and sister lived; having completed my law studies, and being ready for admission to the bar on my return. While at Boston, my old friend Lee agreed to take a trip to Portland with me. But, when the coach called for us, he came running in, all out of breath, and looking rather pale, to say that Dr. Payson was aboard. "Well, what if he is?" said I. "Only this, that I sha'n't go to-day," was the reply. "Pooh, pooh! what do you care for Dr. Payson?" said I. "He was my old preceptor in the academy, and I should like to meet him once more, now that I have shoes and stockings to my feet; and you, surely, my friend, you will not refuse to see your own pastor?"

I knew that Lee had attended Dr. Payson's church, and I had been told at one time, that he had been quite serious under the powerful preaching of this great and good man; but the seriousness had worn off, and now I saw that he was afraid to meet him. I expostulated; and at last he yielded, saying, as he did so, that we shouldn't have any fun till we reached Portland. "Why so?" I asked. "Oh! he is so solemn," said Lee; "and he never loses an opportunity of preaching. I don't know what I would give to hear him laugh once — just once."

"Very well," said I; "we'll make him laugh."

"A bottle o' wine you can't."

"Done!" said I; "and, what is more, I'll make him laugh, and laugh heartily too, before we pass Charlestown bridge."

I was as good as my word. We had a very pleasant playful conversation for the first half-hour, and I told two or three stories which "brought down the house."

At last — I know not how, for I did not introduce it — we got upon the subject of free-agency; and we battled the watch for about one hundred miles, to the amazement of poor Lee, and the horror of two church-members, who caught their breath, and rolled up their eyes, whenever the doctor spoke to them. Once or twice, I thought him rather uncivil, and told him so. Two or three times he tried me with a fallacy, which I refused to swallow; and counselled him to reserve his milk for babes, and give me lions' meat, if he had any to spare. When we parted, he shook hands with me, and seemed desirous of a further, if not a better, acquaintance, which I did not much wonder at, for I had been rather saucy at times; but we never met again. The next day, the whole town was alive with reports of our controversy, and the First Parish all agog; their pastor, the amiable and excellent Dr. Nichols, and Dr. Payson, both Misters at the time, and both young men, being at loggerheads.

On my return to Baltimore, I found Dr. Tobias Watkins, the editor and proprietor of the "Portico," for which I had been writing, just ready to set off on a tour of inspection, as one of the assistant surgeon-generals of the United-States Army. He insisted on my taking charge of that journal, which had begun to appear quarterly, instead of monthly, and

was always behind; assuring me that all the copy I should want was ready, and that I had only to write a few pages, at most.

I consented: but lo, and behold! as we say Down-East, I found, when it was too late, and he was five or six hundred miles beyond my reach, that he had little or nothing prepared. I had to go to work therefore, and write a large part of the whole number, more than two-thirds, I believe. It was there, that my article headed "Man not a Free Agent," appeared at full length, and I may add, in full weight; for it sunk the "Portico" at her moorings, or, at any rate, our friend Watkins being sadly embarrassed, not another number appeared.

The conclusions I reached there, was, that man is not a free agent, his convictions to the contrary, notwithstanding; and that the foreknowledge of God was of itself enough to prove this; because if God foreknows an event, that event *must* happen, and cannot be contingent, whether man be free, or not.

But, within a few years, I have grown afraid of myself, and still more afraid of controversy; holding that God's foreknowledge and man's freedom, the origin of evil, and the necessity of transgression — perhaps that suffering may follow — and then charity and brotherly love, and self-denial, and self-sacrifice, and all the Christian graces, and pity, and sympathy, and patience, and submission, and resignation, — are among the unfathomable mysteries, which we cannot hope to understand, until it shall please Him to enlarge our faculties, and we become "as gods, knowing good from evil;" that we are bound to draw a line between the knowable and the unknowable, and the sooner the better, and never try to pass the bounds of the knowable, however tempted; that we *must* believe on the evidence of our senses, where the senses are witnesses, without regard to the testimony of our understandings, where a contradiction is found, notwithstanding all that we hear and see of jugglers, and notwithstanding the fact that all our senses are found to play us false sometimes. Being put here, not for speculation, but for action, and being endowed with senses, which hurry us to a thousand instantaneous conclusions, at every step we take, on our senses

we *must* rely, and do rely in all the business of life — it cannot be otherwise — leaving our reason to follow at leisure.

According to the evidence of our senses, and of our consciousness, we are free — free enough to render us accountable beings, though neither omnipotent nor omnipresent; and although we may reason ourselves into a contrary belief, with our present limited knowledge of a supreme intelligence, we cannot help deciding against ourselves, when we come to action; in other words, we cannot help acting against our own convictions.

Let me add, that, as in our Father's house there are many mansions, so, I believe, are there many different ways of reaching those mansions — many different ways, therefore, of being right. My own experience, or what I have chosen to call, in the heading of this chapter, "spiritual growth," has satisfied me that the higher we go in our Christian life, the less sensible is our progress, not only to ourselves, but to others. It is like going up a mountain; and that, even though we are called at the eleventh hour, we have always a day's work to do, with so much less time to do it in.

Perhaps a hint or two may not be thrown away here. I was habitually profane: a friend, in no way remarkable for talent, or position, remonstrated with me; and I gave up the practice.

I went to church once a day, and never more, till another friend suggested in a quiet, unpretending way, that perhaps I might find it worth while to go twice a day. Since then, and that was twenty years ago, I should think, I have always been twice a day, and sometimes oftener, unless prevented by something serious.

When about being married, my wife's mother, a pious woman of the Orthodox faith, and a member of Dr. Payson's church, expressed a fear that I should carry off her daughter bodily to the Unitarian, or Universalist Church. I said, "No: she may go where she pleases, and I will go with her. For myself, I do not care what church I attend, if the preacher is honest and faithful." And the consequence was, that, after our marriage, we settled down together, in the family pew, under the preaching of Dr. Tyler, and then of Dr. Vail, successors of Dr. Payson; and remained there till our translation above

High Street, where we continued our attendance — first, under the pastorship of Mr. Beckweth, and then of Mr., now Dr. Chickering — until the year 1851, when my sister — my only sister — my wife, and myself, were all admitted to the Church, on the same day. Since then my sister, my mother, and many more of my beloved ones, including a son and a daughter, have all passed away, leaving us to prepare, as best we may, for the meeting hereafter.

Incidents, little regarded at the time, and hardly worth mentioning in after life, not unfrequently determine our whole course on earth. Had I not been remonstrated with, by a devout and humble Christian, I might never have abandoned the habit of cursing and swearing, never have gone twice a day to church, and never have become, what I profess to be now, a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. Am I wrong in saying thus much of what I have chosen to call "spiritual growth"? May it not be of some use to others — a help, and not a hindrance; a word of encouragement, if nothing more?

CHAPTER VIII.

SELF-EDUCATION.

ABSURDITIES OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR; FIRST ESSAYS IN DRAWING AND PAINTING; MISCELLANEOUS READING; MORTIFICATION; FRENCH, SPANISH, AND OTHER LANGUAGES; OUTLINE OF STUDY; LITERARY LABORS; SPARRING, FENCING, AND GYMNASTICS.

FEB. 6, 1867. — Another heavy snow-storm last night, with sleet and rain, which, if the whole city were not roofed in, would have played the very mischief with us. The two millions proposed for a building-loan have dwindled down to one million, just when we wanted the sum enlarged; and yet, with one million, wisely apportioned, no one being allowed to borrow over fifteen thousand dollars, what may not be accomplished by the industrious and enterprising, though we do have to pay government-interest for the loan? The bill goes before the legislature to-day or to-morrow. And now for self-education.

The best-educated man is, after all, more self-educated than he is any thing else. What we do for ourselves in the way of education, no human being can do for us. And the simple fact, that the self-educated make a boast of it, shows that they think themselves entitled to greater commendation, for doing what they have done without help, and that therefore help is an advantage, the help of others, even in their estimation. To brag that you have made your way without the help of a collegiate course, what is it, after all, but an admission that a collegiate course has its advantages? And so it has; but look at the disadvantages. You grow to a mould; you adopt the opinions of your teacher, not always, indeed, but so generally, that, if you know where a man has been educated, you know what his views and opinions are upon a great variety of subjects — in literature, in philosophy, in languages, and sometimes in politics and religion.

Feb. 19, 1867. — Another snow-storm, though nothing serious; and I am able once more to take up the thread of my story. Weather, all we could wish for — cold, clear, and bracing; and everywhere the work goes bravely on.

Let me proceed, therefore, with what I had to say about self-education, preliminary to my own large and varied experience. Having mastered the rudiments of a common — I might say the commonest — education, for New England, with the help of my mother, who was quite famous for reading, writing, and arithmetic, and never made a mistake in spelling; and of Master Boyce, Master Reed, Master Patten, Master Gregg, Master Moody, and Preceptor Payson, I was put behind a counter, at the age of twelve, and there left to earn my own living, as best I might; in other words, to shift for myself.

I must have written a good hand for a boy of that age; for I well remember that a Mr. Warren, who had made up a large invoice with "*us*," and who was himself one of the most beautiful penmen I ever knew, insisted on having the bills made out by me, on account of my handwriting. But, so far as I can trust my recollection, my style was unfixed, and chiefly remarkable for freedom and flourish, wanting both uniformity and precision. With me, indeed, penmanship was an art. I had a passion for it, as my father and mother had before me; my mother having few equals with the pen, and my father none at all. From my earliest recollection, I was in the habit of writing "pieces" for exhibition, and ornamenting them with flourishes, colored or emblazoned, in gamboge, or vermilion, and touched off with indigo — exceedingly barbarous, I must acknowledge; for I met with a specimen not long ago, and felt ashamed of it, although I can remember when it was greatly admired.

I was reckoned a good reader, when I left school, but had no opportunity of practising, till I had reached the age of thirty, when I became acquainted with Mr. Pierpont, and astonished him not a little one day: it was the first time he had ever heard me read any thing more than a letter, a bill of parcels, or an advertisement. I had been looking at a new poem, which had just appeared — "The Revolt of Islam," by Shelley; and, in calling his attention to it, I read

a few lines. He asked me to read on. I did for a while, and stopped. "Go on," said he, "go on." I consented, and finished the poem before he let me off. "John," said he, with glistening eyes, "you are a poet!" I laughed, and thought no more of it, until, after our failure in business, I began to write for the press. I had probably never read aloud so much as a single page, from the day I left school; but I had the instinct which seldom or never misleads, and in due time, it flowered into all sorts of extravagance.

I was a good arithmetician, too, and very quick at figures, having gone through Walsh's Arithmetic, almost without stopping to breathe, under the watchful eyes of my dear mother, who allowed of no slurring or forcing, and suffered no item to escape her; so quick, indeed, that I used to carry out entries like these: 28¾ yds. calico at 1*s.* 10*d.*, or 20⅝ broadcloth at 27*s.* 6*d.*, as if I had the calculation lying before me, or a table committed to memory, and oftentimes without stopping to make a figure; but always in a way of my own, though somewhat resembling that of "Practice."

But I knew nothing of English grammar; nothing of geography, or astronomy, or the use of the globes; nothing of rhetoric or natural philosophy; nor indeed of any other of the multitudinous branches that have since been taught in our common schools. And yet, I had gone to the academy, when Dr. Payson was preceptor; and I had been two or three winters — two, I believe — at a Quaker boarding-school in Windham.

So far as English grammar was concerned, it was no fault of mine that I did not become a proficient; for, after bothering a while over the "Young Ladies' Accidence," and getting so that I could *parse* — or, rather, *pass* — with great readiness and fluency, the grammar was changed for "Clarke's," and I had to begin afresh, and learn a new set of rules, with the examples and exceptions, and the exceptions to exceptions, till I had got completely bewildered, and have so continued, from that day to this; all that I know of English grammar now, all that I ever knew, being that "prepositions govern the objective case," and that "the verb to be has the same case after it as before it" — rules which I have constantly heard violated by grammarians, who could parse

whole pages without catching their breath, and give a thousand reasons for saying, "*it is me;*" or, "if anybody wants me, tell *them* I shall be back in a few minutes;" "you *was* there, *was* you?" — the common language of the bar; and fifty other phrases, no whit more preposterous than these, which I could give now from recollection, if it were worth while; such as, "between you and I," or "him and me went to school together," or "he is older than me."

So that I have come to look upon English grammar as a delusion and a snare; and poor Lindley Murray, and the great majority of his followers, who give such ponderous and complicated rules, in language so abstract and metaphysical, not to say unintelligible, as no better than so many well-meaning conundrum-weavers, mountebanks, or jugglers. The laws of universal grammar we need to be acquainted with, of course; and, thank God, they may be learned by a child in a single evening, while the pestiferous inventions that pass for grammars, in every earthly language, seem intended only to perplex and mystify. That we must have grammars, I admit; grammars of some sort, for reference, though not for study, much less for learning by heart. Still, in my judgment, you no more need a grammar for language, than for horsemanship, or fencing, or swimming, or dancing. At best, they are only substitutes for a teacher, and for practice, though never of much use in learning to *talk* a language. But, furthermore, —

Suppose it were the fashion to make a child study a grammar of horsemanship, to commit all the rules to memory, and all the exceptions and examples, and then to stand up in a large school, and undergo an examination before a committee, upon every conceivable case, real or supposititious, and give a reason or a rule, in the very language of the book; and to do all this, before he is lifted into the saddle, or allowed to touch whip or spur.

Instead of saying, elbows close! wrist level! thumb up! advance the chest! heels down! toes in! hollow the back! left shoulder forward! legs under you! head up! &c., suppose the poor boy or girl required to give a rule for each of these positions, and this exercise should be called *parsing:* in what would it differ from the ordinary method of teaching

English grammar, by the help of metaphysics, logarithms, and conundrums?

"John, do thee know grammar?" said one of my cousins at Windham, speaking in the name of all the rest, who were a little anxious to see how far ahead of the town-boy they were, with their new master. It was the first time I had ever heard the phrase, English-grammar, or the word, grammar, in all my life; and, I dare say, I turned up my nose, in reply, as if it were one of the studies we considered beneath us, in our schools. But, after I reached home, I took upon myself to inquire, and lost no time in getting into the "Young Ladies' *Accidents*;" with what advantage, I have already stated.

I had also a great fondness for drawing and painting, and a natural taste for both — a sincere and hearty relish, I might say; but, strange as it may seem, little or no talent for either. About this time, I used to paint roses, strawberries, and watch-papers, and little fat Cupids, with their bows and arrows, nestling, or asleep, among bunches of lady-delights; and I spent many a long day in copying maps. But I had never seen a good picture, in all my life, nor what I should now call a decent drawing. Once, to be sure, when quite a child, I saw pasted upon the wall, over a shoemaker's bench, a pen-and-ink head, which delighted me beyond measure. I cared nothing for prints nor engravings; but this little affair, though unfinished, a mere outline at best, I looked upon as a marvel. Judge of my surprise, when the shoemaker, who did not value it much, told me I was welcome to it. I lost no time in taking possession of the prize, and hurrying off, lest he might change his mind. On reaching home, I went up into the garret, and there, seating myself on an old leather-trunk, near a little window, covered with dust and cobwebs, went to work and made copy after copy, some of which were traced, I remember, until I had every scratch of the pen daguerreotyped upon my memory. This, I believe, was the beginning of my experience in art. Hereafter, I may have something more to say upon this part of my education.

But one thing I must not overlook, nor undervalue: from my earliest recollection, I was a prodigious reader. Nothing came amiss to me, from "Bluebeard," "Little King Pepin," "Aballino," the great bandit, up to "Millot's General History,"

"Curran's Speeches," "Plutarch's Lives," and "Rees's Cyclopædia." The first *book* I ever read, after the Bible, was the "Arabian Nights;" and though I was utterly carried away by it, as I well remember, I have never looked into it since. Yet all the incidents are fresh in my memory, and most of the characters and situations. They tell the story in this way; and it seems to me now, that I remember the particulars myself. My mother wanted to go somewhere, taking my sister Rachel with her, for the day; but what on earth should be done with her boy? I was just of an age — not over eight, or nine, at the most — to be very troublesome, if allowed to have my own way; and still more so, if I wasn't. "Leave him with me," said Mrs. Thankful Bagley, a very pleasant, kind-hearted woman, who lived below in the same house. My mother consented, and Mrs. Bagley brought me the "Arabian Nights" to read. I took it with me up into the garret; and when my mother returned toward nightfall, and asked for me, Mrs. Bagley was obliged to own up. She had not set eyes upon me since morning. I had not come to dinner, and nobody knew where to look for me. My poor mother began to feel uneasy; but when the book was mentioned, knowing my unappeasable appetite for all sorts of strange, out-of-the-way reading, she went straightway up to the little garret-window, where I spent most of my time, out of school, and there she found me behind a trunk, so deeply engaged in the book before me, that I had not even heard her step, nor the voices below; nor had I eaten a mouthful during the day.

Not long after this, I had got together quite a library of little picture-books, and a collection of songs and verses, which were the talk of all the neighborhood. Among these, I remember Captain Kyd, "when I sailed — when I sailed," the "Death of Wolf," and a "Rose-tree in full bearing." A part of these I took with me up into the country, on a visit to my cousins, where I was persuaded to part with them at cost, and where they led to a cruel mortification, the cruelest I ever had experienced at the time.

Soon after they had bought me out, lock, stock, and barrel — bob, line, and sinker — and paid for them, leaving me to replenish my store when I returned to Portland, I dis-

covered, upon a table in the darkened *fore-room*, a huge tin pail, full of honey, in the best possible condition for a susceptible youth, being intermixed with large lumps of broken comb. One of my cousins, a warm-hearted, generous girl, who had always been a special favorite with me, gave me a saucerful. Two or three days after this, having to pass the door of that banqueting-room several times in the day, my appetite for honey grew unappeasable; and, taking my cousin aside, I begged her to give me *some honey*. She reddened, looked embarrassed, and went off to ask her mother; on returning, what think you was her answer — her answer to me, a proud, sensitive boy? "Not *now*, cousin John," said she; "but when thee comes again, we'll give thee some more *money*." — "More money!" said I, all aghast with shame and mortification, "who wants any of your money? — I asked for *honey*, not for *money*." The poor girl was even more to be pitied than myself, I do believe; for, within five minutes, I was on my way home to my mother; and, if I can trust my recollection, was never inside of that house afterward, certainly not for many a long year. It was a pitiful business, I must acknowledge. It humbled me to the dust; and I have not got over it, even to this day. Among all the mortifications I have experienced in a long life, and they are neither few nor small, I consider this about the worst.

From picture-books and verses, I went to magazines and stories; and, long before I was twelve, I had accumulated quite a decent library, partly by borrowing and buying, and partly by being allowed to rummage in the old closets of the Thrasher House, where "Master George," a dwarf who used to labor for Thomas B. Waite and Co., on a newspaper they published — the old "Federal Gazette," I believe — had stowed away, year after year, the "Massachusetts," and other magazines, with pictures of eagles, and bisons, and buffaloes, and that everlasting story of "Alexis, or the Cottage in the Woods," which was continued until I had a wheelbarrow-load of the numbers that contained it; and never stopped, I believe, till I had left this part of the world, or outgrown such diet, as children do pap; and began to give up the sincere milk of the word, for lions' meat.

Meanwhile, I had got acquainted with a boy named George

Reid, who kept shop for Thomas Clark in Fish-Street, now Exchange. Clark was a bookseller and stationer, and kept a large circulating library, which I read through and through — literally through and through — before I knocked off. Many volumes a week did I gobble up, month after month, before I found out that Reid was taking advantage of me to do his errands, without the knowledge of his master. Among those I now remember, as if I had been familiar with them, not sixty years ago, or thereabouts, but within the last five or six years, were "Wieland, or the Transformation;" "Edgar Huntley, or the Sleep Walker;" "Ormond, or the Secret Witness" — all by Brockden Brown; "Children of the Abbey," "Mysteries of Udolpho;" "St. Leon;" and "Caleb Williams," by Godwin; "Gulliver's Travels," "Don Quixote," "Roderick Random," "Tom Jones," "The Adventures of a Guinea;" "The Vicar of Wakefield," and "Paul and Virginia," both especial favorites of mine to this day, and both masterpieces, like Undine; "Cook's Voyages," Rollin's "Ancient History," &c., &c., &c.: not one of which have I opened since, to my recollection.

While at Master Moody's in Union Street, and before I went behind the counter, one of my school-fellows, whom I have already mentioned, as having got ahead of me in penmanship, undertook to study French, and I was invited to join a class; but my mother had no money to waste in that way, and I found it cheaper to make fun of those who took lessons, than to take lessons myself. And here a little incident occurs to me, which I had entirely forgotten, till it was brought to my recollection, by what I have already mentioned. Among the scholars of the Frenchman were two or three daughters, two certainly, of Thankful Hussey, the Quaker preacher. They were clever girls; and one of the two, Sarah, had an opportunity of turning her French to account, by marrying Isaac Winslow, brother of that Jeremiah who introduced the whale-fishery into France, and settling for life in Havre. She and her sister Comfort were many years older than I; and both had such a reputation for superior talent and scholarship, that when they condescended to enter the town-school, kept by Master Gregg, some years after he had polished me off, and set me adrift, he had a story to tell of Sarah, the eldest, which I shall never forget; chiefly, I dare

say, because the good man made such a fuss about her. They were called upon for "compositions." The subject was "fire." Sarah's opened in this way, word for word: "I shall not treat this chemical and philosophical subject either chemically or philosophically;" and as neither chemistry nor philosophy, intellectual or natural, had ever been thought of, as a part of our education, it seemed to me no great forbearance on her part. But Master Gregg thought otherwise, and I never shall forget the pride he manifested in her scholarship, on this particular occasion.

Many years after this, when I had reached twenty-five, I undertook the study of French in a way of my own, of which I intend to give an account hereafter; and, in the course of two or three years, made myself pretty well acquainted with French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, German, Swedish, Danish, beside overhaling the Hebrew, Latin, Greek, and Saxon, till I could manage them pretty well by the help of a dictionary and grammar. At different times, indeed, I have been able to speak with considerable readiness, and to write with ease, French, Spanish, Italian, and German. So much for this part of my education.

After a while, I took to writing for the newspapers and periodicals, and then to story-telling by the volume; but, as I intend to give an account of all these doings hereafter, I pass them over now, adding only, that I believe I learned more behind the counter than I have ever learned since — more of mankind, more of myself, and more of human nature. I believe also, that we learn more by teaching, than by studying; and I have always been a teacher from my youth up, and generally of something useful — though not always, I am afraid; not that I have appeared as a school-master, or professor; but I have taught fencing, and sparring, and horsemanship, and gymnastics, and half a dozen languages, and all after a system of my own. In this way it is, that I have succeeded in educating myself — after a fashion.

"Tell me," said I to William Gwinn, of Baltimore, soon after I had been admitted to the bar in that city, "tell me, I pray you, where to find the help I need in practice, without troubling the brethren: are there any books to be had?" "Not a book, not a page," was the reply. "The answers to

all the questions you have put me, are traditional; they have never been reduced to writing." — "What, then, am I to do?" — "Write a book on the subject!" And faith! but for my coming across a tattered volume of Harris's "Entries," then wholly out of print, I believe, I should have followed his advice, and taught myself, by undertaking to teach others.

Once, in familiar conversation with Jeremy Bentham, he told me of an incident in his own life, which I believed then, and believe now, was the real cause of his abandoning the practice of the law, after being admitted as a barrister, and betaking himself, at once and for ever, to the great business of law reform. He was retained in an important case, the first and the last he ever meddled with. He studied it thoroughly — made himself master of all the facts, all the reasonings, and all the authorities, for and against his client, — and went into court "cock sure," as he termed it, with a smile I never shall forget, for his mouth trembled and his heavy gray lashes glistened at the time, "cock sure of a triumphant issue." But, lo! after he had got through, up rose the embryo Lord-Chancellor Eldon, Mr. John Scott, and read a manuscript case, which had never been reported, and which not only overthrew the whole of poor Mr. Bentham's learned authorities, but sent him out of court, "with his tail between his legs, and a flea in his ear," never to enter it again.

Just so with many a point of practice at the Baltimore bar. No reports had appeared of the *Nisi Prius* decisions; and no two persons, learned in the law, were ever able to agree upon a variety of trivial questions — trivial to the old practitioner, who might always bargain himself out of a scrape, with his gray-headed brethren, while the younger would be swamped. But I learned my trade nevertheless, after going through a course of study calculated for seven or eight years, in less than a year and a half, including Hoffman's Course, and Reeves' and Gould's Lectures — of which more hereafter — and studying sixteen hours a day, like Sir Matthew Hale, when he entered Lincoln's Inn. But he was only twenty-one, and thoroughly prepared, by a course of collegiate education at Oxford; while I was in my twenty-sixth year, with every thing to learn, and no time to lose; and obliged to earn my living by my pen, at a time when there were only two or

three editors employed in the whole country, and the best of American books were not worth publishing, since the best English books could be had for nothing, after they had been reviewed over sea, and their reputation was established, both there and here. Yet I did not flinch from the trial, and persevered, until I had gone through a course of history, languages, political economy, and miscellaneous reading, which of itself would have been regarded as quite wonderful, if I had done nothing else.

In this way it was, that I managed to educate myself, and without help from any living teacher; and this it is, which has led me to say so much about self-education.

But I had other things to learn. Studying sixteen hours a day, month after month, and year after year, and writing sixteen hours a day, as I often did, for months together, were somewhat dangerous indulgences. And so, one evening, I tumbled out of my chair, while driving away at "Seventy-six," I believe; and lay, I know not how long, upon the floor of my back office, where I slept. On coming to myself, I began to feel my pulse before I tried to get up: the rhythm was all I could wish; the beat regular and emphatic, soft and full, so that I had nothing to fear of a serious nature, an affection of the heart never allowing such "healthful music." Then I touched my lips: there was no foam to trouble me, no sign of epilepsy. What, then, was the matter? Syncope, beyond all question. I had fainted, — swooned, — from overwork. I had tampered with one of God's chief blessings, I had abused the gift of health; and I saw at once that I had something else to do in this world, something that I had never thought of before. I was bound to take care of *myself*. But who was myself? and what? I had never been obliged to keep my bed but once in all my life, and that was in my boyhood. The doctor, having lost all patience with me, told me I should die: I told him I wouldn't; and I didn't, — to the best of my recollection and belief. The consequence was, that I had lost sight of my body altogether, and had now been working, month after month, as if I were all brain, as if I had no soul indeed — nothing but an imperious will, and a fiery imagination to deal with. But, thank God, I was not forgotten, I was not wholly given over; and, when I came to my senses, the first

thing I did, was to put my body through a course of education.

Meanwhile, having found my way, not only into the best law libraries of Baltimore, including those of Professor Hoffman and General Winder, but into the Athenæum, where I rioted, month after month, as the records will show, if they are still in existence, upon the treasures of history, political economy, and French literature, being acquainted with no other language at the time, it may well be supposed that I had my hands full. Writing for the "Portico," for the magazines, and for the newspapers, and turning out romances and story-books at the rate of two or three volumes a month, to say nothing of poems and plays, and "Allen's History of the Revolution," and the "Index to Niles's Register," a most laborious work, as I hope to show hereafter, I had little time for amusement or dissipation; and my leisure was therefore devoted to bodily exercise, riding, fencing, and sparring.

In 1823, I went abroad, where I continued the study of German, Spanish, Italian, and French, without a master, having acquired the pronunciation before; until I found myself relapsing into my old habits of unreasonable study, and sitting up from twelve to one, two, three, and even four o'clock, in the morning. At last, my education being well-nigh finished, and myself with it, I tumbled out of my chair once more, at dead of night, and lay long enough on the floor to make up my mind, that, if this happened a third time, I should well deserve to stay there till wanted by the undertaker. I was rewriting a paper for "Blackwood," which, being unreasonably long — too long for the number it was intended for, and the longest that had ever appeared in that magazine — had been sent back to me, not to abridge, or correct, but merely to look over, in season for the next month, in which it appeared (December, 1824); but as I never could bear to let any thing pass out of my hand, without change or emendation, if it fell in my way, after it had got cold, I went to work on this paper as if I had never seen it before, and rewrote every syllable of it. No wonder I fell out of my chair; for even Christopher North declared in a note which prefaced it, as a leader, that every paragraph was an article of itself.

Here I went through a course of small-sword, with the

celebrated Angelo; and then of horsemanship and broadsword, with the cavalry-exercise at the Knightsbridge-barracks; and then of boxing, with Richmond the black, and Eales and Ellard; and then, or simultaneously rather, with a course of gymnastics, under the training of Völker, who stood six feet four, if I do not mistake, though he complained, that, being only a seven months' child, he had never been treated fairly, nor allowed to get his growth. He was a giant, and, in the course of our exercises, nearly wrenched me limb from limb, with the assurance that it "doot me goot," and finally thrust the end of an unbuttoned foil into my left eye, while demonstrating his own awkwardness with the small-sword, after I had parried a thrust in *quarte sur le bras*. But I deserved it: first, for crossing the foils without a mask; and next, for allowing anybody to engage me without a button.

After this, I took up botany; and after attending a course of lectures by a Scotchman, named Whitlaw, who had the elements of the science pictured out on transparent window-shades — a capital idea, by the way — I ransacked the whole neighborhood of London, with young Mill (John Stuart Mill) and Richard Doane, the private secretary of Mr. Bentham, and others, until I had become pretty well acquainted with the flora of that region. And so with mineralogy and geology: I took them up, as they fell in my way, and, without intending to do so, succeeded in educating myself upon a variety of subjects, while writing for most of the magazines, and for two or three of the leading Quarterlies, and preparing "Brother Jonathan" for the press.

After my return to Portland, I taught boxing and fencing, wrote largely for the newspapers and magazines, edited the "Yankee," the "New-England Galaxy," and partly edited, at least, half a dozen other leading newspapers, and not a few magazines, all of which died a natural death before I had done with them; entered upon the practice of law, not in New York, as I had first intended, having ordered my library there, and being sorely tempted by Mordecai Manasseh Noah and others, to take up my abode there, and establish a Sunday paper; nor at New Orleans, nor in Philadelphia — Baltimore being wholly out of the question just then, because of the immense outlay upon the Ohio Railroad, whereby her whole

trading community seemed paralyzed; but in Portland, whither I had come on a visit to my mother and sister, with no more idea of settling here than I should, on the Isle of Shoals, and with no more idea at the time of connecting myself with a newspaper, even as editor, than I had of setting up a Cape Elizabeth "Daily Advertiser." But they undertook to say — bless their hearts! — that I should not be allowed to settle here. And so I planted myself on the spot, and, after a few personal explanations, was let alone, and re-admitted to the Cumberland bar, and entered afresh upon my career, as a lawyer.

From that day to this, I have been always learning something new; and, so far as I am educated at all, I have been educated by circumstances, and under many and great advantages; for which I devoutly thank our heavenly Father, since now I know that most of my opinions are my own, that they have not been adopted "between sleeping and waking," but "begotten in the lusty stealth of nature," and often after a course of gladiatorial controversy; for which reason, they are not likely to be abandoned for slight causes, nor in obedience to the fluctuations and changes about me.

Under different heads hereafter, I hope to furnish other, and perhaps better evidence, that I have not lived altogether in vain, and that my life has not been a failure, though somebody has thought proper to say so, in one of our cleverest magazines, as if upon my own authority. The soft impeachment I deny; and stop here, at least for the present.

CHAPTER IX.

BUSINESS OPERATIONS THROUGH LIFE.

PEDDLING SMALL WARES; MANUFACTURE OF LOLLIPOP; SMOOTH SHAVING; TRICKS OF TRADE; DOWNRIGHT CHEATING; COUNTERFEIT MONEY; IDLING; PISTOL SHOOTING; PENMANSHIP; INDIAN INK MINIATURES; BOSTON.

MAY 23, 1867. — Three whole months have passed — nearly four, indeed — since I have been able to write a line, except in the way of business. Meanwhile, the two-million building-loan has been authorized by the legislature, subject to the decision of the people; a great mistake, I am afraid, though they have decided in its favor, by a handsome majority, on a very small vote, which, of itself, were sufficiently discouraging, where so much was at stake. But so has it ever been. The people, taking it for granted that a popular measure must be carried, and that their neighbors will do their duty, leave the whole business to them. We had a narrow escape to begin with; and then, just as an opening appeared for the whole to be taken up at once, on favorable terms, by the Barings, France and Prussia began to threaten each other, and all business operations were suspended, of course, till the question about Luxemburg should be settled; and when that was settled, or appeared to be settled, it was too late for the negotiations we had entered upon. Other parties were in the field; and now the constitutionality of the law is beginning to be questioned, upon the ground that lawgivers cannot delegate their powers. Nevertheless, Portland is going up; and all the buildings that were got under way, soon after the fire, and up to midwinter, have been finished, with improvements a hundred years in advance of what they were before the fire; and most of them are already occupied, and all the rest will be, within a month; while others are going up, stores and mansions and large public buildings, in every part of the town. Among the latter are the post-office, the custom-

house, five or six large handsome churches, and the city government house; to say nothing of Fort Gorges, the dry dock, and a magnificent hotel.

And now, being once more at leisure, my new houses and the new store being occupied, let me go back to my story.

The first business operation I was ever engaged in, I have already mentioned. It happened, when I was under eight, I should say; and yielded, with no pecuniary profit, a bountiful harvest of mortification and experience. Had my request for "some honey" not been misunderstood for what amounted substantially to "stand and deliver!" I might have gone more largely into the ballad and picture-book business, and, after a while, have managed to turn an honest penny in that way, without venturing upon larger transactions, till I had cut, if not my wisdom-teeth, at least my eye-teeth.

My next undertakings were in the barter line, or what has been called by others "truck and dicker." I swapped toys and trifles with my school-mates, and in every case but one, so far as I now remember, came off with a flea in my ear; in other words, confoundedly cheated. That one case I distinctly remember. A little French boy from the West Indies, who could not speak a word of English, took a decided fancy to what there was left of a pocket-knife I had, with a horn handle, one-half of which had disappeared. What he gave me for it in exchange, whether money or money's worth, I do not now remember; though I can still hear his outcries and lamentations, after he had slept upon the bargain, and began following me whithersoever I went, holding the knife in one hand, with the tears running down his cheeks, and tapping it with the forefinger of the other, and screaming "No *bone!* no *bone!*" meaning, as I then supposed, that he wanted the rest of the handle. That being lost, I endeavored to reason with the poor boy; but as I knew nothing of French, and he less than nothing of English, I did not succeed in pacifying him, nor he in convincing me. He probably meant to say that the knife was not good, no great shakes, in which I might have agreed with him, as it certainly was not; but instead of saying "*Pas bon! pas bon!*" which I should have understood at the end of about twenty years, he dealt in the *patois* of his tribe, which, of course, helped to mislead me.

My next adventure, in the way of business, I must acknowledge, had a flavor of what would now be called rather sharp practice. I began to manufacture lollipop — at first, in small quantities, but soon after by the dollar's worth; retailing it myself by the stick, or wholesaling it by the ninepenny-worth, and thereby saving the profits both of a jobber and middleman; using my mother's molasses, when there was enough on hand, which was not often, as her purchases were always made with a half-gallon jug; and licking the boys, who, after being trusted, failed to pay at the time fixed between us, thereby saving lots of shoe-leather, interest on capital, and all the costs of attorneyship. Sharp's the word! This occurred, I should say, when I was about ten.

But after I took to the counter, instead of the highway, as, on the whole, somewhat safer, if not always the more respectable, my business tendencies took a new "start." My masters, with a view to my encouragement, I suppose, or perhaps to quicken my appetite for trade, as hawks are trained with offal and garbage to begin with, allowed me the privilege of selling horn combs, which were manufactured at Woodford's Corner, and went by the name of mock-turtle. They were in great demand: the sale was steady; and the profits, though small, were sure; and though what I did was in the retail way, for any sort of wholesale business might have interfered with my masters, I managed to lay up enough spending-money for the holidays, without touching my capital, which amounted at one time to no less than fourteen or fifteen hundred — cents.

In addition to this privilege, I was allowed to share in the boxes and wrappers and cordage, that came round the bales, with a young man from Boston, who "understood the *ropes;*" and, between us, we managed to earn — we called it earning — I dare not say how much, in the course of a year, but certainly not less than twenty-five dollars apiece. Nor should this be wondered at, when we were allowed to charge just what we pleased for boxing and baling to our country customers; and had constantly before us the example of our friends over sea, whose charges were so extravagant as to astonish us, until we found in them the very justification we needed for ourselves.

And here, two or three little incidents of my shop-keeping life occur to me, which may be worth mentioning, by way of illustration.

One day, a fat Frenchman wanted to look at some pantaloon-stuff. Velvets and velveteens were the go just then; and, while I was trying to persuade him that a drab corduroy was the thing, his eyes fell on a piece of dark purple tabby-velvet, which he fastened upon with such eagerness, I had not the heart to tell him it was not intended for pantaloons. That, and that only, would he have; and so, having measured off three yards, I attempted to tear it across, instead of cutting with the scissors. In tearing, there happened to be a coarse thread in the way; and off it went, with a rip that startled my master at the desk, lengthwise of the roll, for about three-quarters of a yard, but, luckily for my customer, not into his portion of the velvet. Seeing him look up, I huddled the whole together, and threw the piece behind me, lest he might be disheartened if he saw the rent; and giving him his bundle, with the "trimmings," which we used to lump, after a very profitable fashion, so that twist, buttons, and lining yielded nearly as much profit as the cloth itself, took his money, and got rid of him about the quickest. Some few days afterward, he called with a bundle under his arm, which turned out to be all that remained of his purple velvet pantaloons: he had blown them all to pieces, I know not how — perhaps by trying to sit down in a hurry. The poor fellow was ready to burst with rage and vexation; and, when I reminded him that I had recommended quite a different article, which we would warrant, he grew furious. I then threw the blame on the tailor, who ought to have told him before it was too late; for how should I know that tabby-velvet pantaloons wouldn't bear to be "sneezed at" — or in? This appeared to strike him favorably, and, according to my present recollection, he set off in search of the tailor, before Messrs. Munroe and Tuttle, my masters, had time to interfere, and that was the last we saw of him.

At another time — and these were the transactions that made me so necessary to my good masters, and served to distinguish me for shop-keeping smartness, at the very outset of my career — at another time, the elder of my two principals,

Tilly Merrick Munroe, was trying to sell a black Barcelona handkerchief to a backwoodsman, with a beard like a carding machine. He was afraid his "*baird*," as he called it, passing his hand over his chin, as if it hurt him, would be too much for the Barcelona, if he didn't shave at least every day. "All a mistake," said I, interfering, as I had no business to do, "all a mistake, sir. If you buy that handkerchief, you'll never want shaving again." This was a little too much for my masters. They tried to keep their countenances, and smother a laugh; but in vain. And when they had recovered their self-command, it was too late. I had seen the effect, and the countryman had vanished; so that we lost the sale of the Barcelona, which he had begun to believe beard-proof, double twilled, with "two knocks in the weaving."

But the laugh was not always in my favor, nor quite so flattering at other times: for one day, in my hurry to explain what I regarded as deplorable misbehavior in a fellow-clerk, who had been playing the mischief with a lot of new ribbons, by suffering them to unroll in a drawer, till they might have filled a peck-measure, I spoke of them as a great tangled mass, a pile, in fact, as large as "both of my heads;" and, when there was a laugh all about me, corrected myself by saying, "As large as my two heads, I mean" — a blunder only to be matched by the Irish editor, who, under the head of errata, said, "For *her* Grace the duke, please read *his* Grace the duchess."

Another achievement just occurs to me, which I shouldn't like to forget. I had an uncle David, who was reckoned among the sharpest and shrewdest of our customers. He used to laugh at me, when I was setting a trap for others; and the roguish twinkle of his eyes, I never shall forget, the first time I ever tried "my 'prentice hand on him;" but I succeeded at last, and had the pleasure of seeing him bait a trap with his own fingers.

There had slowly accumulated in our back shop a large box of remnants, which we wanted to be rid of. There were bits of calico, and copper-plate, or furniture-patch, with the fag-ends of cassimere, calamanco (calimink), and corduroy, and fearnought, and grogram, and faded waistcoating; all sorts of worthless rubbish indeed. Occasionally, he had

seen me overhauling the pile, and favoring customers with a prodigious bargain; and at last he began teasing and bantering me, till I could bear it no longer. So I tumbled the whole out on the floor, and stumped him to make me an offer. But no: there was nothing there he wanted; and he had no idea of buying a pig in a poke. Yet, as I seemed so much in earnest, he would consent to indulge me so far as to set his own value upon the trash, measuring all the remnants, article by article, and then make me an offer for the whole. Agreed. So to work we went, he appraising every fragment, as he lugged it forth, and I measuring it honestly — for his eye was upon me, and I was obliged to "give thumbs" — and then setting it down *as* honestly, and for the same reason, till I had chalked down a column of figures, on the partition, a foot or two long. These he undertook to add up for himself. I did not interfere, but kept aloof until he had finished, when I saw at a glance, though standing a good way off, that he had made a mistake of ten dollars against himself. Then came the offer, with a chuckle; which I accepted, with another; taking care to rub out the figures, while we were finishing up the business, with a laugh, lest he might be tempted to review them. I think he had some suspicion of my purpose, though he would never own it; for I well remember the startled expression of his countenance, as I wiped off the figures with a single sweep of my arm, so far at least as to derange the column, and put a stop to any proposed verification. Many years after this, I told my good uncle the truth: he was a Quaker, and, on the whole, seemed rather pleased with my smartness, though I do not remember that he laughed outright; for his children were about him, and he had just been bragging about his own cleverness. No wonder the temptation was too much for me; and that I lost no time in showing that the smart uncle had a smarter nephew.

We had other tricks of the trade, which now begin to crowd upon my recollection. We used to sell India-cottons by the piece, for example; and when they fell short a yard or two, we comforted the purchaser, by assuring him, that, although they came for twelve yards, it was an advantage for him to have them actually measure but ten and a half, or eleven yards, because they all weighed alike.

All our prints, or calicoes, as they were then called, were marked up, when sold by the piece, either half a yard or three-quarters. In England, they were always reckoned twenty-eight yards, but would overrun from one fourth to three-fourths of a yard, and sometimes a whole yard. With broadcloths and cassimeres and woollens generally, when sold by the piece, it was the same. The leads were always marked up from one-fourth of a yard to a yard, sometimes by altering the fraction, and sometimes by adding, as the case might require. Pins went up from number two, to two and a half, from number three, to three and a half, and from number four, to four and a half.

It was an established principle with us, no matter what was wanted, always to show the poorest first, thereby enhancing the best by comparison; to keep the windows and doorway so dark, partly by hanging shawls and other showy goods both inside and out, and partly by painting the back windows, that people were often astonished at their bargains, after they had got back to their own houses; not only the quality, but the very color of their purchases, undergoing a change for the worse.

Another charming trick we had — or rather some of us had; for the boys were not allowed to understand these delicacies of trade. To show the fineness of a linen, or of a linen cambric, we used to draw it over our finger, and wet it with our tongues. This, tending to show how much finer it would be after the stiffening was out, seldom failed to satisfy even pretty good house-keepers. And another, and the worst of all I now remember, was this. The whole country was deluged with counterfeit money; ten per cent, I should say, of all that was in circulation was absolutely worthless; being either counterfeit, or the floating issue of broken banks, like the Farmers'-Exchange Bank, of Massachusetts. Of course, with shop-boys and inexperienced clerks, it was no easy matter for a business-man to escape; and the consequence was, that, after a little time, it became a sort of settled maxim, that, if you buy the devil, the sooner you sell him, the better. In *our* establishment, all such moneys, whether counterfeit, or only questionable, were always put back into the till; and, though nothing was ever said to me on the subject, it was understood

that I had charge of the circulation, or re-issue; I being the youngest, and by far the most innocent-looking, with my blue eyes, golden hair, and Quaker bob-coat. And so little sense of shame had I, that, for a long while, it was my pride and boast, that I never failed in putting off a bad bill, once committed to my charge; often passing it to another person, while some one who had just returned it, was in the shop. And, what is very strange, I do not believe that we ever lost a customer by such a procedure; it being my practice, at least, whatever others might do, always to take the bad bill back, without hesitation or delay, and give a good one for it, upon the positive assurance of the party, that she could not be mistaken, and that she was sure she had it of me — I say *she*, because we found it easier and safer to cheat women than men — and often sending her away, with tears of thankfulness in her eyes, and securing a customer for life. Was it not abominable! — and yet, as I have said before, I felt no sense of shame or self-reproach, no "compunctious visitings of conscience;" but went on for a long while, as horse-jockeys do, when they sell a brother a horse with a glass eye, and take the first opportunity of acknowledging it, over their wine; or as lawyers do, when they obtain a verdict aganist law and evidence, and are patted on the back by bench and bar, for their ingenuity and cleverness.

Can it be wondered at, if, long before I had finished my apprenticeship, I was in a fair way of landing at last in the penitentiary? From untruthfulness, and misrepresentation, and concealment, I had gone on, step by step, with the approbation of my masters and companions, until I found it a good joke to cheat, both in price and measure, and to pass counterfeit-money upon the ignorant and helpless. And when at last I forebore, it was not owing to remorse of conscience, or shame, or to any thing that resembled true repentance; but simply to the fact, that, as my business enlarged, in after life, I got above cheating and lying in a small way, and did what I did, after a wholesale fashion; selling bales of blankets, for example, by false invoices, and marking them up, to correspond with my misrepresentations.

Not long after this, within eighteen months, or two years, at furthest, my masters failed; and I was thrown out of em-

ployment. The times were critical. We had gone through with non-importation, non-intercourse, and with the embargo, and all its changes, only to feel that the worst was to come; for if Mr. Jefferson's policy should prevail, and England should continue to impress our seamen, it was evident enough, that, sooner or later, we should have war, and war to the knife.

While out of business, for with so little to do, that I could hardly keep myself awake, in the office my employers had taken for settling up the concern, and before I well knew what I was doing, I found myself haunting bowling-alleys, and passing whole afternoons at Ma'am Cutter's, three miles out of town, or up at Moody's, on the hill, or loitering about Clay-cove, where I got a lesson at last, which set me thinking, and saved me, I do believe in my heart, from becoming a gambler; but of all this, hereafter.

Again, I took up with reading, and with drawing, and painting in water-colors, just to keep myself out of mischief; and with pistol-shooting, in which I became such a proficient, that I couldn't be sure of hitting a barn-door at fifteen paces, owing to the fact, which I found out fifteen or twenty years later in life, that I had always been in the habit of shutting up the wrong eye, though I had made one marvellous shot, when a boy of thirteen, which gave me a character I have always been sorry for, from that day to this, and made me unwilling to hazard my reputation among those who knew me. A number of full-grown men were gathered in a large yard, just back of the old post-office, at the head of Exchange-Street, firing "pools." A ship's figure-head of the largest size had been set up at a distance of, say fifteen or twenty paces, with a card, the ace of clubs, nailed upon the breast. I was among the bystanders, and ventured to laugh — with a knowing air, I dare say — at the wild shooting I saw. I was ordered off, for my impertinence; but a gentleman who stood near took my part, and asked me if I thought I could do better. "I'll try," was the answer I gave, years before Miller gave the same answer, when asked if he could carry that battery at Lundy's Lane — and carried it. Just for the fun of the thing, somebody handed me a brass pistol, about seven inches long, with a bell-muzzle, and a lock on top. I blazed away, and struck the spot in the card, to my unspeakable astonish-

ment; and then walked off, notwithstanding their urgent solicitations, as if what I had done was a thing of course, and that I had begun to feel ashamed of my company. But, furthermore, —

One day, when I was trying my hand through the back door of William Freeman's office, which my masters had hired for a counting-room, into a large lot in the rear, upon which Woodman & Co. are now building a block of magnificent stores, a singular incident occurred, which, if it had not happened to myself, I should not believe, without many grains of allowance, though the witnesses were under oath. I had just sent a boy for some powder. As he entered the front-door, my pistol exploded, and I fell, as he described it, like a log of wood tipped over standing, and struck my forehead flat on the arm of a large chair, and split the bottom, which was of thick two-inch plank! There's for you! what d'ye think of that? — and, what may seem still stranger, without breaking the skin, or leaving a mark upon my forehead. Perhaps the blow may help explain some of the eccentricities of my after life, in the judgment of others. The fact was, that, overcome by the heat and the noise, I had fainted, and for the first time in my life, though I have since had half a dozen trials of the same sort.

But to return. After a long while, so long, indeed, that I wonder now at myself, when I think of the danger I was in, and of the temptations that beset me on every side, and how I longed for something to do — something, I cared little what, so that I could be earning my bread, and not living on my poor mother — she got me a place at forty dollars a year, with board and washing — nothing was said about *mending*, to my knowledge — in the store of Mr. Benjamin Willis, father of William Willis, the annalist of Portland. There I remained one whole year, working early and late, in season and out of season, and learning many new tricks of the trade; Mr. Willis dealing in West-India goods and groceries, and country produce, as well as in dry-goods from all parts of the world: for example, how to convert a hogshead of old Jamaica or Santa Cruz, into a hogshead and a half, or thereabouts, by rolling it back and forth between the store and a town-pump that stood just in front of the old city-hall; and how to give Spanish brandy the flavor

of cognac, by charging it with burnt sugar. On the whole, however, the year I spent in Mr. Willis's store was of great advantage to me. In the first place, it kept me busy, and out of mischief; and in the next, as goods were high, and growing higher every day, it obliged me to economize, and manage in every possible way to make both ends meet, which I did, nevertheless, and should have done, had my wages been less, and goods higher. For, mark you, I had stipulated for myself, without consulting my good mother, who had never kept shop, that I was to have what goods I wanted for myself, at cost. Now, Mr. Willis used to buy all his goods at auction for cash, and was the first of our Portland traders who ever went beyond Boston for supplies. Most of his purchases were made in New York; and he would often buy a lot of merchandise of many different qualities at one price, "all round." Of course, therefore, if I happened to take a fancy to any of these, the cost was always the average as marked on the tally. In this way, I got my clothing for half-price at the most, and often for less. Then, again, I always bargained with my bootmaker and tailor to take their pay out of the shop. Whatever they had, therefore, I charged to myself at cost; and if they happened to take a little more than just enough to pay their bills, I charged myself with the goods, and the balance of cash went into my pocket, of course, which I accounted for *at cost*. In this way, my forty dollars a year I found to be quite sufficient for my clothing, though I dressed handsomely, and came off with flying colors at the end of the year; having one good suit for special occasions, and another quite passable for every day, with nothing showy or superfluous.

But this could not last. Business grew worse and worse, and so did I; and, at the end of my first year, I was cut adrift, and, for a while, went back to my studies, taking care to fall into no bad habits, and to keep clear of bad company. This saved me. At last, I was invited to take charge of a counting-room on Long-Wharf, where Mr. Charles Atherton, once of the firm of Atherton, Poor, and Cram, was trying to settle up the affairs of that house. There I stayed — most unwillingly, I acknowledge, though Mr. Atherton was one of the most liberal and gentlemanly men I ever knew — because I had nothing to do, and I did it, until he found he could do

better without help, in that kind of business; our whole stock in trade consisting of a few bolts of Russia-duck, and an old sail or two, with an occasional supply of West-India preserves from a captain or two in his employ, which I used to tap for my amusement. Here I was guilty of an oversight one day, which might have been serious. I know not how it happened. On going down to the "office," one morning, I found the outer door open, and, on looking round, two or three bolts of duck missing. I took it for granted that the store had been broken into, and might have continued in that belief to this day, but for a neighbor, who called to say that the duck was all safe in his counting-room; that he had found the door open after nightfall, and that, first abstracting enough merchandise to operate as a wholesome warning, he had locked the door, or fastened it in some way. Of course, I felt ashamed and mortified, and had nothing to say; though to this hour, I have never been able to understand how it happened. Perhaps I had left the door unbolted, and the wind (or somebody else) had blown it open.

Again I was adrift, for two or three months, during which time, I read with great diligence almost every thing that fell in my way; but in season for the fall trade of 1810 — if I do not mistake — when I had just passed my seventeenth birth-day, my uncle, James Neal, managed to secure me employment with Mr. George Hill, from Portsmouth, N.H., who had come to Portland with a view to retail-business in the dry-goods line. He had secured a store in Muzzey's Row, just fronting the head of Union Street, and was looking about for a stray clerk, when my good uncle, who knew something of his partner, Mr. James Rundlet, of Portsmouth, N.H., mentioned me; and an arrangement was soon entered into between us, which continued, until, at the end of two years, I ran off with a writing-master, who had captivated me: first, by his magnificent penmanship and gentlemanly manners; and next, by promising me five hundred dollars a year, and my travelling expenses, if I would go into business with him, in teaching a system of penmanship in twelve lessons.

While in the employment of Mr. Hill, I took it into my head that I must have a peep at Boston. A school-fellow had gone there to settle, and he used to dress so fashionably,

and tell such big stories about the place, that I couldn't sleep o' nights. Mr. Hill, with whom I was always on the best of terms, up to the very last hour of my service with him, tried to discourage me; but I persisted, and, after a while, he consented to spare me for a short trip, giving me an order for a supply of goods, by way, as I have always thought, of securing my return — as we tie a string to the leg of a bird we are afraid of losing, after it has been allowed to try its wings in the open air. My purchases were satisfactory, and, in time, profitable; though I got shamefully swindled by a jobber in State Street, of whom I bought a trunk of blue prints at twenty-five cents a yard for bait, nothing of the sort having then been heard of; though, within a few years, much better goods of our own manufacture have been sold at retail for less than half that price. The jobber sold them, I dare say, without any profit, as we retailed them afterwards at the cost. But he made up for the loss to himself, by withholding a couple of pieces of black crape, which I left with him to pack, and which he never accounted for, worth over thirty dollars at the time, if I remember aright; so that, after all, the knave succeeded in getting twenty-seven cents for the very calicoes he sold me at twenty-five cents. This transaction, being a little out of my way, had a marvellous effect upon my business-notions, quickening my watchfulness, and sharpening my faculties for life.

One little story they tell of me, while I was behind Mr. Hill's counter, being not only characteristic, but substantially true, may be worth mentioning here. In warm weather, I used to sit by a large open window, hung with shawls, furniture-patch, and muslin drapery. One day, quite a gathering took place on the sidewalk, within reach of my hand, of young and pretty girls, the flowers of the season. They fell into conversation about the new goods, the fashions, and the boys — myself among the number. Just as I was on the point of signifying that they were overheard, one of them proposed to pay me a visit. To this, the others assented with great eagerness. But what should they ask for? Some proposed one thing, some another. Would it do to ask for patterns? — but that was *so* common. Before they had quite made up their minds, I whispered, just loud enough to be

heard by the nearest, "Ask for pink kid gloves." For a moment they looked at one another, as if wondering which had suggested the inquiry; but the next, a half-suppressed giggle from within betrayed the secret. A scream followed; and away they scampered, as if the dogs were after them.

After leaving Mr. Hill, not so much because of the five hundred dollars a year, instead of eighty, and my board, or because of my admiration for the wonderful penmanship of my friend Rockwell, as in the hope of seeing the world, I went into the business of teaching penmanship: first, as a co-partner, at Bath and Brunswick; and then, as I found him untrustworthy, and a downright adventurer, on my own account. This led me to Portsmouth, N.H., where I put up my specimens, advertised, and tried to obtain a class in writing, but in vain; so that I was in a sad way for a time, and almost ready to hang myself. But Mr. Rundlet, who knew something of my business capacity, and thought well of me, made me an offer, though we were in the midst of war, and there was little or nothing to do; no goods to be had, and very few to be sold. One reason he gave, after we had got well acquainted, was this. He was in his brother-in-law's store at Portland one day, when a countryman came in, to pay for something he had bought of us, not long before. I asked his name, and went to the books; but nothing was to be found there. Of whom had he purchased the article? He could not remember, — looking first at me, and then at Mr. Hill; but he was quite sure that he had bought it of somebody in that store. To satisfy the man, I proposed to take the money, and give him a receipt for it, so that, if there should be a mistake, it might be rectified. This, it appeared, made a great impression on Mr. Rundlet, who was a liberal, kind-hearted, old-fashioned business-man.

With him, I stayed another year, at the end of which time, he had nothing for me, nor for anybody else, to do; the chief business he did being that of a deputy-commissary for Mr. John Langdon, who was at work, day after day, and month after month, scouring the whole country for blankets and blue plains; articles which were not made anywhere on this side of the water, at the time, so that we had to depend upon our captures at sea, for clothing our troops, and some-

times upon smugglers, who lined our whole northern frontier, and all our eastern seaboard. At one time, it paid well for a free-trader to smuggle a cargo of British manufactures, and then inform against himself, and take half the proceeds, in due course of law.

After leaving Portsmouth, I went back to my mother's, and hung up my fiddle for two or three months, trying, meanwhile, to get employment: first, as a schoolmaster, that propensity running in our blood, both on my father's and my mother's side; and then as a writing-master. But all my endeavors were to no purpose. I did not get the school I wanted at Sacarappa village, and I bagged only one scholar in penmanship, and that was a Yorkshire woman, "fat, fair, and forty," who had never had a pen in her fingers, till she undertook it with me. But she succeeded — and so did I; for I got her five dollars, and she the cramp in her fingers, which her husband translated into a signature.

But I could not stand this. I durst not be idle; I was afraid of myself; my clothes were beginning to drop off, and my little money to disappear, like "fairy gifts fading away;" so that, if I did not bestir myself, I saw that "leaves" would soon be all I should have left. And therefore, one day, late in the fall of 1813, I jumped into an open sail-boat, when a British man-of-war was lying on and off our harbor, and we were threatened with another visitation, like that of Mowatt in 1776, on account of the "Boxer" and "Enterprise," and went to Hallowell, where I began life anew as a writing-master and drawing-master, taking Indian-ink miniatures, when I got a chance, for three dollars a head, and giving lessons in water-colors, without understanding the first principles of the art. But I succeeded nevertheless, and, in the month of July following, found myself in possession of about two hundred dollars, more or less, by practising upon the good nature of Hallowell, Augusta, Waterville, and Norridgwock, after a fashion the inhabitants will never forget, or forgive.

At the end of this time, happening to find myself in Hallowell once more, my attention was attracted by an advertisement, in a Boston paper, for a clerk in a wholesale and retail dry-goods establishment; "inquire of the printer." Here was a direct, personal invitation, which I durst not overlook.

I was tired of penmanship, drawing, and vagabondizing, and lost no time in sending off a letter to Messrs. Young and Minns, in answer to the advertisement. In due time, I received a few lines from a Mr. M., saying, "Come on at once; and, if we cannot agree, your board shall cost you nothing, till you find a place to suit you." Of course, I jumped at the offer. On my way through Portland, where I had long been reported lost, or missing, I called upon some of the old standards, who best knew me as business-men, and, at their suggestion, wrote a "recommend" for myself, which they all signed, and which I have now before me, dated May, 1811. Being brief and to the purpose, I will give it here. "We the subscribers merchants of Portland have known the bearer John Neal for a number of years and believe him to be *honest capable* and *active* and well-qualified for the wholesale or retail English goods *buss*iness," no stops from beginning to end, and "business" spelled with double *s;* and hurried off by the very next conveyance to Boston, where I arrived late of a Saturday evening, and put up at the stage-tavern kept by Earle, in Anne Street. N.B. I write from recollection here, and cannot stop to verify names or dates.

June 26, 1867. — Another long interval, during which I have not been able to write a line, except in the way of business; having been much occupied with our "Portland Institute and Public Library," which, after a struggle of six or eight months, promises to be handsomely encouraged; and in organizing and preparing for the rooms assigned us in the new city-hall, which we have now reason to hope will be ready for us by September, or October, at furthest, when we shall make another appeal to the commonwealth of literature and science.

Our building-loan, it is now found, may be reckoned upon with safety, notwithstanding my fears. Its constitutionality is no longer questioned, the sanction of the people being obtained under a form which certainly seems to distinguish it from legislation. The money — two millions — may not be had on such easy terms as we hoped for, at one time, and were justified in hoping for, by some of the largest banking-houses in the world; but still, we can have it, all we want, and as fast as it is needed, on such conditions as we ought to be satisfied with.

Just returned from a trial trip to Oswego, with a delegation of our leading capitalists and business-men, who have ascertained that a new railway through the Notch of the White Mountains to Ogdensburg is not only possible, but easy to build, without a large outlay; the Notch itself, and ten miles of the way on this side, being estimated by a competent engineer, after a careful survey, at forty thousand dollars a mile, and no more; while the rest of the route is eminently favorable for the whole length: so that offers from responsible parties are made to build the whole road, Notch included, for twenty-nine thousand dollars a mile, with materials at hand, along the whole distance; land damages little or nothing, as the whole country is astir in its favor, the worst grade being only sixty-five feet to the mile, and that through the White Hills, where the track will run along the side of a mountain, two hundred feet above the present travelled road, and all the rest comparatively level, or nearly so. The road will undoubtedly be built; and the granaries of the west be emptied into our unequalled harbor, through this new outlet, within two or three years; and timber growth enough opened to pay for the road — almost.

Our building is on a magnificent scale just now. We have determined to bring the Sebago into our houses, come what may; the waste places are blossoming with life and beauty; six churches are going up, the new post-office of white Vermont marble, the custom-house, the city-hall, many blocks of stores and houses, far handsomer and more convenient than we ever had before; and a hotel so large, that nine stores will constitute the lower story on Middle and Plum Streets.

And now, having recorded the progress of our beautiful city for the last month or two, let me return to my story, which, sooth to say, I have not dared to meddle with, in the hurry and bustle of so much business.

At last, then, I found myself in Boston, — a stranger among strangers; for I knew but one or two persons at most, and was afraid of meeting either of them, before I had secured a resting-place for the sole of my foot. I rose early, long before the rest of the world, on the first sabbath-morning that followed, and took my way, of course, toward Marlboro'-Street,

wishing to see how the land lay, before I stopped long enough anywhere to take root. With some difficulty, I found the number — it was nearly opposite the Marlboro'-Hotel — and there saw the name of my correspondent. There were two large bay-windows in the store, and all overhead was occupied by the family. For a wholesale and retail dry-goods establishment, in a large city, as Boston was then regarded, though not larger than Portland is now, this did not seem to me very magnificent, I must acknowledge; for, up to this time, all the stores I had ever been employed in, were at least three stories high, with no part occupied for dwellings. It is very true that the upper stories were almost always empty, with one single exception, that of Mr. Willis in Haymarket Row; but still they were stores, or warehouses, and not finished chambers, for dwellings or offices.

That day, I walked on the hot pavements, until my feet were blistered; sauntering through the mall, as I saw others doing, and meeting at every turn two men, I shall never forget, both remarkable for stature, and beauty of person, and a free, graceful carriage. One was a hatter, who seemed to enjoy being stared at, as he paraded the broad avenue all day long, to and fro, with the air of a prince, the "monarch of all he surveyed," — another Thaddeus of Warsaw, at least, if I might judge by the countenances I saw, and the observations I heard; the other, Lucius Manlius Sargent, then in the meridian of his manly beauty and great strength; and both rigged out in stocking-net pantaloons and half boots, displaying their handsome legs to the greatest possible advantage, as poor Thaddeus did his, in Hyde Park, if we may believe Miss Porter. Probably the style and carriage of these two remarkable men were adopted from her representation of the Polish hero.

I was now my own master, an adventurer, and had come to the metropolis to seek my fortune. Having wandered about the town all day long, and surveyed the State-Houses, both old and new, and taken a glance at Bunker-Hill, and at the large warehouses, and wharves, and retail establishments, I began to feel as if we should soon be better acquainted, and that, within a few days, at furthest, I might hope to belong to them, as part and parcel of the population. Having visited

Boston before, I was not altogether a stranger to the place, though I was to the people; and meant so to continue for a while, happen what might.

The next day, Monday, I had no sooner swallowed my breakfast, than I determined to have the question settled at once, and know before I slept whether I was to be a Bostonian, or not.

CHAPTER X.

BUSINESS OPERATIONS CONTINUED.

BOSTON SHOPKEEPING; NEW BUSINESS ARRANGEMENTS; JOHN PIERPONT; OUR FIRST ACQUAINTANCE; JOBBING; NEW YORK; SMUGGLING; BOSTON COPARTNERSHIPS; PIERPONT AND LORD; CHARLESTON STORE, S.C.; ADVENTURES IN BUSINESS AT BALTIMORE.

I FOUND the "store" open at a very early hour, and Mr. M. arranging for the business of the day. On entering, I was not a little amused — astonished, I might say — at the general aspect of the establishment. On one side, there were show-cases with cheap jewellery, silver tea-spoons, and all sorts of Brummagem knick-knackery, a chest of tea, and a long array of japanned waiters, with landscapes and figures and blazonry of the choicest patterns; on the other, and in front, a large assortment of what seemed to be the refuse of many a retail-shop, and many a small auction of haberdashery. And this was the wholesale and retail dry-goods establishment, to which I was invited.

Mr. M. I found to be a tall, thin man, with black hair, just beginning to change, and cut very close. Nothing could be more precise, nothing more serious, than his bearing and equipment. His hat you could see your face in; and his pepper-and-salt clothes looked as if they had never been tumbled, since they came out of the hands of the tailor. With small sharp eyes — very black, in appearance — a rather strange cadaverous complexion, and a solemnity of manner which seemed wholly out of place behind the counter, the first impression I received, was far from favorable. But, upon introducing myself, and entering into conversation with him, his countenance lighted up; and, at the end of ten or fifteen minutes, we had entered into an arrangement, and I found my prejudices giving way.

I was to have either eighty or a hundred dollars a year, I forget which, with board and washing in the family; to have the whole charge of the business — to open shop, sweep, and dust, and be always on hand, from a very early hour, until we shut up in the evening.

To all this, I made no objection, for I longed to be at work once more; and the smell of the goods, though most of them were musty and shop-worn, was grateful to me.

I had no acquaintances, and never passed an evening out of the house, I believe; and though, I used to be called out of bed at a most unreasonable hour, and didn't half like Mr. Murphy's way of doing business, nor his long prayers before we parted for the night, still we managed to get along pretty well together, for nearly a twelvemonth. His wife, a very pleasant, amiable woman, treated me like a younger brother; and I was glad to pass what spare time I had at my own disposal, in her society. I used to go to bed soon after nine o'clock, at all seasons; and though I took a stroll on the sabbath, and sometimes wandered away off into the country, yet I always went to meeting at least once a day, and, if I am not greatly mistaken, twice. The Old South, in which Mr. Huntington then preached, was reckoned among the fashionably orthodox; and Mr. M. was a leading professor.

And, when I mention a few of his peculiarities, it will not be wondered at, that I was troubled with certain misgivings, *not* of a religious character, but of a nature to make me suspicious of all sanctimonious pretension.

The first thing I saw that disturbed my faith in the man, was seeing him smooth his hat with the most elaborate carefulness, wiping it with a fine towel after it had been brushed with a very soft brush over and over again, while the bells were ringing for church, and his wife was waiting for him in the passage-way; and this, after one of his longest prayers for grace to keep the sabbath holy.

But certain of his business habits, after I had got acquainted with them, had a still more disastrous effect upon me. They were too much of a piece with what I had been accustomed to among the heterodox, the world's people, who cared for none of these things. For example:—

He had acquired a reputation for selling the best teas in

the market; and, although he charged a high price, there were certain wealthy families who depended altogether upon him for their supplies, without regard to cost. And yet I never knew him to have more than two or three chests on hand at any time; and that always of the same kind, "Old Hyson," if I recollect rightly. On receiving a new chest into the store, the tea-drinking *cognoscenti* were confidentially notified: a large part was weighed out, and put up into pound bundles, ready for applicants, who always took it for a favor; and so long as that particular brand was on tap, Mr. Murphy went no further into the speculation. One would have supposed the article had come, over land, by the way of Russia, or that it had been smuggled, so much whispering was there between him and his tea-drinking customers, after a fresh arrival, and so mysterious were some of the proceedings. But with his advanced price, and settled reputation for selling the best, and only the best, he managed to make of it a very pretty business.

Another way he had of turning an honest penny was, under pretence of keeping a goldsmith's shop, to *take in* all sorts of trinkets — with their proprietors — for repair. These he would sometimes mend in his own way with shellac or sealing-wax, or send off to a working-jeweller, and then charge three times the price he paid for the work. But people never complained, or never but once, to my knowledge, when a pair of large golden hoops parted, before the owner had fairly reached her home: they had been stuck together by Mr. M. at a cost which seemed rather unreasonable, even if they had been faithfully mended. The matter was finally settled — I know not how — perhaps with a plausible explanation, and another dip into the glue-pot, or a touch of the blowpipe.

One other incident, and I have done with my illustrations of character *here*. The late Deacon Samuel May's family were among his best customers, and always had their tea of him, I believe. One day, it happened that they wanted mourning for the family; and it was not to be had, in a hurry. But Mr. M. had a quantity of cotton cambric remnants on hand, which had been lately dyed, and were warranted not to smut. They were shop-worn, to be sure, and of different qualities and colors and widths; but, then, they would do for

mourning. And the whole family were provided for, as a great favor; the war having made new goods impossible, and shop-worn, old-fashioned, worthless rubbish, of unspeakable value, especially in a case of sudden death.

After the funeral was over, two of the family called to remonstrate with me, and to show me their dresses: they were absolutely ragged, full of holes, and so different in color that some of the breadths appeared changeable, and not unlike what was then called chambray.

What the worthy man said, I do not now remember; but, preserving his gracious perpendicularity, and seriousness of look, and answering all they could say, as if wondering at their unreasonable pertinacity, he got rid of them at last — and they were among his best customers — upon the ground that he had to buy what he could, where he could, for the supply of his friends, and, of course, would not buy any thing unmerchantable, if he knew it. And this was all the satisfaction they ever got. Of course, if such were the saints, one would like to know how the sinners would behave, under a serious temptation.

With this unfortunate gentleman, who, I verily believe, had no idea, that for a professor to do such things, in the way of business, provided he went three times a day to church on the sabbath, and was exceedingly scrupulous about appearances, and wore a smooth, shiny hat, and a pepper-and-salt suit, always newly brushed, and said long prayers, night and morning, with a snuffle, was much out of the way — with this unfortunate gentleman — I say *unfortunate*, because, for a time, I was led to look upon him as a type of the orthodox faith, and but for his dear wife, who was, I have no doubt, a sincere and humble Christian, I should have gone over, body and soul, as I did long afterward, to the Universalists and Unitarians — I labored for another year, according to my present recollection.

But, in the course of the summer, I had become acquainted — I know not how — with a young man, a pocket-book manufacturer, by the name of Lord, Erastus A. Lord, who had once lived in Portland, and kept a bookstore and bindery there, as he told me. He was doing, to all appearance, a very profitable business, the war having made it almost impossible

to supply the demand for wallets, and pocket-books, and portfolios; but he wanted something better, and having known me at Portland, when I was with Mr. Hill, or Mr. Willis, I forget which, and having seen how I managed for Mr. Murphy, he proposed to go into partnership with me; to furnish all the capital needed, and to open a retail dry-goods establishment, which would be left in my charge altogether, while he went on with his pocket-book manufactory, which was yielding a prodigious profit, and was capable of indefinite enlargement, if he could only find workmen. He appeared to have money enough, both for business and pleasure; kept a horse and gig, and spent most of his afternoons in riding about the neighborhood, and paying other people's bills; being both generous and extravagant.

I had no objection to such an arrangement; indeed, I rather desired it, as one way of being my own master, and of showing to the world what I was good for. I was just out of my time — as I have been ever since — and felt a deep inward consciousness, I might say assurance, that I had a mission to fulfil, and that the world had something for me to do, though what it was, I knew not, like poor old Lear, when he threatened to astonish it.

But there were questions to be asked, and answered, before I would consent to commit myself.

How much capital would he put in, and in what shape? was my first inquiry.

Whatever might be needed, was the reply. He had a brother, Joseph L. Lord, then at work between the British possessions and our large cities, buying smuggled goods, and sending them by wagons to New York, where they always met with a ready sale, at enormous rates. This brother would indorse our notes for whatever we wanted to buy, and such notes would always be equal to cash, for business purposes.

But where should we look for a store? Such a convenience, it seemed, was not to be had in the whole city of Boston, unless I would consent to burrow in some blind alley, or migrate into the border-lands.

However, that difficulty was overcome at last. An old retail-shop might be had, upon the simple condition of taking

the stock at cost. The proprietor had been long established; and most of his goods, though somewhat antiquated and shop-worn, had been "*laid in*" before the war — you would have thought so, if you had seen the blankets. I went to see the goods. To all appearance, they were in capital order, and, if old-fashioned, were not likely to be unsalable in a market where every thing sold, even dyed remnants of parti-colored cambrics, for mourning. The stand was all we could wish for, being just beyond the Old South; and the stock, at a rough estimate, was believed to be worth, at cost, about six or eight thousand dollars. Upon this calculation, the bargain was closed between my partner and Mr. Winn, the proprietor; we to give our partnership-notes on a credit of six, twelve, and eighteen months, if I do not mistake, with Mr. Joseph L. Lord's indorsement, which was "perfectly satisfactory."

Meanwhile, having arranged my own business, and drawn up articles of copartnership, I notified Mr. Murphy of my intentions. Instead of taking the matter kindly, and congratulating me on my prospects, he began to ride a very high horse, and finally went so far as to say that he had suspected as much, from the *underhand* course I had taken. We were standing together, at the time he said this, near a large window, opening into a narrow area, which separated the back part of the shop from an addition, which was used for a dining-room. I fired up, and demanded an explanation, having about made up my mind to pitch him into his wife's lap, as she sat by the open window just opposite, if he did not satisfy me. I did not raise my voice, nor did she hear what I said; but she saw that mischief was brewing, as I understood after it was all over, and was just on the point of interfering, when her husband came to his senses, and, speaking in the blandest of tones, asked me if I did not remember covering the page with my hand one day, not long before, when he was passing the desk. "Perfectly," said I. "Well, then, was not that *underhanded*?"

Of course, there was not another word to be said. I settled with him on the spot, bade his wife good-b'ye, and vanished, with my trunk and rattletraps; going to board with my partner, at Mr. Pierpont's, in Hancock-Street; he having married a sister of Joseph and Erastus, and having an office in Court

Street, where he spent his whole time, for want of better business, in waiting for the grass to grow, reading and writing poetry, and engraving seals for amusement.

By the end of another week, we had ascertained, to my unspeakable astonishment, that the stock we had agreed to purchase, instead of amounting to six or eight thousand dollars, would overrun twelve or fourteen thousand. This was "too much — much too much." It seemed as if all the old bandboxes, and refuse, and rubbish of a business, which had been carried on for nobody knew how long, had become of priceless value. And so we backed out, under the pretence that Joseph would not indorse for so large an amount. Nor would he — of that I am sure — even for half the amount, had he seen the stock. He would rather have dug clams at the halves, when the tide was up; and again, I was out of business, drifting I knew not whither.

July 5, 1867. — The anniversary of our terrible visitation is over; and so are the gypsy threatenings and prophecies, which had begun to trouble not a few of our people, who delight in mystery, and believe in the predictions of the aged and the ignorant, as they do in their medicines, until Indians and idiots are treated as if they were the special favorites of Heaven, and gifted with a foresight akin to foreknowledge. Being good for nothing else, therefore, they are supposed to be good at prophesying and doctoring. These gypsies, who had lately found their way over the Canada frontier, having brought with them a large number of horses, upon which no duties were paid, and which, for that reason, were seized by our collector, began straightway to prophesy, that, on the coming Fourth of July, the rest of our beautiful city would be laid in ashes. And — would you believe it! — there were hundreds, not to say thousands, among us, fools enough to believe them, or fools enough to be seriously frightened. And even our city authorities, with a view to what might happen, gave public notice that all the engines would be fired up, the horses all kept harnessed, and the engine houses open, till the danger was over, thereby, instead of tranquillizing the public mind, helping to disturb it; for who should say what might not happen, if the wind should rise, and a fire break out along the upper part of Commercial-Street?

Where the cars are constantly running, and throwing out a hurricane of cinders and sparks, on their way through piles of lumber, heaps of shavings, coopers' shops, and shanties, with hardly a brick building to be seen, on either side of the way, for one-third of the distance, what wonder that live coals are found, all along the way, after a high wind, or that many fires have caught before that of last July, and one, where a large quantity of hay was destroyed, with I know not how many wooden warehouses, or sheds? Even yesterday, a fire did take place from the sparks of a locomotive; and yet we allow the managers to burn wood, as hitherto, instead of anthracite — and this, after it has been clearly ascertained that the great fire itself was caused, not by fire-crackers, or Lucifer matches, thrown among the rubbish of a boat-builder's premises, as then reported, and believed, but by a passing locomotive, in full blast, throwing out a torrent of cinders all the way. But the evil must be put a stop to.

And now to resume. Being once more adrift, what was I to do? Our partnership scheme was ended; and the capital I had been assured of so confidently, had vanished for ever. I could not be idle: it would have killed me in three months; and so I concluded to open a jobbing-house, in the chamber on Court-Street, where I first saw my friend, the Rev. John Pierpont, then a starveling at law. He was dying of inanition, slowly drying up, and might soon have been blown away, had not his brother-in-law, that very Mr. Joseph L. Lord, of whom I have had occasion to speak already, persuaded him to give up the law, and seal-cutting, and occasional poetry, for a copartnership with him, in the retail and jobbing dry-goods business. Not that our good friend Pierpont knew any thing about such matters; not that he was by nature fitted for any kind of business, apart from the law; but then, he wrote a beautiful hand, was a capital book-keeper, in his way, was married to Mr. Lord's sister, and had already three children to begin with. Moreover, he was uncomfortably poor, and in failing health; so that he was nearer the grave in 1812 –13 and 14, than at any other time, for the next forty years. Undoubtedly, this new occupation saved him. Not long before, Mr. Lord had been in partnership with a Mr. Farnsworth, under the firm of Lord and Farnsworth, in a large

store, at the corner of Court and Washington Streets, then Marlboro'-Street.

Upon entering into this new business arrangement, my friend, the poet, had no further use for the room he occupied. I was boarding with him at the time; and, when he told me that he had given it up, the idea instantly took possession of me that there was an opening for just such enterprise as I had always been somewhat distinguished for. I lost no time, therefore, in securing the stand, and, within forty-eight hours, had invested my whole capital (not far from thirty thousand —*cents*) in a few articles — few, but fitting — which I spread out on two or three large pine tables, in such a way, that the unexperienced would have mistaken them for "quite a heap," like Pindar's razors. To these, I added a trunk of calicoes, which had been bought on the strength of Mr. J. L. Lord's indorsement, while his brother Erastus and I were waiting for the account of stock to be finished, and were left on my hands, together with a bale or two of blue-plains, which I had bought one day at auction, upon the strength of my uncle James Neal's credit; he having authorized me to draw on him, if I needed help.

And this was all. Having arranged my goods, I sat down and waited for customers; and then, after waiting two or three days, I re-arranged them, and marked them all over at reduced prices; but all in vain. I was upstairs, I had not even a sign; and how on earth could I hope for customers, in such an out-of-the-way place? But these considerations came too late; and at the end of a week, or ten days at furthest, I became satisfied that I should never be able to do any business worth mentioning, as a jobber, in that small room. Not a pennyworth had I been able to sell, though I had waylaid many a passing stranger, and had "tried it on" with my old master, Rundlet, whom I met one day, when I knew he was on the look-out for just such blue-plains as I happened to have on hand; but no! either his contract with commissary Langdon had been filled, or he was inclined not to encourage my interference with a long-established monopoly. Not a pennyworth! and my board-bill running up, hand over hand; my rent, and my personal expenses.

At last, I concluded to drop in upon my friend Murphy,

who, by the way, sorry though he had been to part with me, would not take the hint, when I called upon him, by accident, just after the overthrow of my copartnership-dream, and would have gladly gone back to the place I had thrown up, though I did not say so — I would have died first — and offered him a chance to buy me out.

I succeeded so far as to get him into my trap, where I showed him the goods, and the invoices, and told him what might be done with them in his establishment. He seemed struck with the bargains I had obtained, and I knew he had great respect for my shrewdness and judgment; for he had always bought on my recommendation, where I saw any thing I thought would pay, and had never been disappointed in the result. My invoices were all before him, unchanged, untampered with; and yet, as he probably saw how much I wanted to be rid of my stock, he not only did not buy a sixpenceworth, but he would not even make an offer.

I was indignant, of course; but I kept my temper — and have it now; and we parted, never again to meet on earth, and never to have any business transactions together, except one, which occurred after I had got established at Baltimore, eighteen months or two years later; and that, being eminently characteristic of the man, I shall venture to give here. Having to remit large sums in payment for the goods sent me by Pierpont and Lord, from Boston, and exchange being from twenty to twenty-five per cent against Baltimore, we used to ship nankins and other out-of-the-way merchandise, instead of bank drafts. One day, Mr. Lord, who was always on the watch for a customer, fell in with Mr. Murphy; and after chaffering awhile about remittances, exchange, &c., broached the subject of nankins, and finally succeeded in selling him two or three thousand dollars' worth, at a price agreed upon. They were to be of a certain chop, to be forwarded without delay, and to be paid for, on delivery. No writings were drawn; but everything was clearly stated in a business-like way, each trusting to the other's honor.

When the goods arrived, Mr. Lord notified Murphy, and passed over the bills of lading; but, when they came to settle up, Mr. Murphy claimed that he had bought the nankins four or five cents a piece lower than they were charged. "If not

so," said he, "where did I get the *impression?*" And this particular phrase became a by-word with us, from that day forward, whenever we had to do with a shuffler. Luckily for Mr. Lord, there was a witness, or some sort of a memorandum, which determined the question; and they settled accordingly.

To return, however. Not being able to get rid of my stock-in-trade to Mr. Murphy, nor to anybody else, and somewhat unwilling to sit still, and suck my thumbs, though I had nothing better in prospect for a while — a long while, it seemed to me — it may well be supposed that I jumped at an offer made me by Mr. J. L. Lord, soon after I had met him, with Erastus, at a bowling-alley, where we discussed our prospects in copartnership, our narrow escape from the old shop-worn stock of Mr. Winn, and the chances for smuggled goods in the New-York market.

After a brief negotiation, it was agreed by and between us, that I should take charge of all the goods which Mr. J. L. Lord — or Pierpont and Lord, rather — had managed to get possession of, and sell them, either privately or otherwise, in the New-York market; and within the next four and twenty hours, I was on my way to that city of adventurers, followed by two or three wagon-loads of just the kind of goods then most wanted there, consisting of calicoes, or prints, with trunks of shawls, ginghams, and muslins.

By the help of a Mr. Stevenson, a nephew of the late Davy Bethune, the goods were safely stored, and, within a week or ten days, actually sold for cash, either at auction or privately; and, among them, my case of prints, and my blue plains, and all the other nightmares and dead weights I had accumulated in Court Street, and I had the returns in my pocket. But I could not bear the idea of losing, from twenty to twenty-five per cent, or something less, on my New-York money; and after some inquiry, and I believe at the suggestion of Mr. Stevenson himself, I concluded to visit Baltimore, where I had reason to believe exchange on England could be had of Robert Gilmore and Sons, or Colonel Tenant, on such terms that something handsome might be saved on the fifteen or twenty thousand dollars I took with me.

But, when I reached Baltimore, I found the house of Gil-

more and Sons unable, or unwilling, to draw; and Colonel Tenant in the field, reviewing his troops. But I had no time to lose, and was not inclined to stand upon ceremony, even with a militia colonel; and so, finding myself in rather a tight place, and the colonel indisposed to draw — perhaps from unwillingness to convert a parade-ground into a counting-room, and enter into negotiations on horseback — I hurried off once more to see the Messrs. Gilmore, and succeeded, at last, in obtaining the bills I wanted, though not on such favorable terms as I had hoped. But I made a saving of two or three per cent, over and above my expenses; there being no telegraph in those days, and communication was by stage-coach and mail only.

Meanwhile, my friends in Boston, to whom I had written that I was "off to Baltimore to buy exchange," began to be frightened, although I never could persuade them to acknowledge any thing more than that. Happening to meet my old master, Rundlet, in the midst of their perplexity, and my strange silence — for the only letter I had time to write, after I reached Baltimore, had been delayed, in some way, I forget how — they had questioned him about me, and had been counselled not to give themselves any uneasiness; for whatever else I might be, or not be, I was clever, shrewd, and trustworthy, and they might be sure of my turning up in the right place. And so it proved; for, the very next day, I returned with the bills on London, all in apple-pie order, and all "perfectly satisfactory."

This operation, I now see, though I had no suspicion of the fact then, determined my course of action for the next two or three years, and I might say for life. It had made me acquainted with New-York and Baltimore; both of which are now pictured upon my heart, with the distinctness of a daguerréotype. It had opened a wide field of observation to me, and given me not months, but years, of experience. Among other things I had learned, was this, that in New York it was not always thought discreditable for a jobber of high standing to behave like a horse-jockey; one of the most respectable having bought a trunk of shawls one day, which came to nearly two thousand dollars, and then refused to pay for them, though the prices were fixed, and the terms

cash; and when I told the story to others, they only laughed at me, for supposing that a bargain was a bargain, before the money was paid over, and the goods delivered. Alas for my simplicity! Though reckoned sharp enough Down-East, I found I had much to learn about Wall-Street and Peck-Slip; and I lost no time in learning it.

Soon after my return, my friend Erastus made another proposition, which, after talking the business over with "our Joe," I accepted. It was to open a retail store at 103, Court Street; Pierpont and Lord occupying the corner, and Erastus carrying on his pocket-book manufactory, I know not where, but so as not to interfere with my business.

The *store*, as they called it, though it was only a shop, was of rather contracted proportions, and exceedingly shallow. But I managed, nevertheless, to do a good business in it, and, for a long time, without assistance. And this reminds me that I must have been mistaken about the help offered me by my good uncle James, when I purchased the blue plains at auction, giving his name for a guarantor, and when I tried to persuade Mr. Rundlet to spring the trap I had set for him. It was after my jobbing-establishment was broken up, and after I had gone into the retail-business; and, of course, the confounded blue-plains, which had given me so much trouble, were never got rid of in New York, but in Baltimore.

I was now comparatively happy; selling for cash, busy all day long, getting ahead fast enough to satisfy even my ambition, and boarding at Mr. Pierpont's, where we soon got on terms of what in time became a friendship, sincere and lasting.

But "our Joe" was a most inveterate schemer; and never satisfied with the condition of things about him, so long as there seemed to be any better possibility within reach. After a while, therefore, he suggested, for the second time, a dissolution of my copartnership with his brother. And why not? Erastus had furnished no capital, and had nothing to do with my business. All the inducement I had, therefore, to continue the copartnership, was in the fact that Pierpont and Lord were not afraid to trust us, and would help us, at a pinch, with their indorsement.

The affair was very soon arranged. Our connection was ended. And, soon after, "our Joe" suggested another change. He had fallen acquainted with a young man just out of college, who, with a small capital, not exceeding fifteen hundred dollars, wanted to live without work. After a little manœuvring, I yielded, and went into copartnership with a Mr. Fisher, who knew nothing of business, and could hardly tell a gingham from a calico, or a piece of quality-binding from a row of pins. But I persevered, nevertheless, until "our Joe" began to have other views, which he presented after so plausible a fashion, that Fisher and I dissolved, parting on the best of terms; and Messrs. Pierpont and Lord became my partners, though their names did not appear in any of our business transactions; and my sign, though the shop underwent change after change, continued to the last, "John Neal;" only that, and nothing more.

July 22, 1867. — "I do confess that I am old," says Lear. "Age is *unnecessary*." With slight symptoms of angina pectoris, I am beginning to think so too, though my health is good enough to astonish, not only others, but myself; and I have lately undergone fatigue enough, on our visit to Oswego, with a view to opening a new thoroughfare through the White Hills, to Chicago and the Pacific, to break down most people of my age. And yet I bore it as well as the youngest and strongest of our large party. We have now had more than a week of the coldest weather I ever knew at this season of the year, with four days and nights of almost uninterrupted rain.

July 23, 1867. — A most beautiful day, warm, bright, and fragrant. I must go to work once more.

In the spring of 1815, when I was in my twenty-second year, the war ended most unexpectedly, taking us all by surprise, and making it necessary for the holders of British and foreign merchandise to bestir themselves. My stock was not large; and, if I had been left to myself, I could have run it off in three or four months, without loss; buying only what I needed for bait, and keeping up the supply in a falling market. But Pierpont and Lord were in a very different condition. They had bought largely on a rising market, up to the arrival of the news we so much wanted, as a people, and so

much dreaded, as jobbers and retailers; and down came our hopes, like a pile of card-houses, in a puff from the open window.

And now what was to be done? Nobody wanted to buy, unless from hand to mouth; and everybody wanted to sell. There was no market value for any thing, and no calculations to be made for the future; and even those who bought capital bargains for cash, were glad enough in a week to sell at a loss, for "approved indorsed paper."

After many days of consultation, it was determined among us, that Mr. Pierpont, as our representative-man, should go to Baltimore, with letters, which would be sure to give him a footing there among the magnates; and, after looking about him, and satisfying himself, make up his mind about sending me on there, with a stock of seasonable goods, if they were likely to be well received. I objected from the first; being satisfied with the small, though safe business I was then doing, and having no relish for adventure. But I was outvoted and overruled; and, at the end of two or three weeks, Mr. Pierpont returned with such abundant and conclusive reasons for carrying out the plan of operations, first projected by "our Joe," that I had nothing more to say. And within a month, I was at Baltimore, and established in South-Calvert Street, No. 12, where I opened a retail-store with the cut goods I had brought from Boston. But, after a few days, I found that I could sell any thing and every thing, by the piece or yard, package or bale, for almost any price I thought proper to ask. The idea of retailing was therefore abandoned, at once, and for ever; and I began to sell by the piece, and sometimes, when I had it in my power, by the case. Exchange on Boston was from eighteen to twenty-five per cent advance, the banks there paying specie, while everywhere else, and even in New York, they had suspended specie-payments; and the whole country was flooded with shin-plasters, and dirty, ragged bits of pasteboard, which passed there, and in Philadelphia and Baltimore, and further South, for change; bearing about the same relation to the beautiful fragmentary scrip we have now, that the old-fashioned continental money bears to our legal-tenders, and other national issues.

Notwithstanding these great disadvantages, however, and

the cost of living in Baltimore, and the heavy rent — heavy, in proportion to what I had been paying in Boston, though I had taken a store in a side street, where no retail-business had ever been tried — I succeeded in effecting large sales at a handsome profit, oftentimes amounting to 25, 33⅓, and even 40 per cent clear, and always for cash. My friends at Boston kept me well supplied; and my remittances were to them — for they were doing little or no business, and their notes were fast falling due — like fresh air, let into an exhausted receiver. Long before I had entered upon the jobbing business, so successful had I been, and so greatly encouraged were they, that they determined to clear out, and establish themselves in Baltimore, with all their families and household stuff, and all the goods they might be able to get together.

I succeeded in obtaining for them a large warehouse opposite mine, with a handsome dwelling overhead, after a style very common at Baltimore; and they were soon settled, housed, and hard at work, with every thing to justify their enterprise. We bought largely, and sold freely; but — alas for my old-fashioned way of doing business! — instead of selling for cash, or even for short credits, they were so anxious to get rid of their purchases at a large profit, nominally, that they sold for six and twelve months, and to persons of doubtful credit — slow coaches from Virginia and the West, with firms like Banks Dangerfield and Company, having three or four partners apiece, and two or three and-so-forths, to mislead people. The result of all which was, that, before long, we had to pack off Mr. Pierpont to Charleston, S.C., where he succeeded in establishing another jobbing and retail establishment, under the charge of Mr. Gerry, a clerk they had brought from Boston, and a vagabond Englishman, who had once been a book-keeper for a Mr. Dayton at Philadelphia, and, I have no doubt, an actor in some strolling company. Here began our troubles. We had too many goods on hand for a falling market: our sales were limited, and our debtors what everybody understands by *long-winded*. We had to raise large sums at enormous rates, pledging our goods for security. The enterprise at Charleston proved a miserable failure, owing to the extravagance and bad management of Saubiere, though we had acted upon the supposition that the

news of peace had never reached Charleston, and I am half inclined to think so now, in November, 1868; and judging by the prices they were willing to pay at first, as they did in Baltimore, the supposition seemed to be justifiable.

But our end was approaching. The Charleston stock was withdrawn, or what there was left of it, and a retail store opened in Calvert Street, of which I afterwards took charge. Our creditors were called together, and a committee chosen to look into our affairs; and upon their report, every way satisfactory, we obtained an extension (April 19, 1816) for twelve months with interest.

On that very day, Mr. Pierpont was writing what follows:

"Charleston, 19th April, 1816.

"DEAR NEAL,— Damnation! R. S., Jr., and Co., have assigned every thing but a few bushels of gourd-seed corn lying in his store; and of that, a bill has been made. He heard of this *thing* but yesterday. One day, however, is enough for a thing to slip through *our* fingers. Nothing can be done but hunch up our shoulders, and take the blow. Stevens says the house won't do any such thing as pay seventy-five cents on the dollar. Bedticks sold, and sold well, at forty-five cents all round. Saubiere has certainly swindled us out of fifteen hundred dollars. Neither Gordon, nor Newton, nor Smiley, nor Teneyck, nor Rogers, nor C. Bronough, nor Banks, will pay when due, if ever. Very much at leisure here in Stevens's store, and very much at your service. PIERPONT."

Poor fellow! How suddenly this brief letter, which I lighted on but a few minutes ago, brings back to my recollection all the suffering and sorrow, the disappointment and mortification, of that dismal day — a day which emancipated both him and me, without our knowledge or consent, however, from the red-hot, heavy shackles we had worn so long in our business relations. Let me add that his gloomy forebodings were all justified; and that, long before the twelve months' extension had expired, we were bankrupt indeed, ruined beyond the possibility of restoration.

With a view to keeping an assortment, Mr. Lord went on to Philadelphia, and purchased, not largely — very moder-

ately, for him — of the goods most wanted for the retail-store which I had consented to take charge of, and for their summer jobbing. While he was away, I made up my mind that we must fail. My credit was still good; and the purchases had all been paid for by drafts on me, at four and six months. On his return, full of unbounded trust in himself, and in the future, Mr. Lord took a share of the bed, — a bed in my counting-room; and we talked the matter all over, hour after hour. At first, he could not believe me: I had got the blues, he thought. Hadn't we just received a new stock of "sweeteners," all paid for; and what on earth had we to fear? Hadn't we lots of friends, with three capital stores, in the best part of the city, for our business, with character and experience? — I wanted to groan, but forbore. — Having succeeded once before, with a "stiff upper lip," when every thing was against us, why not again? "Wait till morning, John, and you will see things in a different light."

I did wait till morning, and, after consultation with Mr. Pierpont, who sat thunderstruck for a while, as I went on with my demonstrations, we came to the conclusion that we had reached the end of our tether, and must return the goods purchased at Philadelphia, without opening a package; and go into the Insolvent Debtors' Court — *nem. con.*

And this we did. And here ended my business operations for life, and those of my friend Pierpont. I determined to have nothing more to do with business, or with partnerships; but to go to work and educate myself, as best I might, "regardless of expense" — and having literally nothing to lose — and then go to the bar; while Mr. Pierpont, who had been looking another way, and much higher, for months, began to think of the pulpit; and Mr. Lord, of supplying Covent-Garden with New-York pippins, by the cargo — which ruined him a second time, before I was fairly launched, as a student at law.

On further consideration, it seems to me that one or two incidents, which have just occurred to me, may not be wholly out of place at the end of this chapter, showing how we managed our business in Baltimore.

One day, after a deal of urgent solicitation from Mr. George Grundy, the father, to whom I had carried letters

from Mr. Pierpont, I consented to make a bill with him. Among my purchases were some bales of blankets, fresh importations, and offered at fair prices. On getting them into my warehouse, in Calvert Street, I altered the marks, and so managed as to make G. G. & Son read like J. N. After I had entered them on my invoice-book — not as they ought to have been entered, I must acknowledge, but so as to appear somewhat larger than they did in the original invoice, and consequently somewhat cheaper — a Mr. Riggs, the partner of our celebrated George Peabody, under the firm of Riggs and Peabody, called to see *our* blankets, and get the prices. Mr. Riggs, by the way, was a very shrewd, careful man, and was not to be satisfied without measuring the article; saying, while so employed, that he had just been looking at some bales, which, as they were not opened, he had not been allowed to measure, at Messrs. George Grundy and Sons. I expressed my surprise at their procedure, and instantly tumbled half a bale upon the floor, with a request that he would satisfy himself, by actual measurement.

After a thorough examination, with Mr. Grundy's prices before him, he bought mine, paid for them, cash down — for money was plenty at Baltimore, after the battle of North-Point, and goods were always sold for cash, though the bills might not be sent in for a week, or even a month — and took them off to his store in Market-Street, where they were left outside in the sunshine, as bait for the Western-country traders. The next day, in passing the warehouse of Messrs. Riggs and Peabody, I saw, to my great amazement — perhaps I ought to say *amusement*, for I felt no sense of shame, and not the least possible twinge of conscience — the letters J. N. faded out, and the original marks re-appearing of G. G. & Sons; and lost no time in hurrying home, that I might rejoice with my partner (Mr. Lord) over the clever trick I had played, and over the comfortable fact that we had got our pay. Whether Mr. Pierpont knew of the affair at the time, I cannot say; but I am quite sure that he did, before many days were over, and that he too regarded it as a capital joke. So much for the corrupting influences men are exposed to in trade, even where they mean to be honest, and are honest, as the world goes, in forty-nine cases out of fifty; though they

may mark up their prints a half-yard, or three-quarters, on every piece, and their broadcloths, cassimeres, blue plains, and fearnoughts, &c., &c., as much as they will bear; that is to say, all that the lead marks would allow to be added to the yards, in the shape of one, two, or three quarters. But, much to my surprise, we heard nothing from Mr. Riggs; perhaps, because, if the whole truth came out, he would have the laugh against him. Yet I may as well say here, that the older I grow, the sorrier I am for all these transactions. They were shameful, and quite of a piece with cheating at cards, or selling your brother a horse with a glass eye, and then bragging of it at the dinner-table.

Another incident occurs to me, where, instead of playing the sharper myself, I had to deal with a sharper, who had been successful with everybody else. A man, who kept a retail-store near the head of Calvert Street, named Cyprian F. Wells, bought a bill of me, for cash on delivery, amounting to five or six hundred dollars. Contrary to my usual course, I did not send in the bill for about a week; when he put me off, and this, day after day, till I was out of all patience with the fellow. Having sold for cash, I supposed I might reclaim the goods, or take them with a writ of replevin; but, after due inquiry, found that he *had* me, and that I was only one of a score he had swindled in the same way, within a few weeks. I learned, also, that he was believed to be crazy — having been at the battle of North Point — from which he ran away in an agony of terror, gasping out, when questioned on the road, "Oh, you've no conception! you've no conception!" He was thought to be rather dangerous, too.

Nevertheless, I called upon him once more, and for the last time; and, notwithstanding his indignation, succeeded in obtaining a check for the amount; assuring him, as I left the store, that, if I did not find it good on presentation, he would hear from me again; which he thought was adding insult to robbery. But I had no occasion to call again. The check was paid, though it left nothing over; and so was I.

Not long after this, a stranger came into my store, and began overhauling our goods, but in such a way as to excite my suspicions. When he asked the price, he would never look at the article, and always managed, as I remem-

bered after he had gone away, to keep between me and the door, as if prepared to escape, at a moment's notice. After he had been gone a few minutes, a neighbor, Mr. Sellers, came in to see me; roaring with laughter, so that, for a while, he could not make himself understood. At last, the matter was explained. It seems that the stranger had mistaken me for poor Wells; that, being curious to see how he would behave, he had come into his store, as he believed, and soon satisfied himself that he had never met with anybody, out of a lunatic hospital, half so mad, or half so dangerous. By the merest accident, Mr. Sellers happened to ask if Wells were still at large, pointing across the street, to the shop he did business in. This led to further explanation; but the joke was too good to be lost; and out of this trivial incident grew the story that I myself was mad as a March hare. And for a long while, after I began to write for the public, I was often called "Crazy Neal;" and there are thousands of people now living, who could not be persuaded that I was not fairly entitled to the appellation, though at times I may have been quite rational since.

Another business incident, and I have done. At my first arrival in Baltimore, I boarded with a Mrs. Ward in Calvert Street. Among her boarders were a Mr. Smiley and a Mr. Teneyck, from New Jersey. Smiley, who was a fresh-looking, pleasant fellow, and a "man of family," as he called himself, was after a store, with a view to the wholesale dry-goods business. Teneyck had been associated with him before, in some way. But a store was not to be had just then, and goods were scarce. At last, Mr. Dennis A. Smith, cashier of the Mechanics' Bank, a man of great wealth at the time, and large views and liberal enterprise, determined to go into the importing business, by way of starting Baltimore ahead once more, and setting an example to others, who had allowed the wholesale importing business to die out, of sheer inanition. Having imported a large cargo of British manufactures, they were offered for sale at auction, on six, twelve, and eighteen months — a credit unheard of, at the time. This brought in the Western traders by scores and scores, prepared to buy on the terms proposed, and then pay cash, and take the discount.

One day, Smiley called on me with a proposition to indorse his notes to Mr. Smith for whatever he might purchase, offering me the usual commissions. I refused without hesitation: he persisted; and so did I. Nevertheless, he went to the sale, and bought ten or twelve thousand dollars' worth of goods, for which he promised to give my name. Of course, I was indignant, and told him he must take the consequences. I reminded him of our conversation, and of my positive refusal. He had no excuse to offer, he said: he knew well, that he had no right to offer my name; but having mentioned half a dozen others — retailers, and comparative strangers, by the by, along Market-Street, all of whom had been refused with a smile, for most of them were doing business in a very small way — he finally gave my name. "What!" said Mr. Smith, "John Neal, of Calvert Street?" — "Yes." — "Very well, sir, that paper will be satisfactory." — "And now," added my enterprising gentleman, "if you refuse, I am ruined for ever."

"And you deserve to be ruined for ever," said I, "after such a distinct refusal, and may get out of the scrape as you got in, without my help. Why not go to Mayhew and Burt, or some other commission house, and lodge the goods with them? If they are well purchased, you will have no difficulty." — "Very true; but, then, what will Mr. Smith say?" — "Say! — nothing to your disadvantage, you may be sure, if he takes their indorsement, instead of mine."

He then proposed to allow me double commissions, to store the goods in my cellar, to sell nothing without my consent, and to turn over the notes and cash, as fast as he received the pay, so that I should run no risk, and would be always secure, in any event. But no: I refused. My credit was good — unbounded, I might say; yet, if my name were found upon paper in the market, who would ever know for how much, or under what circumstances, it had been issued, or that I was secured? No, no: I should be thought adventurous, and perhaps rash; and my credit, if I should ever want credit for my own purposes, would be swamped.

Whereupon, the gentleman left me, held a consultation with my partners, and finally prevailed upon them to say yes. The result was, that my name, not theirs, went upon Smiley's

paper: the goods were lodged in my cellar; and, for a week or two, he went up and down all day long, with such customers as he could entrap, or make sure of, with his drag-net. At the end of this time, pitying the poor fellow, with his large family, six children and a wife, I called him into my counting-room, and said, "Take away your goods: open a store in Market Street, as you may now. You are welcome to the commissions you were to pay. I shall charge you nothing for my services; but, if any thing happens to you, promise to hold me secure."

The man was utterly overwhelmed. Tears filled his eyes; he trembled from head to foot. Such a proposition was wholly unexpected, and his protestations were all I could have desired. Within six months, he failed, paid nothing; and when questioned about his business, and asked what had become of all his goods, and where certain persons lived to whom he had sold large amounts — he didn't know, couldn't say: they had "*happened in promiscuously*," and he had never seen them before, nor since. Nevertheless, the fellow was discharged under the insolvent laws of Maryland; then arrested for dealing in counterfeit money, tried and acquitted, and was never heard of more. So much for business — the last I ever meddled with in copartnership.

CHAPTER XI.

LAW AND LITERATURE.

BREAKING UP AND SEPARATION; LAW STUDIES AT BALTIMORE; PROSPECTS; FIRST NEWSPAPER ESSAY; THE DELPHIANS; FIRST NOVEL; OTHERS; RANGE OF STUDY FOR AN AMERICAN LAWYER; RETURN TO PORTLAND, ME., AND SET MY TRAP AS A LAWYER.

We were all adrift now — Pierpont, Lord, and myself; my two partners, with a large family each; and I, altogether alone, or, as Coleridge would say, with that moaning cry which, once heard, is heard for ever, as from a shipwrecked sea-bird afloat with a broken wing, "Alone, alone — all, all alone — alone on a wide, wide sea;" and all alike destitute and helpless — Pierpont wholly unfitted for business, Lord whirling about in a deplorable eddy, from which it seemed quite impossible to escape, and I desperate enough for any thing, short of the highway.

As I have said before, Pierpont had been seriously thinking of the ministry, and had already committed himself to Unitarianism, by appearing at a convocation of "Liberal Christians," held one sabbath-day, in Poor & Co.'s large auction-rooms, on South Charles-Street, where he led the services in some way, as I understood at the time, although he was of Orthodox parentage, and had sat for many years under the battle-axe and catapulta demonstrations of Dr. Lyman Beecher, of whom he always had the highest opinion, as a controversialist; and, up to the time of his own change of opinion, which others called apostasy, as a theologian. But how was he to maintain himself? And how dispose of a wife and three children? After consulting together, much as so many shipwrecked mariners might be supposed to do, upon a rock in mid-ocean, it was agreed between us, *nem. con.*, that he should send off his wife and children to Litchfield, Conn., where his wife's mother lived on a family-estate, which had been largely improved by the funds of the

copartnership; while he remained at Baltimore, in lodgings, the cheapest he could manage to pay for — no matter how — by pledging or selling what teaspoons he had left, as long as they lasted. This plan was carried out; and he took a chamber in North Howard-Street, where he remained till he had brought forth the "Airs of Palestine," which he delivered before a gathering in Baltimore College, at the suggestion of our friend, Dr. Watkins, whereby he obtained about enough to take him to Cambridge, where after selling the copyright for a hundred dollars or so, he entered as a theological student, and continued until he was wanted for actual service; and soon after settled over the Hollis-street Church, Boston, as the immediate successor of our celebrated Dr. Holley.

I was to enter with Colonel Learned, as a student at law, after winding up the retail-business, which I had re-entered upon, at the desire of our assignees, with all the cut stock of our two wholesale jobbing establishments, and the remains of our Charleston adventure. And this part of the programme I carried out; entering Learned's office within two or three months, until, having become acquainted with the late General Winder (William H.) at the Delphian Club, of which we were both members, he made a proposition, which I accepted with great thankfulness; after which I studied under his direction, till admitted to the bar, though always at my own lodgings, about a mile from town. I had access to all the best libraries, by common consent; and have to acknowledge my obligations, not only to General Winder, but to Professor Hoffman, Mr. Metcalf, William Gwynn, and others, for their liberality and uninterrupted kindness to the last, when I had got together a very handsome library of my own, even for that part of the world, where they have always been famous for their law libraries.

But as Mr. Lord — "our Joe" — had no inclination for the law, and less for the ministry, it was determined that he should be left to shift for himself, being full of resources, and especially given to shifts. Before a month had gone by, after we had obtained our discharge under the insolvent laws of Maryland, notwithstanding the most deadly opposition from the house of George Grundy and Sons, who failed soon after

sending Mr. Pierpont to prison, as I told them they would, and *ought*, although, at the time, they were supposed to be almost beyond the reach of calamity, or accident, the father, a most unrelenting old Scotchman, though otherwise well enough disposed, never having been able to forgive Mr. Pierpont for the letters he took to him, when he first went to Baltimore — before a month had gone by, as I was about to say, "our Joe" had entered into three or four speculations — only one of which proved disastrous, though all were, in my judgment, both hazardous and questionable — whereby he managed to keep his chin above water. At last, being tired of adventure, he left Baltimore, went back to the neighborhood of Boston, and took some kind of agency at Taunton, where he remained till circumstances led him to New York; and there, after trying his hand at a variety of expedients, with a correspondent success — now up, and now down — he combined with two or three more long-headed, liberal, and sagacious business-men, and undertook to establish a new system of mutual life-assurance — new, at any rate, in this country, though a London loan-office had been established for several years on a similar principle — that of lending to the assured a part of the annual premium, or, in other words, giving them credit for a part, upon the best and most available security; out of which sprang that wonder of modern commercial finance, the Mutual-Benefit Life-Insurance Company of New Jersey, with its millions upon millions of capital, and a business overspreading the whole country. In this, he continued until his death, about a year ago; having established a most enviable reputation, and made himself a benefactor to his race.

Having entered as a student at law, the next question was, How shall I support myself? I thought of the pen; but how could I hope to earn a living in that way? We had not more than half a dozen authors; and of these, only Washington Irving had received more than enough to pay for the salt in his porridge. And with our editors, it was yet worse. Only two that I could hear of — Robert Walsh, Jr., Esq., the "American Gentleman," as he called himself; and Paul Allen, editor, first of "Bronson's United-States Gazette," and then of the Baltimore "Federal Republican" — were employed and

paid in that capacity. All the rest were proprietors, occasionals, or supernumeraries, often government-officials, leading politicians, and statesmen, who were glad to "work for nothing, and find themselves," in that field. What chance had I then, without experience, or with the little I am about to mention, as a writer, and wholly ignorant of politics, beyond what I had gathered from Aristotle and the "Federalist," and having no idea of the duties, responsibilities, or anxieties of an editor?

And inasmuch as the best of English books might be had for the asking, after they were established in public favor, and might be reproduced here from the printed page, with much less delay, trouble, and expense, than from the plainest manuscript — how hopeless for an American author, wholly unknown, even at home, to think of earning a dollar, as a bookwright! Nevertheless, I determined to try. I had given up business: I had turned my back on all kinds of copartnership, even that of an auctioneer, for which I think now I was pre-eminently fitted; and there was nothing left for me but authorship, or starvation, if I persisted in my plan of studying law, and maintaining myself by my pen, although it should be on potatos and salt.

And if my chances in the world of literature were discouraging, they were really worse for me, in every way, as a student at law. In the first place, I should have to study four years, and then pass a terrible examination, before being admitted to practice. In the next place, I had no education; having left school at the age of twelve, and gone behind a counter, where my education was completed for life. Add to all this, that I was a broken merchant, that I had failed in business, that I was rather waspish, if not quarrelsome, and that I was a native Yankee, never much of a recommendation at the South, and less at Baltimore, perhaps, than almost any where else, Maryland being a border State, and the people being fully persuaded that all eastward of them were the true Yankees — dealers in cuckoo-locks, horn gun-flints, and wooden-nutmegs; and to complete the catalogue of my disqualifications for the Baltimore-bar, then the ablest of our country, and by far the haughtiest, we had, for daily practitioners, William Pinkney, William Wirt, Robert Goodloe

Harper, Luther Martin, Roger B. Taney, Reverdy Johnson, Charles A. Mayer, David Hoffman, William H. Winder, Jonathan Meredith, and a score or two of others, well worth mentioning, if this were a proper occasion. And then, too, the "law's delay" — how utterly discouraging, both for suitors and lawyers; even the plainest cases, if disputed, being continued from term to term, and from year to year, till they resembled bills in chancery, as they are continued from generation to generation, over sea, where large estates are in issue.

Supposing me, then, to have gone through with my course of study — fed by the ravens, for at least four years — how was I to get along for the next seven years, against such a bar, and such a host of competitors, already established in public favor, and well provided for, either by marriage or otherwise? Who would run the risk of retaining a stranger, a new man, or even of employing him, while there were so many older, in the field, with reputations at stake, who, by their positions in the world, had given pledges for their good behavior, and were not likely to abuse their trust, or to run off with the funds of a client.

Nevertheless, as I have said before, I determined to persevere; and I did. But how? In the first place, I began with studying fourteen and sixteen hours a day; going through a course of law, of metaphysics, languages, and literature; reading history, both in French and English, and Political Economy, as Adam Smith himself, or Ricardo, would have advised me to do; and then writing, as I shall mention hereafter, two or three volumes a month of miscellany, for the papers and the public.

To show that I was in downright earnest, let me mention two or three facts here, leaving the details of my career, as an author, to be set forth hereafter.

Soon after I had entered upon the study of law, and while I was in the habit of reading, upon the average, over three hundred pages a day, and of carrying my books of reference by the armful, to and fro, between my lodgings on Saratoga Street, a long way out of town, and the libraries they belonged to, my friend Pierpont — who had gone through a course of lectures with Judges Reeves and Gould, in their celebrated

law-school, at Litchfield, Conn., and who had made a beautiful copy in four large volumes, with all their private notes and memoranda, he being a favored pupil — said to me, one day, that he had sold his copy for two hundred dollars to a young Southerner, who had been two or three years at Litchfield, and spent some thousands of dollars, and had nothing to show for it.

"You must read these lectures, John," said he, "before they are sent away. They are a library of themselves; and, if it were possible for you to copy them, they would save you hundreds of dollars. But there! it's no use talking: they will be wanted in a few weeks; and if you should be able to read them in that time, it is all we can hope for now."

"How long would it take me to copy them, think you?"

"Oh! I was fifteen months about it, working early and late; and, if you had time, you would never have the patience." And he believed what he said, for he did not then know me; but I thought otherwise.

"Well," said I, "if copying them is wholly out of the question, there is, at least, one thing I can do. I can read them carefully; and then, should there be any time left, I can begin to copy them, at least."

And so to work I went, and finished a thorough reading of the whole within two weeks, at the furthest — greatly to the amazement of my friend, who, upon talking freely with me, found that I knew as much of these four volumes, containing over two thousand pages of manuscript, as he knew of Blackstone, after reading all day long, from early dawn till it was time to go to bed, in South Carolina, and achieving for once, one hundred pages, the greatest day's work he ever did in his life, he said; while I could read three hundred pages a day, without fatigue. And why? In the first place, I had been a great reader from my earliest youth, and always read to myself, without pronouncing the words; while he read to himself, as if reading aloud to others, and could not understand his author, unless he did so. This I believe to be the essential difference in our methods of study. How many persons have I seen, who read so slowly and so thoughtfully, that they seemed to lose the spirit of their author; while another — Judge Story, for example — would run his eye down through the middle of a

page, and take in the whole drift, and almost the language, of a law-case, without labor, and without danger of misapprehension. This I never did, nor ever attempted to do. Not a word escaped me, not a passage did I ever slur over — not a letter indeed; for an error in orthography, or in type, I always detected, as quickly as the most careful and experienced proof-reader. But this I must acknowledge. As I began with reading letter by letter, so I went on, reading syllables, then words, and at last whole phrases at a glance, until I had acquired a facility in serious reading, only to be matched by that of the most thorough-going novel-reader.

Having worked my way through the whole four volumes of manuscript, page by page, without slurring or skipping a paragraph, I determined to try my hand at copying; and to get as much out of it as I could, before it should be called for — having no idea that I could finish the work in less than a twelvemonth, although I was a very rapid writer, because it needed to be carefully and plainly written, without flourishes. With a view to compactness, I adopted a back hand, which I wrote with uncommon facility and, I must say, with marvellous distinctness. And so Mr. Pierpont himself thought; for, in finding one of my pages equal to about one and a half of his, and quite as easily read, though he was a beautiful writer, he gave up his own style of penmanship and adopted mine, which he continued to practise, until long after he entered the ministry.

The first day, I wrote only five pages, though I did nothing else, I believe; but the marginal references were abundant, and my writing as clear as print — so everybody said at the time, who had an opportunity of judging. But I persevered, like Milo in carrying the calf, or as Winship does now, in upheaving the foundations about him, until I wrote fifty pages a day, with all the references and marginal notes, made by Judges Reeves and Gould in the course of a long life; both eminent lawyers, and the latter among the best, if not in fact the very best, special-pleader that ever lived, not excepting Saunders himself; finishing the whole four volumes in seventy-five days, and the last volume, containing about five hundred pages, with a new and complete index, in ten days. From this time forward, Mr. Pierpont never doubted my ability to

carry through whatever I undertook, hit or miss; out of which settled convictions grew other enterprises, of which I shall have something to say hereafter.

About this time — and this incident is the second which I think may come in here to advantage, for the encouragement of others, who may be called upon to make bricks without straw — I achieved the following triumph.

Professor Hoffman — David Hoffman — of the Maryland University, one of the most amiable men I ever knew, and one of the most learned jurisprudents, with a magnificent library, which he opened to me without restriction, had just brought out his "Course of Legal Study," which, according to his calculation, and he was one of the hardest students of our age, would require either five or seven years, I forget which, for the long course, and about three years for the shorter. Instead of being intimidated by this "Outline," as others were, who passed for diligent readers, about me, I was seized with a vehement desire to read every book mentioned by him, as fast as they could be had; for even he had given the titles of some which I never met with, nor I believe had he. Within the next following fifteen or sixteen months, I had gone through with the whole course, reading many of the books twice over; though a very few, not more than a dozen perhaps, I was obliged to forego, for the reasons above mentioned. About this time, Judge Story wrote a review of the "Course," which appeared in the "North-American," declaring it by far the most comprehensive and satisfactory system that had ever appeared; but insisting that seven years would be required, seven years at least, to do it justice; and he was undoubtedly one of the hardest students that ever tunnelled his way into the profession. This only served to set me going anew; and I never rested, until I had gone through with the long course, and prepared a series of note-books, after a plan suggested by the author, of the same size, and so bound as to match the "Law Lectures" of Reeves and Gould in four volumes, quarto. One was entitled "Uncommon Titles, with Obita Dicta, Queries, Doubts, and Solutions;" a second, "Remarkable and Leading Cases;" and a third, "Cases Denied, Doubted, and Modified" — containing more cases, forty years ago, than were to be found in the latest

edition of "Greenleaf's Cases." Nor was this all; for, in the progress of my preliminary survey, I discovered that a multitude of English statutes, aboriginal in their character, had been recognized by solemn adjudication in our Maryland courts, after the Declaration of Independence, though never formally re-enacted; so that, in a certain sense, they constituted a part of our common-law. All these I abridged with great care, and had them bound up to match the others; and all these, too, I had carefully preserved, through all changes and chances, up to the great fire of July, 1866, when they disappeared for ever — a library of themselves, together with all that was left of what was one of the handsomest law-libraries in this part of the country; to say nothing of rarities and miscellanies, many of which, in different languages, can never be replaced.

Aug. 13, 1867. — Another long interval; and, lo! I am again at work upon this, my favorite occupation. The city is going up silently about me, on every side, as to the rhythm of inward, or far-off music from the sea, and my labors in that direction are now over, I trust for life; so that, for my remaining days, I shall have to depend upon my books and my pen to keep me out of mischief. And for how long a time? Who shall say? Who will hazard even a conjecture? This very day, while the young and vigorous, and even the middle-aged, are passing away, like shadows, from the great thoroughfare of the world, now dwindling to a solitary footpath for the few that are left, I met a woman already mentioned among the earliest of these memoranda, Mrs. Abigail Horton, otherwise called "Aunt Nabby," now in her ninety-fifth year, and looking as hearty and fresh as when she was thirty years younger, so far as I can judge; and I have been in the habit of seeing her, from year to year, almost ever since my return from abroad. She was walking through the burnt-district, for the first time since the fire, having with her a young Quakeress, who called her mother, and who appeared to enjoy her companionship, as if they were both of an age. That this mother in Israel enjoys life, nobody would think of doubting; but, though willing to stay, she is equally willing to go, if her heavenly Father calls her, and hopes he may not allow her to become a burden to herself or to others.

With sight and hearing about as good as ever, all her faculties in a healthy condition, and her bodily strength undiminished, why may she not expect to outlive another generation of the enervated and self-abused of our day?

'But let us return. I had now entered upon a new career — with life or death before me — with little to encourage, and more than would be thought possible now, to dishearten me. I was now in my twenty-fourth year; and the better part of my life, I then thought, had been wasted. But I was mistaken: I misunderstood the great problem before me; I had always been at school, without knowing it; and, so far as human nature is concerned, I do believe that I had learned more behind the counter than I have ever learned since. Among other things, I had learned to reverence myself — to see that I was intended by my heavenly Father for something higher, and better, and more useful, than I had ever thought of being, till I was a castaway, utterly shipwrecked, and drifting I knew not whither. Not that, even yet, I had any definite notions of what I was good for; but I felt that my wings were moulting, and that, in time, if I did not belie the promptings within me, I should most assuredly find out what I was capable of, and what I was intended for. And I now think I have, though rather late in the day. And yet, who knows but the very hinderances I have met with were in reality helps, without which I never should have been able to do what I have done, be it little or much. To fail is oftentimes better than to succeed: we *may* learn more by running our heads against a stone-wall, than by missing it, and have less to answer for. At any rate, I have; and am now able to see, and willing to acknowledge, with profound thankfulness, that my sorest disappointments at the time they happened, and my heaviest misfortunes, have always turned out to be my greatest blessings, wherever they were taken as admonitions and warnings, and turned wisely to account.

But although I had entered upon the study of the law, which would require at least four years' apprenticeship — for, whatever were my qualifications, I could not be admitted in less time — I had no means of support, visible or invisible. True, I had been writing for the "Portico," a monthly at first, and then a quarterly, carried on by the somewhat cele-

brated Dr. Tobias Watkins, Assistant Surgeon-General of the United-States Army, and afterward a Fourth-Auditor, if I do not mistake; and then a prisoner to the unrelenting President Jackson, as an alleged defaulter; but then, though I had written what amounted to a good-sized volume, I had never received the first farthing for my labor. I had also written occasional pages of poetry — and some of it *was* poetry — for the "Wanderer," a *weakly* affair, which did not last above a twelvemonth or so — at the same price; in fact, it was there that I made my first appearance in print, "except as hereinafter excepted," and, being *very* anonymous, had the pleasure of seeing my verses attributed to the Rev. Mr. Duncan, a favorite pupil of the celebrated Dr. Mason, of New York, and just then, being newly established in Baltimore, carrying the city by storm — the Presbyterian part of the population, I should say; for all who were not taken off their feet by his originality and eloquence — they called it eloquence — belonged to another parish.

Allow me to suspend the narrative here, that I may introduce a printed slip from the "Boston Centinel" (spelled with a C), the first communication of mine that ever appeared in a newspaper, barring an occasional advertisement, and a few lines I once wrote for the "Hallowell Gazette" in 1814. Passing through Boston, I called on James Lee, my old companion, and boyish antagonist; and, while sitting by a table in his counting-room, my eye fell on a paragraph, taken from the "National Intelligencer," in which the writer maintained that the words "*put it in his pocket*," which are found in one of Hamlet's speeches, was a stage direction, which, by some oversight, had crept into the text. I was indignant, and threatened to write, and shame the fools; but never should have done so, had not Lee asked me in all seriousness if I thought Major Russell — the great gun of our New-England press at the time — would give it a birth? Of course, that determined me; and I took up a pen and wrote the following communication, which Lee, when I read it to him, only laughed at — having known me from boyhood. This must have been in 1817, and — judging by a date I find on the back of the printed slip — in the month of September, when I was entering my twenty-fourth year. Rather late in life, it must be acknowl-

edged, for a writer to begin his career. But, nevertheless, having once entered this new field of labor, I determined never to draw rein, till I had accomplished my destiny; and I have kept my promise.

"CRITICISM.

"MR. RUSSELL, — In your paper of the 13th of August, I observe an extract from the 'National Intelligencer,' containing a new reading of the mighty Shakspeare, by an admirer of his. At first, sir, I believed it to be what there is but one word in our language to express — a hoax; and I laughed heartily. I have been so long wearied with the stupid illustrations, and new readings, of these admirers of Shakspeare, that I was delighted with what I conceived this to be — an exquisite satire on Johnson, Warburton, and others. I am one of those who will not allow the infallibility of Shakspeare; indeed, I go farther than most men in my censures of his very best *dramas*. I am one of those, sir, who will allow that while Shakspeare traced his characters in light — omnipotent in his hours of greatness — and alone in the delineation of motive; yet, that every page is full of absurdity and extravagances, of a magnitude infinitely beyond the blunders of common minds. Shakspeare is always a giant or a dwarf. And these extravagances and absurdities are often unnecessary and unnatural; for none will deny that even absurdity may be *natural*, and extravagance *necessary* to compose a part of one's character. While I have believed all this, I have always said, Leave that man alone in his simplicity. I do not like to see your oaks shorn of their luxuriance, because they may not stand in a mathematical attitude. I feel indignant, whenever I take up a volume of the Bard, to observe the trumpery which disfigures it: not a page is free from the corruptions of these commentators. Johnson and Warburton, and others of these critics, would live by gathering 'samphire on the precipice.' They have so completely encumbered the simplicity and originality of Shakspeare — and these are, for ever, his distinguishing attributes — that, nine times out of ten, they force us to reflect and to doubt of the meaning of passages, where our very hearts would swell, if we heard them pronounced

in character, according to common usage. Nine times out of ten, they overload him with rubbish, instead of chiselling a bold relief, and darken him in the worst of eclipses, that of learning, instead of aiding the reader to understand him in the utmost extent of his simplicity. So had I at first read this. I was delighted. Again I read it, and, to my astonishment, I found this admirer of Shakspeare was serious. He may be an admirer of that man, but he could never *understand* him; he could only admire him because others admired him, or he never would have put forth his hand to add a touch to such a picture.

"To every man who will read, in the independence of his heart, it would be almost an insult to say, that the old reading of a single line contains a whole biography in itself. Shakspeare wrote and meant, and so would every other man mean, if he should use the same words, whatever were his talents — Shakspeare meant that the Usurper '*stole* the diadem' — that he did not *conquer* it — that he *put it in his pocket*, in the meanness of one who had pilfered a treasure, like a shoplifter; not with the towering intrepidity of one who places his diadem on his brow, and bids the world contend for it.

"So stood the old reading; and so it will stand till Shakspeare burst from the fetters of his commentators, and stand, with all his errors on his head, before a posterity who will forget criticism, and appeal to feeling.

"Now, mark the *improvement*. Hamlet sees his father's ghost — or supposes he sees it, which is the same thing; and Shakspeare is supposed to have represented his hero at such a fearful moment as having sufficient composure to *put the picture in his pocket*, before he suffered himself to be startled! Shakspeare might as well have set Hamlet to picking his teeth. U."

An article, by the way, which, with a few trivial exceptions, I should not be ashamed of now, after fifty years of experience in the world of literature.

While debating this great question of bread-and-butter, with myself, it occurred to me that I would try my hand at a story, or novel, to begin with; and to work I went, in the summer of 1816, when I was approaching my twenty-third

year, and soon brought forth a story in two volumes, which I christened "Judge not by First Appearances." This title was changed in the following winter to "Keep Cool," which appeared June 17, 1817; and then, before the people at large had recovered from their astonishment, I gave them the "American Revolution," by *Paul Allen;* "Niagara," "Goldau," and other poems; "Otho," a tragedy; a volume or two of miscellaneous magazine and newspaper-essays; the "Index to Niles's Register;" "Logan," "Seventy-six," "Randolph," and "Errata;" and all this, be it remembered, while I was writing voluminously for the Baltimore "Telegraph," and preparing for admission to the bar.

And now, perhaps, it would not be amiss to give a little idea of the marvellous rapidity — "the fatal facility," another would call it, if he wrote slowly himself, or elaborately — with which I threw off these works.

"Logan," which re-appeared over sea in four volumes, I wrote in six or eight weeks, ending Nov. 17, 1821; "Randolph," published here in two volumes, I began Nov. 26, 1821, and finished in thirty-six days; "Errata, or Will Adams," in two volumes, was begun Jan. 8, 1822, and finished in thirty-nine days; "Seventy-Six," begun Feb. 16, 1822, and finished March 19, 1822 — four days off — in twenty-seven days, republished at London in three volumes: so that between October, 1821, and March, 1822, I wrote and published no less than eight large duodecimos, which in England would have been equal to thirteen volumes; and this, while pursuing my law studies, and writing for the "Telegraph" and the "Portico." Further details are not needed here. Suffice it to say, that I was soon in the receipt of a sufficient income for my personal wants, which have always been moderate, and for laying the foundations of a handsome library; and that many of these works were under way at the same time, while I was reading law at the rate of two hundred pages a day, every day, Sundays and holidays not excepted; and studying four or five languages, after a fashion of my own, together with history, political-economy, and metaphysics; my only amusement being such as I found in my companionship with the Delphians, who met every Saturday evening, rain or shine, at each other's chambers, burrows,

offices, or houses, in rotation; there to eat bread and cheese, and settle the affairs of the universe, in a committee of the whole, never consisting of more than nine; we being the male Muses of our day, and up to all that could reasonably be expected of ourselves, or our sisters; and all being, at last, authors, and each in a way of his own, before the members died off, and the club slowly evaporated.

The club originated with Dr. Tobias Watkins and Mr. Pierpont, who had somehow got acquainted, through a sort of Unitarian efflorescence, while the latter was debating with himself whether "To be, or not to be," which soon after *struck in;* and the members, with their clubicular names, and titles, and professorships, were — Dr. Tobias Watkins, as Pertinax Particular, President; John Pierpont, as Hiero Heptaglott, Vice-President; Dr. Readel, as Blearix von Crambograph, Secretary, and professor of Crambography; William Gwinn, as Odopœus Oligosticus, editor of the "Gazette," and professor of Impromptology; Paul Allen, editor of the "Telegraph," alias Solomon Fitzquiz; William H. Winder, alias Opechancough Soulikouqui; Breckenridge, alias Peregrine Bockinjoculus; and myself, otherwise called Jehu O'Cataract. For many of these names, most of which were eminently characteristic — and one, especially, so laughable in itself, that I was obliged to adopt it for a title-page to "Niagara," lest it should stick to me through life — we were indebted to our Secretary, a fellow of "infinite jest," and overflowing with originality and whim; though two were chosen by the parties themselves, that of General Winder in his admiration for Opechancanough the Great, only two or three years after the Bladensburg-races, and that of Breckenridge, from a celebrated Indian chief he had somewhere known, while preparing his "Views of Louisiana."

The President was indeed remarkable for his pertinacity, and, I must add, for an excessive critical accuracy; Pierpont was named Heptaglott, under an idea — far from being well founded — that he was a great linguist, and well acquainted with oriental literature, of which, by the way, he knew nothing; Readel, the Secretary, was of German parentage, and near-sighted, and full of quips and cranks; hence he christened himself, Blearix von Crambograph; Gwinn was wonder-

fully apt with epigrams, and puzzles, and newspaper-squibs, and therefore it was, that our Secretary dubbed him Odopœus Oligosticus; Paul Allen, who had the gravest way of saying the silliest things, and was a born poet, and a most eloquent writer, and always thinking of something else, and always a little too late, was named Solomon Fitzquiz, and continued to play up to the name — as a sailor flings away his money, right and left, to show that he isn't a land-lubber — long after he had come to believe that we are not sent here to trifle with ourselves, or others — except on special occasions; and I was christened Jehu O'Cataract, because of my impetuosity, and fiery temper, and Irish *name*. At different times, we had two or three other members, whose clubicular names have escaped me: an Englishman, named Dennison, a right worthy gentleman, and fine scholar, who wrote wretched doggerel, and published it as a sort of pasquinade, we christened Precipitate Pasquin; another, Doctor Maculloch — I believe he was a doctor — a man of sober, unpretending talent, and excellent common-sense, who, with little or no genius for whipped syllabub, was guilty now and then of writing verses after the style of Sir Walter Scott, which appeared in the "Portico," with some of my emendations; while another was Colonel Joseph D. Learned, (Surrogate Sacvert), with whom I first entered as a student-at-law — an amiable kind-hearted, shiftless, clever man, who was sadly perplexed and bothered all his life through, and up to the very last, for "presuming to be ambitious," as "Robert Walsh, Jr., Esquire," the "American Gentleman," used to say of Mr. Madison.

But the Delphians were a great help to one another; and all to me, in a thousand ways. I have already given some account of them, as debaters; but, as writers, they were all more or less distinguished, even the nervous and excitable Winder having managed to bring forth, and publish, in Paul Allen's "Journal of the Times," for which I also wrote profusely, a capital outline "History of Maryland."

Was I overworking myself? I had no experience to guide me, and no admonition or warning, to put me upon my guard, until I pitched headlong out of my chair one night, while occupied with "Seventy-Six" or "Logan," and something else, at the same time. Having satisfied myself, how-

ever, as I lay upon the floor, by feeling my pulse, the rhythm of which — the "healthful music" — was undisturbed, and by touching my lips, upon which I found no froth nor foam, that I had neither apoplexy nor epilepsy to fear, but syncope, I made up my mind, then and there, before I got up, that I had been abusing my trust, violating some natural law, and presuming too much upon the strength of my natural constitution; and that, after the active life I had always led, I was undertaking too much; and, unless I went more into the open air, and took more bodily exercise, I should never be able to reach the point I was looking up to. As with me, it has always been but a word and a blow — "decision following every glance of thought, as the thunderbolt pursues the flash" — I began riding, fencing, and sparring forthwith, and entered upon a course of regular walking exercise, which I have continued from that day to this; averaging, I dare say, for the last fifty years, in one way and another, full two thousand miles a year, or one hundred thousand miles within that period. Most of the time, my business, while building, or attending to my professional affairs, obliged me to do more than this; for, although I kept two horses for many a year, and sometimes three, I never rode, except when I went out of town with my family.

But, with all this, I never slackened my studies nor labors, up to the time when I started away from the dinner-table of my excellent friend, Henry Robinson, after we had been talking about the insolent reviewers over sea, who had thought proper to ask, "Who reads an American book?" and to advise that we should "import our literature in bales and hogsheads;" and hurried off to England by the next packet, there to answer the question, by "carrying the war into Africa."

What others had done, I could do. And had not Sir Matthew Hale begun the study of law even later in life than I — at the age of twenty-six, if I do not mistake? And had he not studied sixteen hours a day, without breaking down, or outliving himself? Why, therefore, should I relax my endeavors, at least so long as I slept well, had always a reasonable appetite, and felt never the worse for my labors?

But I overlooked the circumstance, that Sir Matthew Hale had always been a student, instead of being an active man of

business; having begun his career with a clergyman, and then gone through the whole course of collegiate honors at Oxford; so that when he entered at Lincoln's Inn, which he did before he had reached twenty-two, he was prepared even for the study of law, as they studied it then, without books and without lectures; and having worn the heaviest armor in his preliminary exercises, he was ready to throw it off, in the great battle of life, like the young Spartans, when they found themselves in the presence of the enemy.

Not so with me. For I had every thing to learn, and almost every thing to unlearn; and all at once. I had no time for deliberation, hardly for experiment. In addition to which, what was the course of study for Sir Matthew Hale, at the time he entered the field, or that of any other English lawyer from that day to this, compared with what I was obliged to go through, if I ever hoped to reach the position I coveted?

In England, a man is prepared for a *department* of law only; and though he may read Coke upon Littleton, the Institutes, and Shepherd's Touchstone, and Fearne's Contingent Remainders, and Executory Devises, and such light affairs, for amusement, he is not called upon to study them, nor to work out the problems they contain, as we do here, unless to become a special-pleader, a conveyancer, or an equity-draughtsman. While there, one is wholly confined to the business of an attorney, or of a proctor in the ecclesiastical courts, or in chancery, another is known only as a barrister, and is never to be found intermeddling with his brethren below, or poaching upon their grounds. The criminal-lawyer is a criminal-lawyer, and nothing more. And he who goes into the Admiralty-courts would be all at sea in the King's-Bench, or Common-Pleas, just as Dr. Lushington would, before the Lord Chancellor, or Sir Samuel Romilly at the Quarter-Sessions.

And then, too, while the American lawyer is to be, at one and the same time, a counsellor and attorney, a conveyancer and advocate, with nobody to prepare his brief, or to look up authorities, he must be ready to practise in all our courts, from the highest to the lowest; from the Supreme-Court of the United States at Washington, down to the sixpenny magistrates and municipal authorities of the land; in all the com-

mon-law courts — in Chancery, in Admiralty, in the Orphans'-Court, or Probate-Court — and, in short, everywhere and anywhere, at all times, at the beck and bidding of his client, if that client be worth having, or worth keeping. Here, it is unsafe for any man to be thought above his business; and I have seen William Pinkney arguing a question before a justice of the peace in Baltimore — a question, to be sure, which involved the rights of a wealthy corporation — for a whole day at a time; and the present Judge Clifford, one of the associate justices of the United-States Supreme Bench, elaborating a case before the municipal judge of Portland, as if it were a question of life or death, where the fee was not more than five dollars, perhaps not over three, and the matter in dispute hardly worth mentioning; and this, after his return from Mexico, where he had been our minister, and after he had been the United-States Attorney-General. It was, indeed, not long before his translation to the bench of the United-States Supreme-Court.

And then, too, just look at the course of study for an American lawyer. In the first place, he must begin by making himself acquainted with the whole body of English law — with the whole system of procedure, and with all the reports and elementary works. Not enough is it for him to read Blackstone, and all his commentators; but he must be familiar with the Common-law and with the Statute-law of our mother country, they being the foundations of our whole system of jurisprudence, however modified. And so with Criminal-law, Chancery-law, Ecclesiastical-law, Mercantile-law, Maritime-law — the American lawyer, practise where he may out of a country village, needs to be familiar with all these; in other words, he must begin where the English lawyer leaves off. And, then, what next?

He must be well acquainted with the laws and decisions of his own State, and of all the neighboring States, and sufficiently so, to find what may be inquired for, in all the reports of all the different States of our confederacy.

Nor is this all. He must have the statute laws of the United-States, and all the reported decisions of the Supreme-Court, the Circuit-Courts, and the District-Courts, always within reach, if not at his finger-ends. And then, having a

French and Spanish population along our frontiers, and a people at New-Orleans and Florida and Texas, where the Code Napoléon is always of paramount authority, and Spanish law is continually coming up, he must be well acquainted with the French and Spanish languages, and with the Institutes of Justinian, and the Pandects — if not with the great body of Roman or Civil-law, that being the foundation of Spanish and French law — as with Pothier and Grotius, and Vattel and Montesquieu, and Burlamaqui and Beccaria. Or, if he ventures into one of our large cities, and flings down his glove there, with a generous and lofty purpose, he may find himself at the mercy of accident; and, instead of being prepared for everybody and every thing, as every assailant or interloper must, he may be driven to the wall by the first whipper-snapper he ventures to cross rapiers with. It was so with William Wirt, as he himself acknowledges. For want of knowing what everybody else knew — the merest pettifoggers of the day — he found himself, like the Santissima Trinidad, besieged by cockboats; or, like poor Gulliver, when the Lilliputians beset him in swarms, and fastened him to the ground, with pins and horse-hair.

But I need not dwell upon these considerations; for, notwithstanding my discouragements, I went through my course of study, as no other student ever did, so far as I know or believe; reading, within the four years of probation, more law than all the students about me; and enough, I am satisfied, to make it appear wonderful, even to such hard workers as David Hoffman himself, that I could have done what I did in less than twelve or fifteen years, even if I did nothing else during that time, and studied nothing else, instead of being obliged to earn a livelihood with my pen, while living from hand to mouth, to go through a course of general reading, in history and science, and to study languages by the half dozen.

Being admitted, I went into a very respectable practice, within the next following twelvemonth; and in time, if I had not gone abroad, might have secured a position well worth having. But, as it was, I never made much of a figure at the bar, and have not, since my return to this country, owing to reasons which I hope to set forth hereafter. But I stood well as a lawyer, with the best lawyers I knew; and the papers I

wrote, while studying with General Winder, on Capital Punishment, on Lotteries, on Imprisonment for Debt (growing out of the persecution of my dear old friend, Pierpont, by the unrelenting Grundys), on Mr. Taylor's "Junius Identified," on the Bankrupt-Laws, and on the great case of Sturgis *v.* Crowninshield, which overthrew, at one fell swoop our whole system of State insolvent-law — all of which appeared in the Baltimore papers, and most of them in the "Telegraph" — not only attracted the attention of leading minds throughout the country, but led to my editorial engagements, and to comparative independence, long before I had been admitted.

One of these papers — on Bills of Credit, wherein I undertook to show, and did show most conclusively, in the judgment of William Pinkney himself, that all our banks were unconstitutional — brought me a proposition from a Mr. Harris, President of the United-States Branch-Bank of Baltimore, to bring the question at issue before the Supreme-Court of the United-States, for which I might depend on being handsomely compensated, for Mr. Pinkney had been consulted, and had declared that the argument was unanswerable; but that he who should undertake to carry the question before the Supreme-Court "would bring an old house about his ears."

Unluckily for me, I was only a student-at-law; and yet more unluckily, the letter was left on General Winder's table when I was away, and I never saw it, nor heard of it, until many months had gone by, and I found it one day all covered with dust, and when I was but just entering upon the great field of controversy, which I have continued to occupy from that day to this.

And here I may be permitted to add, perhaps, that the positions I took against Chief-Justice Marshall, in the case of Crowninshield, were fully justified by subsequent decisions of the Supreme-Court; although, at the time, I stood alone, I believe, in maintaining, as I did, that it mattered not whether the insolvent laws of the several States were constitutional or unconstitutional; they constituted a part of every contract made while they were in existence, and were operative, as much as if they had been expressly incorporated therein; and all discharges, therefore, by State authority were conclusive, and

could not be questioned. And so, too, with my views of capital-punishment, and especially of public executions; of imprisonment for debt, of lotteries, and of our militia-system — great changes soon followed, and most of them, in such a shape, and under such circumstances, as to prove, beyond all question, that the papers I published in the Baltimore "Telegraph" had fruited abundantly, but slowly, and sometimes after a long interval; my first case, Heirs of Chirac *v.* Reinicker, reported by Wheaton, for which I received a retainer of ten dollars, having yielded five hundred dollars, after my return from abroad.

But I must bring this chapter to an end. On going away from Baltimore, I had no idea of abandoning the law, nor of being away more than a twelvemonth or so. I left my library, somewhat large for a beginner, and well chosen, and in the best possible condition, with a young man who had studied with me, and of whom I had the highest hopes. But he died suddenly, and my books and furniture went up into a neighboring loft; and when I returned to this country, instead of going back to Baltimore, as I intended, my friends there having advised me to go to New-Orleans, or Philadelphia, or even to New-York, the business of Baltimore having fallen off so much, and every thing, as they thought, then being dependent upon the result of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, I ordered my furniture and library to New-York; and there should have settled for life, perhaps, had not my other friends at Portland undertaken to say, while I was there on a visit — and a visit only, to my poor mother and sister — that I should not be allowed to remain there; and that, if I did, I should never be admitted to the bar.

This determined me; and though, at the time, I had no idea of settling for life in Portland, I lost no time in securing an office; two, I might say, — though I began with taking one, and had no idea of trying two, until my late uncle, James Neal, who happened to be passing by, while I was negotiating with the proprietor, Mr. James Deering, on being appealed to by that gentleman, assured him that I wouldn't have business enough to pay for my fire-wood; when I settled the question by saying at once, "Mr. Deering, I'll take both rooms;" and lost no time in getting established.

In the business of my profession, I continued, without devoting myself wholly to it — for want of clients mainly — until about the year 1840, when I withdrew altogether, and have been my own man ever since. Hereafter, I may recur to this portion of my life, and give satisfactory reasons for not having been more distinguished — I might say, for being so little distinguished, that my friend, the Hon. William Willis, who published, not many years ago, a history of the Cumberland Bar, absolutely forgot to mention my name, as he did that of somebody else, I forget whom, just now; though I believe it was Mr. Justice Ware, of the United-States District Court, who really deserved to be counted in among the foremost lawyers of Cumberland — I might say of New-England. Randolph A. L. Codman was another of these omissions, I am told.

CHAPTER XII.

LITERARY GROWTH: SPROUTING, FLOWER AND FRUITAGE.

BUDDING EFFLORESCENCE; MR. PIERPONT'S NOTIONS; "NIAGARA" AND "GOLDAU;" REVIEW OF BYRON'S WORKS; MORE ABOUT MY FIRST NOVEL; HOW IT WAS RECEIVED.

AUGUST 17, 1867. — "Once more into the breach, dear friends — once more!"

Although addicted to pretty tough story-telling, from my earliest recollection, and quite in the way of inventing and combining, for the amusement of my school-fellows, at the age of eight or ten, I never undertook to tell a story, on paper, till I had come to years of discretion.

My first efforts in the way of authorship, as with most of our ambitious youngsters, I dare say, were downright imitations — and imitations, too, not of prose, but of poetry; and the very first was an acrostic, which, somehow or other, never got beyond the first line, and which, to my unspeakable regret, I have wholly forgotten. I was wretchedly in love with a girl somewhat older than myself, who went to the same school, and sat opposite me, when I was between ten and eleven, to the best of my recollection and belief. Her name was Lucy; and, having achieved the first line, I was in labor with the second for I know not how long a time, nor whether it kept me awake or not. I only know that I could remember but one word in the English language that began with *u;* and that was Uncle. I never thought of looking into the dictionary; and there I stuck — and there I have continued to stick, to this day; never having finished that acrostic, nor attempted another. In fact, I am rather inclined to believe that my horror of acrostics, and my hatred of sonnets, for their-family likeness to acrostics, may be owing to my pitiable failure in this my first attempt upon poor Lucy.

Some years after this, being at home, on a visit from Portsmouth, where I was then living, I tried my hand, in a small way, upon something funny, which, I am happy to say, has utterly faded from my recollection. It was original, that I am sure of; and the versification was good: but the drollery was what I think I should now be inclined to cry over, if it were to rise up in judgment against me.

My next effort was in the epitaph line; and as it seemed quite successful, though not very ambitious, being a combination of the grotesque and the pathetic, and meant to be funny, or only half-serious at best, I think it worth remembering. A pet robin had been throttled by a tom-cat in our boarding-house, at Portsmouth, N.H.; and to assuage the sorrow of a fine, free-spirited girl the boarders were all in love with, two of us were chosen to write an epitaph, or what was then called "a pair of varses." And a "pair of varses" we did make of ourselves, that's a fact. My associate was named Langdon. We separated for the day; and when we met again, to compare notes, Langdon insisted on hearing mine, first. I consented; and he was so delighted, poor fellow, that he hadn't the courage to read his own aloud; and to this hour I have no idea how much better it was than mine; though, between ourselves, it could not well have been worse. There were, I believe, a dozen lines to answer for; but of these I remember only the following: —

"On angel-finger, taper, small, and neat,
Roost pretty robin, and forget thy pain,
Thy little cage, grimalkin's velvet feet,
And sweetly slumbering, visit us again!"

Of course, I said feet, *be-cause* I couldn't find a rhyme for *claws;* though now it comes to me of itself, as you see.

After this, I hung up my fiddle: enough had I accomplished to satisfy others, though not myself, that I only wanted opportunity and encouragement, to become reasonably famous in the epitaph-line. And who knows but I might, long before this, if pussy-cats and robin red-breasts had continued to solicit my attention? But I never tried my hand at another, until about the year 1850, when I wrote some lines for the memorial of Mrs. Osgood, which I have an idea are to be found

on her monument in Greenwood cemetery. That they are a considerable improvement upon my first essay, I think will be acknowledged, when it is remembered that only about half a century had intervened; the first lines being written in 1812, when I was in my nineteenth year, and the last in 1850, when I was in my fifty-seventh. Let no man be discouraged, therefore, though he may have begun with acrostics, and failed, or finished with an epitaph, when it would have been better if he had failed; for, at the end of half a hundred, or a hundred years, who knows what he may be capable of? The lines for Mrs. Osgood's monument were —

"Sister, we bring to thee
Fruitage and bloom,
While the birds sing to thee,
Over thy tomb.

Emblems are these of thy
Ripeness and sweetness,
Born of the upper sky,
Glory and fleetness.

In the still waters here,
Imaged we see,
Where they are bright and clear,
Pictures of thee."

In the fall and winter of 1814–15, I had another paroxysm. I was at Hallowell, teaching penmanship and drawing; and happened to board with a Mr. Palmer, whose wife had a pretty niece named Olivia T., whom I had met with at Exeter, N.H., about a twelvemonth before, and fallen head-over-heels in love with. It seemed to me in all seriousness, when I found myself in her company away Down-East, after I had given her up, and had not the least idea of ever seeing her again, that Providence must have something in view, by bringing us together again; she as *trig*, and sprightly, and as full of mischief as ever, and I altogether more of a man, and not afraid of saying, if I should be driven to such necessity, that my soul was my own, without gasping for breath, however it might be with my heart. I had met her in mid-winter at Waterville, and did not then know that she had relations in Hallowell, or that Mrs. Palmer was her aunt. When that

dear good woman told me — after hearing of our acquaintance at Exeter and Waterville — that she had been obliged to put me into Olivia's bed, or bed-chamber, I forget which, I was half beside myself with a sort of reverent joy, a solemn sense of I knew not what, but something as if she had been committed to my charge, in her untroubled innocence, and that, happen what might, I should be answerable for her safe-keeping. Not that she was expected home, not that I was likely to see her at Hallowell — for I was only a bird of passage myself — a buzzard, if you will, at the time — but, then, wasn't I in her sleeping-chamber, in her very bed, and wouldn't something naturally be expected of me, and something out of the common way? How could I reconcile it to my conscience, to forego such an opportunity?

And so I went to work, and dreamed a dream. "I saw a hand you cannot see; I heard a voice you cannot hear;" and the next morning, by peep of day, I had written, I know not how many verses about Olivia, containing an account of my dream. The two last lines were sufficiently lugubrious and emphatic for one who had been murdering in his sleep, to say nothing of what he did after he was awake.

"Methought by me Olivia bled;
Methought by me she died!"

Not long after this, I made my first experiment in prose. I had been writing letters all my life long, and, I have no doubt, owe much of the astonishing facility that others wonder at, to this habit of talking on paper; but, then, I had never written a *piece*, never what is called a composition. But one sabbath-morning, in the midst of an excited political canvass, when everybody seemed rushing into print, a fellow-boarder, named Aldrich, came into my room, and proposed to unite with me in preparing an article for the "Hallowell Gazette." I said yes, with the single qualification, that he should furnish one article, and I another, and each for himself, without suggestion, or help from the other.

Both were written and sent; and mine appeared in the next paper, though his, I believe, did not. Mine was sufficiently absurd, I must acknowledge, for I did not understand my subject, nor what was wanted; but his, if the truth must

be told, was yet worse. I remember something I said about a candidate, and his bolting from the course; but nothing more. But it was my first essay, and it satisfied me, that anybody who wrote English — as well as many who did not, and do not, even to this day — might find his way into the newspapers.

From this time forward, I wrote nothing — not a word, not a syllable — for the printers, — until after we were established in Baltimore, when, having become acquainted with a set of handsome, clever, and very pleasant young women, with something of a literary taste, it was proposed by one of their number, a Miss Maria C., to form a club, and furnish weekly, each in turn, a paper upon any subject we chose, to be read at our meetings.

Out of these grew some prose sketches, and half a dozen poems, which appeared in the "Wanderer," a very weakly periodical, then just emerging from the chrysalis; and the "Portico," which I have already had occasion to speak of.

The ice was now broken. I had appeared in print, and the people about me knew it. Of course, much was expected of me — too much, indeed, by my friends and associates. And one day, being at my desk in the retail-establishment I have mentioned, my friend Pierpont, who had begun to have strange notions of my poetical power, owing to a revelation I had most unexpectedly made, brought me a newspaper, containing an account of the destruction of Shane Castle, in Ireland, the seat of the O'Neals, by fire, and begged me to try my hand on that catastrophe, for the "Portico." "With all my heart," said I; and, before he left me, I wrote a poem of thirty-two lines, which appeared in the next number of the "Portico," together with another "to Genius;" both over the signature A. (one of a score that I used in the "Portico"), which led some capital judges (of signatures) to assign all these papers to Paul Allen, just then at the zenith of his meridian glory.

This was in 1816, when I was in my twenty-third year; and a brief passage or two will show something of what passed then, and very justly I think, for the true ore of poetry, though it needed smelting and purifying, and not a little hammering.

"Farewell, silent Erin! — farewell to thy glory!
It has leaped from thine altar, the watch-towers of Shane,
While the Spirit of song, and the Genius of story,
Stood watching thee, star of their hearts! in thy wane.
The pride and the strength of whole ages shall weep thee,
For the suns of whole ages have hallowed thy pile,
Farewell, lonely sentry of Freedom! *go sleep thee*,
With the bones of our monarchs, the lights of our isle," &c., &c.

"Go sleep thee!" indeed. How strange that neither my friend Pierpont, nor my friend Watkins, the editor, should have made no complaint, suggested no change, in that vile, ungrammatical phrase. But both were blinded in their admiration of what they called my genius.

And here I may as well introduce what I have already alluded to in a late paragraph, that my friend Pierpont may not be wholly without excuse, for entertaining such extravagant notions of his junior-partner.

One day, while he was in travail with the "Airs of Palestine," I dropped in to see him, in the midst of his throes, and found him reading a new poem which had just appeared, Shelley's "Revolt of Islam." "There," said he, "just read that, and tell me what you think of it." I ran my eye over the passage, and was about to reply, when he said, "Read it aloud, John." I had never done such a thing in my life. I had certainly never read a page of any thing that resembled poetry to another person; but I was in no humor for acknowledging the truth, and so I went at it, and after reading awhile, stopped. "Go on," said he, "go on;" and I did go on, till I had finished the whole poem. When I had finished, he drew a long breath, and, laying his hand on my arm, said, "John, you are a poet!" I said nothing; for what could I say? I knew that I read as I felt, and therefore, I suppose, naturally; but that I was a poet, or that my reading another's poetry, under any circumstances, would show the fact, any more than reading a song would show that I was a musician, had never entered my head. Nevertheless, my dear friend was right; and I say now, that although most poets play the mischief with poetry, even their own — where the poetry does not play the mischief with them — whenever they undertake to read it aloud, either by chanting, after the manner of Coleridge, or by sacrificing the rhyme, and making

prose of the finest passages, or with sing-song, "two up and two down," like Latinists in scanning, yet, after all, none but a true poet can ever read true poetry. All others are as much out of their proper sphere, as a man would be, who should undertake to play the great Haarlem organ, as Handel did, with legs and arms all abroad, though wholly unacquainted with music. "Can't you play?" said a fiddler to a fellow who had been watching him for a long while from the corner. "Don't know," said the other: "never tried; but jess give us hold, and we'll see." And just so is it with most readers of poetry; being themselves prosaic, they have no idea that a poem is a musical instrument, on which no man ever played, without help, until he had learned the fingering.

Not long after this, being about to visit Philadelphia, he said to me, "John, you write poetry: I know you do." At this time he had never seen a syllable of mine, to justify the charge; nor had any one else, out of the circle I have mentioned, where we used to read our communications. I could not "deny the soft impeachment;" and, after blushing and stammering — I mean just what I say — I owned up to a sort of common-place-book, which I put into his hands on board the boat, just as we parted; and which he handed back to me on his return, literally with tears in his eyes, saying, "Well, John, what did I tell you?" And then he said, substantially, something like this — for the fragments he had been overhauling, were fragments only, and never intended for another's eye — "Notwithstanding your extravagance, that little memorandum-book is full of strange and beautiful thought, and full of originality; in a word, of *poetry*."

And this opinion he confirmed long afterward, when the evidence he gave that he meant all he said, was of a nature so unquestionable, that no human being would ever think of doubting his honesty, any more than I did his judgment and taste; and I may as well introduce it here.

The "Battle of Niagara" and "Goldau" were both written at his suggestion; and both were published without his knowledge, while he was at Harvard, preparing for the ministry. "Niagara" he never saw, until I sent him the book; and "Goldau" he had only seen, after I had written the first two or three hundred lines, which I threw off in less than forty-eight hours, according to my present recollection.

Of course, when it appeared, without a hint or intimation, either from me, or from anybody else — for it was printed in the "Portico" office, while the proprietor, Dr. Watkins, was away on a tour of inspection — it took him altogether by surprise.

After reading it, he sat down, it seems, and wrote a letter to his wife; and then, all at once, it occurred to him that he would copy what he had written to her about "Niagara," and send it to me. This, he lost no time in doing. I have his letter now before me. It runs thus, and is postmarked Sept. 9, 1818:—

"Oh! I had nearly forgotten to tell you that Neal has published a volume of poetry. It contains two poems of considerable length: one entitled "Battle of Niagara," founded upon the battle that was fought during the late war, just by the Falls of Niagara, called the battle of Lundy's Lane; the other named "Goldau," founded on a scene that took place among the mountains of Switzerland, which is more particularly stated in the little biographical sketch prefixed to Mr. Buckminster's sermons. The poems are both very great, admirable, astonishing, indeed. He has thrown his whole character into them; and either of them contains more of the greatness and madness of poetry than *any* other poem that was ever written in America. True, they have great defects, of which I think their not unfrequent obscurities are the most conspicuous. But all the defects are more than a thousand times counterbalanced by the beauties. There are some inaccuracies, but they are nothing to the splendor, beauty, and grandeur of the great body of the poems. They will do him immortal honor, in my humble opinion. He does not publish in his real name, but under his club name of "Jehu O'Cataract," which, for his "Battle of Niagara," is peculiarly appropriate. I have many apprehensions that the book will suffer in the opinion of the public, merely from the circumstance of having that name, which has so much the air of burlesque attached to it. For there are, as may be found in all his poetry, many passages, in which it might be difficult to tell, except from the context, whether it were burlesque or sublimity; and should the reader, after having read the name on the title-page, happen to open upon one of

his extravagances, he would take it all for the labor of a lunatic, and throw it by. But the man who has a soul for poetry, and will take it and treat it as it deserves, will be treated in his turn with such poetry as has not heretofore been written in this country; by *such* poetry, I mean distinctly, that the poetry is better, more grand, sublime, and original, than any other American poetry. The 'Airs of Palestine,' as a whole poem, is more correct, and more harmonious; more polished in the structure of the verse, but immeasurably more *tame*" —

And then he adds, "My dear John, — I had proceeded thus far on the last page of a letter to my wife of this date, when, stopping at *tame*, to take a new penful of ink, the idea popped into my head that I should like to have Mary show Neal that part of the letter, should he happen at Litchfield; because, being written without any idea of his ever seeing it, there could be no doubt in his mind as to the honesty of the criticism. The next idea was, that, although I had not got to a real stop, I would nevertheless stop just there, and copy it into the next letter I wrote to you. So, that I might send the letter to my wife by next mail, I took the sheet and copied it immediately, word for word, and letter for letter, and comma for comma, and *score* for *score*. I had even written '*their*' for '*the*,' as you see above in her letter, and made unintentionally the same mistake in copying," &c., &c.

At the same time, he sent me a most enthusiastic and gratifying critique on the volume, by the Rev. Mr. Gilman, afterwards settled in Charleston, S.C., which appeared in Major Russell's paper, the "Centinel." "But, in my opinion," he adds, after praising the criticism heartily enough to show a just appreciation of the author, "he ought to have given you as decided a preference to Gray, as he has to Thomson and Scott. *My* opinion of the book is briefly this: that *no* English poet has, within the same compass, so much poetry; nay, that no *man* now alive has written so much good poetry as that book contains. Now you know what I think of you. Pity me, if you please, and petition the legislature for a guardian, or the managers of the Pennsylvania-Hospital for lodgings; but that is my opinion of Jehu O'Cataract's poems."

About this time, while the newspapers were ringing the changes upon "Goldau" and "Niagara," Paul Allen came out in all seriousness, and yet more extravagantly, by far, than Mr. Pierpont; and though he called it "a swash of magnificence" in the "Journal of the Times," and said it was not always easy to determine whether I was laughing at the reader, or only letting off the fireworks of a new empyrean, or something of the sort, still it was what we had long been waiting for, a poem full of originality, and strength and beauty. I do not pretend to give the language, but the substance of his testimony, abundantly confirming that of Mr. Pierpont. And it should be remembered, that both of these men had something at stake in the way of reputation; for Pierpont was then acknowledged, by common consent, for the leading poet of America; and Allen had been declared by Mr. Jefferson himself, after the publication of "Lewis and Clark's Tour," which he prepared for the press, to be the very best of our American writers. His "Noah" had not then been published.

One more incident, and I have done with this part of my story. Not long after the appearance of my poems, I wrote something — I forget what, "Ambition" perhaps — which led Mr. Pierpont to say, in so many words, that he should give up the writing of poetry, and never write any more; since what with him was labor, to me was mere play. And he kept his promise, notwithstanding all my remonstrances and expostulations, for, I should think, twenty-five or thirty years. If that simple fact does not go far to prove his sincerity — to say nothing of his infatuation, or hallucination — I should be glad to know what would. At this time, however, he could not have written his "E pluribus Unum;" nor the lines about Garrison, where he talks about "the torch, the torrent of the mob."

Meanwhile — to return — meanwhile, I had betaken myself to prose, after a similar fashion; and was beginning to write for the papers. But stay: it can do no harm, I think, and it may do some good, for me to be more particular just here in the details of my progress in authorship, from the earliest sprouting to the ultimate fruiting, such as it was, and is.

One evening, while we were all together at the club, talking about the business and the news of the day, the President, Dr. Watkins, turned toward Mr. Pierpont, and begged him to write a review of Byron, whose "Childe Harold" had just appeared, and who was then at the very zenith of his glory. Mr. Pierpont laughed, and shook his head, but did not positively refuse; for the "Portico" needed help, and any thing, in his way, he would have been glad to contribute. Watkins, however, did not so understand him. I knew that, and, foreseeing what was likely to happen, pitied both. At our next meeting, Watkins renewed the subject, and went so far as to say that Pierpont had promised — or, at any rate, that he had so understood him; and that he had depended upon the article, and was greatly disappointed. To prevent all farther misconception, Mr. Pierpont said positively that a review was not in his line: he had never written one, in all his life, and probably never should; and therefore the proposition, though sufficiently flattering, was respectfully declined. Seeing that both were a little embarrassed, or flurried, and very unwilling that such men should so misunderstand each other, as I knew they would, if left to themselves, I offered to write the review myself. Never shall I forget the expression of poor Watkins's countenance. Pierpont said nothing; and the other members of the club seemed to take it for a capital joke. This made me quite serious; and I renewed the proposition, which, of course, under the circumstances, could not well be refused; for, after all, what risk was there on the part of the editor? If the review didn't suit him, couldn't he throw it into the fire, or mislay it, or crowd it out, or postpone it indefinitely; or overlay it, as other editors often do, with his own every-day notions? I saw by his look, that, although he thought me capable of almost any thing in the way of presumption, if not of achievement, he was not prepared for any thing quite so preposterous, as for a *young* man, of twenty-three — for I was really very young of my age, or I should not have dared to attempt such a thing — without a name, and without education, to review the works of Lord Byron, just when the whole country was in a blaze with them; and to do this in such a publication as the "Portico," a monthly journal, then just beginning to make a noise in the world. And this I

told him, not long after the review appeared; but he always maintained that I had misunderstood the expression of his handsome countenance, for he had never entertained a doubt of my being able to do whatever I undertook. But I knew better: he may have deceived himself; but he did not deceive me; for there was no mistaking the signs of astonishment I saw, when I succeeded in making him understand that I was in downright earnest, and not to be trifled with.

Having taken up the glove, I lost no time in getting to work. Within the next following four days, I had gone through with the whole body of Byron's works, and written about one hundred and fifty pages of manuscript, which I handed to Mr. Pierpont, on his calling to ask me when I proposed to begin the review. After glancing over a few pages, he insisted on my reading it to him: I consented; but, long before I had finished, he seemed to have an idea that there was some kind of a hoax at the bottom; but when I had got through, and assured him in all seriousness, that I had never written a line, till I had finished reading all the poems he had lent me, including the third canto of "Childe Harold," he urged me to publish what I had written, just as it stood. This I would not consent to do; the manuscript being, in my own judgment, atrocious, and much of it having been scribbled with one hand, while I was holding the book with the other, and copying at arm's length. And then, too, though I had never rewritten any thing but my verses, I felt assured, that, in going over what I had occasion to say, I should be able to improve it. He shook his head, I remember, and seemed rather unwilling to trust me. But I persevered; and within twenty-four hours, according to my present recollection, I had completed what I meant for one article, having no idea how much manuscript went to an octavo page of the "Portico," and supposing it would all appear in one number. Instead of this, it made fifty-five printed pages, and was continued through five or six numbers. I have not read a line of it, from that day to this — more than fifty years; but, on looking over it just now, I must acknowledge that I do not feel ashamed of my work. On the contrary, I am rather astonished at myself; the opinions I expressed being such as I entertain at this moment, and the language

about as well fitted to the subject, as any thing I have written since. The selections, too, were pre-eminently characteristic of Byron, and, I might say, of myself, and such as I am willing to abide by, for the justification of all I said of that wilful, wayward man, who persisted in sacrificing himself, or rather in throwing himself away, lest he might be overlooked, or forgotten, if he did not keep the whole reading-world in a perpetual *feese*, and fidget, and flutter.

I was now fairly launched; and continued writing for the "Portico," without pay, from June, 1816, to June, 1818, when, having overloaded it with a ponderous essay on "Free Agency" — to say nothing of other articles, amounting to one-third of the whole, when it had been changed to a quarterly, or three-decker — it went to the bottom, where it has been lying ever since, like the British frigate and her golden treasure, at Hellgate, or the Narrows, waiting for a new application of the diving-bell.

It was a melancholy affair, though, that foundering of the "Portico;" but, after all, it was no fault of mine. The doctor had gone the whole length of his tether, without counting the cost. He had collected his subscriptions in advance, and was over head-and-ears in debt; and, having applied for the benefit of the insolvent laws of Maryland, was in no condition for a further outlay. He had been ordered off on a tour of inspection along the frontiers, and called on me, just before he left us, to say that he must rely on me to carry this quarterly number through the press; the last, perhaps, that would ever appear, unless the masonic fraternity — of which he was the head and front, and with whom he was so pre-eminently popular that nothing he could say or do, was ever able to shake their faith in him, or their love — should bestir themselves for his relief. "All the copy was given out, and in the hands of the printer; and all I should have to do," he said, with a seriousness not to be questioned, "would be to correct the press, and, *perhaps*, write a few paragraphs to fill up with." And here we separated; — he giving himself no further trouble about the business; and I going to work, under a belief that I had little or nothing to do, out of the routine I had established for myself. But, alas! I soon found, on looking over the copy, that I should have to write perhaps one-half of the

whole number; and this, too, when I was getting up "Niagara," a novel or two, and occasional newspaper-articles, to say nothing of law, languages, and metaphysics. But having undertaken the job, and the reputation of the editor being dependent upon the issue, I persevered; and accomplished my purpose, to the unspeakable relief of that amiable and excellent man, who soon after returned, to give the Delphians a magnificent supper, the wines and venison for which, and the canvass-backs, were furnished by a brother-mason, who had been his largest creditor, when he was set free by the insolvent-law, about a month before. But I am running ahead of my story.

Having been well received in the "Portico" — so well, indeed, that the editor showed me two or three letters upon the subject of my papers, declaring, as he did so, that all the best articles were attributed to me, and, among them, one from his brother-in-law, Simpson, of Philadelphia, the editor of a paper there, and a famous critic, who wrote to say that he had just been satisfying some of the learned Thebans, or Athenians rather, of that glorious region — that the papers on Byron, which were signed A., had been written by Dr. Watkins himself, as anybody might know, from the internal evidence; though the Philadelphians, who were very proud of Paul Allen as an early editor of "Bronson's United-States Gazette," and the compiler of "Lewis and Clark's Tour," were maintaining, tooth and nail, that nobody living could write such wonderful criticisms, but Paul Allen (perhaps these gentlemen found the "internal evidence" in the signature I adopted for that particular series — a capital A., and nothing more): Having been well received in the "Portico" — what a period! — I now began to cast about for something better to do — something, at least, which would pay better; and, after considering the matter for ten minutes or so, determined to try my hand at a novel.

And forthwith to work I went, and soon produced a story in two volumes, with a preposterous title, "Judge not from First Appearances." Oddly enough, somebody, a woman, has just taken the same title, "Judge Not," which, to say the least of it, is a far better title than mine. I committed it to the care of Mr. Pierpont, who was then hard at work

for the ministry, in Cambridge. He tried two or three of the leading Boston publishers, who fought shy, so that we didn't even get a "glorious nibble" — much less a bite; although "our hooks were baited with a dragon's tail," like those that were used by the giant, who "sat on a rock and bobbed for whale." And the result was, that I took home the manuscript, and re-wrote the whole; changing the title to "Keep Cool," and trying to be funny — very funny. A purchaser was entrapped — Mr. Cushing, of Baltimore — who, on having it read to him by my friend Watkins, offered me two hundred dollars for the copyright, which, of course, I jumped at, like a cock at a gooseberry. It seems a pitiful sum now for an American novel; but then, it was something handsome, since he could have the best English novels, in print, for nothing; and Charles Brockden Brown, whose marvellous parodies of Godwin were exceedingly popular, got even less for "Ormond," "Wieland," and "Edgar Huntley," though portions of them were not only astonishing for their strength and beauty, and dramatic power, but for their originality; and, in my judgment, were superior to Godwin himself, and even to "Caleb Williams."

In writing this story, I had two objects in view: one was to discourage duelling; and another was — I forget what. I only know that, inasmuch as it had become a settled fashion to head the chapters of a story with quotations, like those of Sir Walter Scott, which had seldom any thing to do with the subject, I sat down and wrote several pages of dislocated and fantastic verses, which I handed to the printer, with general directions to divide the chapters, according to his own good pleasure, and to prefix the mottoes, without any regard to their applicability, hit or miss; all which he did; so that no wonder people could never quite satisfy themselves that I was not making fun of the reader.

One thing more I did, which I have just happened to remember. I was tired to death of titles, and especially of Esquires and Honorables, and had quite made up my mind never to give any countryman of mine a title of honor; nor ever to say the Honorable Court, or your Honors, even to the Chief Justice of the Supreme-Court of the United States, though willing enough to give titles of *office* to anybody and

everybody — a course I have persisted in for half a century; though, of late, I must acknowlege, that I have begun to relax, and relent, and, within the last six months, to say Esquire, and Honorable in my letters, &c., as, on the whole, somewhat easier than to give my reasons for not doing so.

At this time, too, my friend Pierpont had just issued his "Airs of Palestine," with a handsomely engraved title-page, whereon he appeared as "John Pierpont, *Esquire*." This I could not stomach, and so "Keep Cool" appeared, as if written by "Himself, Esquire."

Yet more. The reviewers were having the field all to themselves about this time. Authors were nowhere. And so I prefaced my book with a review, somewhat after the fashion of the day, beginning with "America was discovered in 1492, by Christopher Columbus," &c., &c., which, on the whole, was, I think, a very fair hit.

As for the characters, the situations, and the incidents generally of this, my first novel, I have to say that I think them worthy of great praise; the story itself dramatic, and earnest and plausible, and the language far beyond the trash of the hour; but, then, the jokes, the pleasantries — they are, according to my present recollection, and I must confess that I have not courage enough to look at them again, both tiresome and silly. The hero is driven to the field, as he thinks, and as others in the fiery atmosphere of Baltimore then thought, by sheer necessity. He was obliged to fight, or be disgraced for ever. And having fought, and having vindicated his manhood, under the greatest provocations, by leaving his adversary on the field, from which he never rose again, he goes forth a broken-hearted man, to sorrow and lament, in sackcloth and ashes, for the remainder of his life, that he yielded so much to the evil customs of society, instead of outbraving the worst, and bearing, as a christian gentleman, what only christian gentlemen can ever be expected to bear. Stay: I have just opened the book to verify a date, June 27, 1817, when it was published, and I find that "Percy" did not die on the field, but after there had been a reconciliation with "Sidney."

And here I am reminded of an amusing incident or two which occurred at the time of publication. Our friend

Watkins, whom we had nicknamed Pertinax Particular, was a man so fond of paradox and contradiction, that, sooner than agree with anybody, he would say any thing, and so earnestly and vehemently, as to satisfy most people that he meant what he said; and if, in the progress of inquiry, his antagonist showed any sign of yielding, he would slip over to the other side, as if to show him how good a case might be made for him, with a little patience and ingenuity. In sketching the character of "Echo," if I must acknowledge the truth, and own up, I had one of my own leading characteristics in view, as I thought. Nevertheless, our friend Watkins went so far as to adopt the whole character, saying it was intended for him; and, on the whole, was good enough to be handsomely acknowledged. And yet, as I live, I had never thought of the man, while portraying the individual he referred to.

Another incident, worth mentioning, perhaps, just here, was this. I had been to visit my mother; and after passing through Litchfield, where I managed to fall desperately in love with a Miss L., had reached New Haven, on my way to Baltimore, and had turned in at a very early hour, that my meditations upon the delightful young woman I have mentioned might be undisturbed — a mere school-girl, at the time, who boarded at Mrs. Lord's, the mother of Mrs. Pierpont — under an agreement I had made long before, that if ever I went to Litchfield, and they would *put up* with me, I would *put up* with them.

After being in bed an hour or two, I was waked by a serious altercation going on in a further corner of the large hall we occupied, between two young men, collegians perhaps, who were criticising a new book, just out, they said. Occasionally, they would rip out an oath; and then there would be a hearty laugh, and then a growl. I began to have my misgivings — to understand what a poor fellow says in the play, "I knew they were talking about me, for they laughed consumedly." At last the question was settled. "What the plague does he mean by this, hey?" said the man who held the book, and was reading it by a vile smoky lamp, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, and one leg in the air. "*Anguillam cauda tenes* — You hold a snake by the tail. Pshaw! — dare say he thinks that very fine, or he would n't have

crowded it into the title-page; but what does it signify?" "Very true," said I to myself; "and if you had the least idea of what a joke was there hidden, you wouldn't wonder. Suppose you translate it, 'You hold *an eel* by the tail:' don't you catch the idea?" But how could I explain it, without betraying the author? I could not; and so I turned over, and went to sleep.

CHAPTER XIII.

LITERARY GROWTH CONTINUED

"JUNIUS NOT IDENTIFIED;" "ALLEN'S REVOLUTION;" PAUL ALLEN AND DR. WATKINS; HEZEKIAH NILES AND THE INDEX TO HIS REGISTER; CRITICISMS OF THE DAY.

SEPT. 2, 1867. — I find, on referring to letters, incidents, and memoranda widely scattered, that I wrote for Paul Allen's "Journal of the Times" — also without pay — from its commencement, in September, 1818, until it died of sheer inanition. Among the papers I contributed was a review of "Junius Identified," in which I undertook to show that Mr. Taylor had not succeeded in establishing the identity of Sir Philip Francis with Junius; and that, by his own showing, if the facts and circumstances were all as he had stated, they were capable of another explanation. The paper was written for the club, and being well received, just when Mr. Taylor's book was convincing everybody, Allen claimed it for the "Journal," where it appeared, week after week, overloaded with the most extraordinary typographical blunders; for, as usual, I never saw the proofs. It was almost a book of itself; and, though it was entitled "Junius *not* Identified," I relied wholly upon Mr. Taylor for my facts. Nor did I undertake to show that Sir Philip Francis was *not* Junius, only that Mr. Taylor had failed to show that he *was* Junius.

Meanwhile, I had been betrayed into writing a part of "Allen's History of the American Revolution" — two volumes octavo — under the following strange circumstances. Allen, though decidedly a man of genius, and a charming, though exuberant writer, full of warmth and earnestness, and at times exceedingly eloquent, had a miserable habit of procrastination, which kept him always under whip and spur. Ten or fifteen years before I knew him, he had acquired such a glorious reputation, as the very best of our writers, that a man

by the name of Hopkins, who went about the country, year after year, selling razor-strops of his own contrivance (the very man referred to in Chapter VII.), until he was thought to have made a fortune, took it into his head to obtain subscriptions for a "History of the American Revolution, in two volumes octavo, by Paul Allen, Esq.;" having secured Allen, as he believed, by a conditional promise, dependent upon the subscriptions, at five dollars each, and having furnished him, year after year, with revolutionary documents, orderly books, and letters from all parts of the country, East, West, North, and South. At last, in the spring of 1818, he had obtained over fifteen thousand of the best names in the country; and as they were beginning to die off, or to vanish from the places that had once known them, he concluded it was time to have the manuscript, upon which Allen had been laboring for so many years, as he believed, put into the hands of a printer. But Allen, when applied to, kept putting him off — now, with assurances that it would soon be ready; and now, that he was going all over it again, supplying omissions, correcting the errors and oversights, and verifying certain disputed occurrences. Hopkins began to be troubled at last, and finally, in a fit of desperation, called on our friend Watkins, and asked his advice. Watkins, being himself a terrible procrastinator, wherever it was possible to procrastinate, seemed to have a suspicion of the truth, and suggested to Hopkins, that perhaps friend Allen had not got so far along as he wished, and was for that reason afraid to show his hand. But what was to be done? The subscription was dying out; and the razor-strop man was almost afraid to show his face, in large portions of the country, where he had been in the habit of assuring the statesmen, lawgivers, and politicians of the land, year after year, that the book was almost ready for the press, and then, that it was going through the press at a hand-gallop.

On the whole, therefore, he determined to have another interview with Allen, and insist on seeing, with his own eyes, just how much had been accomplished. But Allen was not to be headed off in this way: he fired up, and threatened to destroy all he had written, and return all the boxes of revolutionary-papers to the owners, if he was to be baited and

badgered after this fashion. What did they take him for? Did they suppose a History of the American Revolution could be thrown off, like a daily newspaper? Hopkins apologized, and explained, and finally succeeded in pacifying the strange man, who, in the course of their conversation, had suggested — as they were in so great a hurry to secure the old subscriptions — that Hopkins had better engage somebody else — Dr. Watkins, or Mr. Pierpont — to lend a hand in the work, and help finish it off. Hopkins snapped at the idea, and reported the whole conversation to the doctor, saying that, upon his soul, he did not believe Allen had written more than half the work; and that, of course, if it were so, years might go by, before it would be ready for the printer. Watkins thought he must be mistaken; that Allen could never be so greatly self-deceived; and, on the whole, had no doubt that full three-quarters, or at least two-thirds, must be done.

After this, they had a consultation with Mr. Pierpont, who would not listen to a proposition. History was altogether out of his line; as much so, to say the least of it, as reviewing; but he suggested his friend Neal, saying that, if I could be persuaded to undertake it, he would answer for me. Persuaded! — persuade a drowning man to snatch at a straw, or a hungry man to open his mouth widely! I wanted precious little persuasion, you may be sure; and Watkins having corroborated all that Pierpont said of me, and Allen having assented with his whole heart, I agreed to write whatever might be required, in copartnership with Watkins, at one dollar the printed page. But how much was there to be done? That was the first question to be settled; and I ventured to suggest — knowing Allen as I did — that if a quarter part were written, and ready for the press, I should be astonished. They desired me to see for myself, and ascertain how the land lay. It was rather a delicate affair to manage; but I lost no time — for I had none to lose — in bringing our friend Paul to close-quarters. After a long and very pleasant conversation, in which he professed himself delighted and unspeakably relieved by the arrangement, he owned up. So far from having written three-quarters, or one-half, or even one-quarter, he had not written a single page — not even a line!

When I reported the result, the parties looked at each other, as if they durst not believe their own ears. What was to be done? Should they throw the subscription-books into the fire, and leave Paul Allen to his fate; or get up the two volumes without his help? In the midst of their trouble and embarrassment, I proposed to go to Cambridge, to read every thing that had been written about the Revolution — together with Professor Ebeling's library, then just received at Harvard — and complete the two volumes in twelve months at furthest, and perhaps in six. This proposition staggered them; but, on the whole, it was finally arranged that Watkins and I should go to work in partnership, at once, and bring forth the work, with Allen's adoption, as fast as we could drive it through the press. At the desire of my associate, I began with the Declaration of Independence; and wrote in the course of two months, or less, enough to make about one volume, reading the while whatever I had not read before, including Marshal, Ramsay, Gordon, and others; and, having deposited the manuscript with my coadjutor, started off on a trip to Portland, leaving him to correct the proofs. But, alas! they were so shamefully misprinted, and so crowded with blunders, often making nonsense of the finest passages, that, although at first, I was indignant at his having suppressed so large a portion of what I had written, I soon became reconciled to the disappointment, much as I wanted the money, when I considered how much more I might have had to answer for. I had furnished what would have made about six hundred pages; but my friend, the doctor, only published about three hundred and fifty; that is, from the Declaration of Independence to the end of the first volume, having himself written all that could be got into the book about the same transactions. He professed to be delighted with what I had done, and particularly with the opening, which, sooth to say, was rather above the dead level of historical composition; but, being paid by the page, of course it would be pleasanter for him to have his own manuscript used. And, of course, I had nothing to say. The work appeared within the time agreed upon, having a few lines from Allen by way of introduction; all that he ever wrote of "*Allen's* famous American Revolution."

And here an amusing incident comes up in this connection, which will bear narrating. One day, about the year 1823, while I was living in London, "I happened in," as we Yankees would say, at Mr. Miller's bookstore, where the American papers were always lying on a table for the entertainment of his friends. He was the first publisher of Washington Irving's "Sketch-Book," and of Cooper's novels; and was called the American-bookseller, though an Englishman, because he had republished these American books.

While running my eye over the columns of a Boston paper, it lighted on a long article, headed "Battle of the Brandywine," an American story. I began reading some of the extracts; and, after a few moments, I said to myself, "Hang the fellow! he is a plagiarist; he is imitating me." And then I read on, for two or three paragraphs, without a suspicion of the truth, and must acknowledge that I felt inclined to compliment the author for his warmth and earnestness, and almost for his originality, until I came upon the names of Archibald Oadley and somebody else, when I found that the extracts were all from my story of "Seventy-Six." But why not say so? why call it the "Battle of Brandywine"?

Years after this, I met with another long extract from that part of Allen's History which had been written by me, accompanied by remarks which went to show that the writer had some object in view which I did not understand.

At last, after another year or two, the mystery was explained. Not long after my return to my native town, I received a letter from a Mr. Hill — Frederick Hill, if I may trust my memory — saying that he was on the stage, and wanted to appear in Portland. That I might know whom I had to deal with, he said that he had formerly been the editor of a Boston paper — I forget which — and that seeing me and my books abused in about all the newspapers of the country, and often by those who did not appear to be acquainted with my writings, or myself, he determined to test the question. And, with that view, he gave a series of extracts, oftentimes of two or three columns, from different books of mine, to which he gave new titles. And these extracts, he told me, went through the whole country, like a

prairie fire, and were copied and praised, from Dan to Beersheba. Of the whole, however, being abroad at the time, I had only seen the two I have mentioned. Wasn't it a neat trick, and somewhat conclusive upon my critics?

And here it may not be out of place for me to give a slight off-hand sketch of these two individuals — Allen and Watkins — each remarkable in his way, and wholly unlike in the constitution of their minds, as in their habits and pursuits. In one thing only were they alike. Neither could be persuaded to do any thing to-day, which might be put off till to-morrow; a weakness which, in the end, proved fatal to both. Forty years ago, I gave in "Randolph" portraitures of these two individuals, which, as they were painted while we were on the most familiar terms, and they were sitting to me day after day, I have no doubt were truthful and exact; but I dare not refer to them now, choosing to trust to my recollections, without help, in all such matters, and wishing to give my present impressions, without reference to the past.

Paul Allen was a Rhode-Islander, born, if I do not mistake, in Providence. At an early period, he took to writing; and step by step — I know not how, for I never questioned him about his early life, and he was not of a communicative disposition — he managed to climb into the editorial chair of "Bronson's United-States Gazette," which was then reckoned among the ablest journals of the country. The reputation he gained there, led to his being employed as the editor and compiler of "Lewis and Clark's Tour;" and then, to his being engaged, it was hoped for life, as editor of the "Federal Republican and Baltimore Telegraph," immediately after the great Baltimore mob, where General Lingan was murdered, and where Professor Hoffman would have been strung up, without judge or jury, on a tree-branch, yet overhanging Jones's Falls, but for the providential interference of a stranger, who satisfied the murderers that they had got hold of the wrong man.

Alexander Hanson, the predecessor of Allen, had narrowly escaped with his life, and was in no condition for renewing his editorial labors, after the outrages he endured in the defence of his printing-establishment; and so Allen was enlisted — one of the kindest-hearted men that ever breathed,

and wholly unfitted for the editorial duties of such a paper as the "Federal Republican," at such a time, when the whole country was in commotion, and no neutrals were permitted to breathe in Baltimore; as timid and shy as a woman, and, like Oliver Goldsmith, whom he resembled in many other particulars, wholly unacquainted with the world, though he wrote fiercely, and seemed to invite a renewal of the outrage, day after day, and month after month.

When he wrote "Noah," I do not now remember. It was submitted to me in manuscript long before he would consent to publish even the small portion I thought so well of as to say, that, old-fashioned as it was, and entirely out of place among the new lights of our day, Scott and Byron and Shelley, the sooner he had it off his hands, the better. It had grown musty, and smelt of the dead past, too decidedly not to need airing. And so about one-third of it was published, only to be overlooked by those who had the highest expectations, and the greatest reverence for the man himself.

After this, he left the "Telegraph," and established the "Journal of the Times;" and that falling through at the end of a year, a new daily paper was set up, with capital furnished by one of his young, enthusiastic admirers from Virginia, which continued, I know not how long, under his supervision — gasping and asthmatic to the last, with occasional paroxysms, which threatened a still speedier dissolution, till it gave up the ghost.

At the time I knew Paul Allen, he must have been about forty or forty-five; a small man, stooping in his gait, near-sighted, and slovenly both in his habits and dress; resembling Oliver Goldsmith so much in his ignorance of the world, that I never could look at him in our club, after we christened him Solomon Fitzquiz, without thinking of poor Oliver, sitting up in a high chair — so high that he could not touch the floor with his feet — and listening to the talk of Sir Joshua, and Burke, and others of that stripe, for hours together, without once opening his mouth.

Watkins, on the contrary, was a man of the world. Born, I believe, on the eastern shore of Maryland, he had managed to run through a handsome estate, long before he had found out what he was good for, when he married a daughter of

George Simpson, cashier of the old United-States Bank at Philadelphia, entered upon his profession as a surgeon, removed to Baltimore, became a leader of the masons there — I might say *the* leader, for when I knew him, he was on the topmost round of the ladder — got an appointment as an assistant surgeon-general in the United-States army, established a medical monthly, and then the "Portico;" and after a long and patient struggle, which continued for many years, found himself utterly ruined — shipwrecked and beggared, poor fellow! — with a large family of promising children upon his hands, and a wife such as few men are ever happy enough to meet with, in this world. Out of compassion, chiefly — though his scholarship and talents were generally acknowledged, and his literary reputation was only second to that of "Robert Walsh, Jr., Esq., the American Gentleman" — he received an appointment from Mr. J. Q. Adams, that of Secretary to the Spanish-Commission, who must have understood his character, and where the danger lay; for he said to him, "Dr. Watkins, the *salary* is two thousand dollars: there are no *perquisites*."

Not long after this, I saw him at Washington, and found him keeping a carriage. When I remonstrated with him, as I had done more than once at Baltimore, with some advantage, I trust, to his family, he answered, "Why, my dear fellow! you don't understand our usages here. It would cost me five dollars a day for coach-hire; and my carriage not only saves me this, but occasionally earns me something for my family." Of course, knowing the man as I did, it were preposterous to question him farther, and so I held my peace; but I could not help recalling a similar answer he had given me in Baltimore, when I asked him why he did not take a lower rent for his family, as he had no practice to trouble him, and was living in one of the handsomest houses, and in one of the most aristocratic streets, of the town. "Why, bless your heart!" said he, "the government allows me for office-hire; and so, you see, it brings down my rent to what I can afford." As if the office-hire would not have been continued, had he taken a house for half the money he was then paying. I did not then know, by the way, though I soon had occasion to know, that he owed rent for several years to his landlord,

and had not paid him a cent for nobody knows how long; and that, when he set off on his inspection-tour, leaving me to carry the "Portico" through the press, with not more than half copy enough, he had left his dear family — and no man had ever more love for children and wife than he had, or greater reason for it — liable to be turned into the street, bag and baggage, by the exasperated landlord, whom he had promised to pay off, before he went away.

With such habits, being both generous and extravagant — a man who would sooner empty his pockets into the lap of a stranger, than pay his butcher or grocer — he was always laboring under embarrassment, up to the day of his death. But his last days were, indeed, his best days. After the closing up of the Spanish-Commission, President Adams gave him the appointment of Auditor — Fourth Auditor, if I do not mistake — in the Treasury department; Watkins having written much and well in favor of Adams, when he was one of the five candidates for the Presidential chair. When Jackson was elected, there was diligent inquisition made, without loss of time, into the accounts of all who had been busy with politics and electioneering. Defaulters were found in every department; and, among them, our friend Watkins, for a small amount, not over two or three thousand dollars, if my memory serves me. Whereupon, the general turned him out of office, had him pursued at law, obtained judgment, and sent him to jail, where he was confined for a long time — I know not how long — with a sign over the door, ordered by Jackson himself, to "feed fat his ancient grudge," whereon was inscribed not "Debtor's Apartment,' but "Criminal's Apartment." Was there ever any thing more characteristic of that wilful, unforgiving, inexorable man, who was made President by the war-cry, or war-whoop rather, of "Hurrah for Jackson!" — being literally hurrahed into the chair.

The personal appearance of Watkins was very much in his favor. Above the middling stature, well-proportioned, with great dignity of carriage, and a captivating warmth of manner, which I think Sheridan himself might have thought desirable, when he had to do with importunate creditors, and wanted to fob them off, without losing their good opinion, he

was, with all his faults, a universal favorite. With a fresh, handsome countenance, a clear dark-blue eye, and a pleasant smile, he was just the man to make a favorable impression upon the multitude, and especially upon strangers.

But, as I have said before, his last days were his best days. In fact, after his liberation from the criminal's apartment, I have reason to believe that he became a changed man, heart and soul. At any rate, I do know that he deserved to rank with christian heroes, if not with martyrs. The last time I saw him, he was keeping a common school, in an old tumble-down brick building, one of a large block, in Alexandria; and though evidently impoverished, and well stricken in years, and more serious than I had ever seen him, he appeared to be both submissive and resigned, uttering no word of complaint or reproach, and looking as if, though ready to go, if called for, he was not weary of life, nor in any hurry for the translation.

Hereafter, when it comes in my way, I hope to give a sketch of Winder, Gwinn, Readel, and others who belonged to our club of Delphians; for, after all, it is to them, and to that association, that I am indebted for the best part of my doings, and a large portion of the happiness I enjoyed at the South. High-minded, generous, unselfish men, they were both intellectual and companionable, indulgent, and, with all their whims and freaks, original, and clearly stamped with the idiosyncrasies that distinguish one superior man from another.

By this time, I had acquired a reputation worth having — at least, for taking bulls by the horns — for energy, promptitude, and faithfulness. My next enterprise of a literary nature was the following. Mr. Hezekiah Niles, editor and proprietor of "Niles' Register," as he called it, for the same excellent reason, perhaps, that led him to say, and even to write, "She had went," because he knew no better, had a large property locked up in that publication, which had grown to be an authority and a power in the land — a library of itself, in fact, for the politicians and statesmen of the age; but every thing depended upon having an index, and a good index, both comprehensive and minute, for the first twelve volumes. With such a help, the accumulated rubbish of

years, otherwise comparatively worthless, would be a golden treasure for the future. They would become indispensable, bringing in sixty or eighty dollars a set, to begin with, instead of selling for waste paper; and securing the sale of whatever he might publish thereafter as a continuation. Hezekiah was a shrewd calculator, far-seeing, crafty, and sagacious; a truly honest man, a patriot, and a christian. He wrote also with a solidity, strength, and precision, quite remarkable for a self-educated man, without the least pretension to genius, or learning, or scholarship; and, in many things, much resembled his great prototypes, William Cobbett and Dr. Franklin. Without being illiberal, he was never a generous man, and never unjust. Indefatigable and precise in every thing, he was capable of enlarged and comprehensive views, that resembled statesmanship, and was so entirely devoted to his one work, "The Register," and so trustworthy, that, in his hands, it had become a necessity for all our public-men; and, if he could only manage to get up the index he wanted, it would be a fortune for himself and family.

Being satisfied at last, that he had no time to lose, if he would not waste the labor of a life, and afraid to trust anybody else, he undertook to prepare an index for himself, when the publication had reached the twelfth volume; but soon gave it up, in despair, acknowledging that he found it impossible to satisfy himself, and that paragraphing for "The Register," about the daily occurrences of the world he was acquainted with, however judicious and apt, was a very different thing from condensing the history of that world for many years, and compiling a dictionary, under the name of an Index. He then applied to a man of respectable talents, and of some literary pretension — as if scholarship, or a taste for literature, or even talents, were required for such miserable drudgery — who undertook the job, finished it, after a fashion, and brought him the manuscript, which he run his eye over, paid for, and then threw aside among the waste paper that he was never to look at again.

Well-nigh discouraged, though feeling more and more the necessity of accomplishing what he had set his heart upon, he concluded to try our friend Watkins. But no: the doctor was not to be caught with chaff; and, when the terms were

mentioned, lost no time in assuring Mr. Niles, that other engagements were in the way, and he could not think of meddling with so serious a matter, till the pressure was off, which might not be for years, if ever. But, before they separated, he mentioned our friend Pierpont and myself, both needy, and both capable of almost any thing that would be likely to pay. On applying to my old partner, he withstood the temptation, though, like the apostle, he had begun to "count it all joy to be led into divers temptations," being strengthened thereby; and sent him to me, as the only man, living, who could turn off such a job, within a reasonable time, and in a workmanlike fashion; for hadn't I just given the proof — I, a poet, glowing with inward fire, and almost ready for a display of spontaneous combustion — by compiling an index to Reeves and Gould's lectures, and writing five hundred pages of manuscript, on large letter-paper, constituting the fourth volume, in ten days? On mentioning this to our friend Niles, he jumped up, and, saying that I was the very man he wanted, started off to find me. I was burrowing then in a front room, third story of a house, corner of North Charles Street, which had crystallized into a sort of dodecahedron, with a fireplace in one of the angles, and windows to match. We soon met, and came to a clear understanding. I was to complete the work without delay; and when it was finished, if it suited him, he was to pay me — how much, think you, for a canvass-back supper? How much, for what would be worth to him thousands of dollars? Take your own time, after what I have told you of his character. Why, two hundred dollars; otherwise, nothing. Now picture to yourself this kind-hearted, honest, enterprising, and sagacious man, chaffering with me, in the off-hand way I have mentioned, neither of us having the least idea of what I was desired to undertake, for the miserable sum offered, and offered *conditionally*, and waiting my answer: he, a man of large business-experience, about fifty years of age, as I recollect him now; I, a poet, in the flower of early manhood — say twenty-six or thereabouts, for I am unable to fix the year just now: he, thin, stooping, and weather-beaten, with a sharp eye and compressed lips; and I, flushed with health, erect and manly, full of confidence in myself, and ready for any thing, short of the highway, or a dose of lauda-

num. All Grub-Street to a penny-whistle, that I should laugh in his face. But no: instead of that, I jumped at the offer, like a cock at a gooseberry, and went straightway to work.

Having had some little experience — very little, I must acknowledge now, though I did not think so then, as, I well remember, I fancied I had made a capital bargain. I began with taking twenty-four small writing-books, which I lettered on the outside, A, B, C, &c. I then opened at the first page of the first volume, and made all the references required; and then went through the whole, page by page. Then I took the second, and in that way, went through with the twelve volumes, containing, I should say, about the substance of twenty-five large octavos. A single item would sometimes require from half a dozen to a dozen references, and even more. Suppose I came to "Erie:" that would oblige me to mention "Perry;" and then the ship he was in; and then something would have to be entered under "Lakes," "Battles," "Naval Actions," and perhaps other heads.

On this undertaking, I labored, upon the average, sixteen hours a day, every day, including sabbaths; and never taking an hour for exercise or amusement, for full four months; and I doubt if the man lives, who could go through the same work in less than twelve or eighteen months. At last, however, it was finished. I had copied all my twenty-four small books, together with half as many more, into a large volume, alphabetically arranged, and lost no time in telling friend Hezekiah that I was ready for a final interview. We met forthwith; and the first thing he did, was to ask what had become of the thirteenth and fourteenth volumes, which I had never seen nor heard of. Here was a pretty kettle of fish! I had bargained for twelve; he, in his own mind, without mentioning it to me, for fourteen. The twelve had been left with me; the other two, as I have said before, I had never seen, nor heard of. And now what was to be done? I was in no humor for going over the whole index again, and interpolating the last two volumes; nor was it really needed, though it would have been very convenient, I dare say, for my employer. My work was finished. I longed for a mouthful of fresh air. I wanted to run home to my mother, and finish "Niagara" and "Goldau," upon which I had been

at work — when all the rest of the world were asleep, or ought to have been — after the drudgery was over, and without the knowledge of a human being, for the whole of these four months; and I longed to be at large, where I might feel my wings, and try them in the blue empyrean. Of course, we were in no humor for trifling or higgling; and when I positively refused to touch the other volumes, the worthy man had the good sense — I should like to say the magnanimity, if my conscience would permit such a thing — to accept the manuscript, with many thanks, and to pay me, not only the two hundred dollars I had so handsomely earned, but to present me with the copy of his "Register," half bound and complete, worth about a hundred dollars at the time, I believe; and, the next day, I was off to Portland.

At the time I was engaged on the Index, the "Register" was making war upon our paper currency, and upon what the editor called rag-barons and shin-plasters. One day, being about to issue a new volume, he applied to me for a New-Year's Address, the only thing of the sort I ever attempted. It was thought clever by some good people, though I durst not indulge at all in what I considered pleasantry, and had precious little of the humorous in me. One single line, or rather a part of one single line, do I remember. I had flung a dart or two at the "Rag-baron's hope and the stockholder's joy," and took occasion to laugh at the prevailing style of the day, in metaphors, venturing to say, "and years, *by the Lord!* that have rolled," which he had the good sense to change into "and years *of the Lord*, that have rolled!" So much for editorial emendations! It reminds me of a letter written to Mr. Pierpont by a learned theologian, who had just been reading the "Airs of Palestine." The reverend gentleman could not forbear calling his attention to a strange oversight in the proof-reading; for, said he, if you will turn to page so and so, you will find, where you say, speaking of Venus, "pure as her parent *form*," the blockheads have printed it, "pure as her parent *foam!*" And this reminds me, that in a review of the "Airs," written by me, which appeared in the "Analectic Magazine," where I had quoted something from the rattlesnake of Chateaubriand, which Mr. Pierpont had borrowed for the occasion, saying of music personified, and

of the reptile subdued by the flute, among other characteristics, that "He *bares* his fangs but to inhale her breath." I was made to say, and so was the unhappy author, "and *bears* his fangs but to inhale her breath," meaning the breath of music, after Chateaubriand. But this was a trifle compared with some of my experiences with proof-readers; for on another occasion, apropos to nothing I now remember, having written, "Thank God, I have no innocent blood on my *skirts* to answer for," they printed it, "Thank God, I have no innocent blood on my *shirts* to answer for" — the rascals! — or blockheads — I don't know which.

But I was far from being satisfied with myself; and while occupied with the "Index to Niles' Register," as he called it, instead of Niles's Register, having written two long poems, "Niagara" and "Goldau," and got together enough to make a decent volume of miscellaneous and fugitive pieces, together with a tragedy, in five acts — all under way at the same time — I brought out the volume of poetry, while Watkins and Pierpont were both out of hearing, for which I received one hundred dollars in law books; and soon after, on my return from the visit to my mother, my tragedy of "Otho," for which I received of my Boston publishers, in cash, if I do not mistake, another hundred dollars. But even this did not satisfy me, coupled though it was with my editorship. I wanted more work, enough to keep me out of mischief, or at least employed, night and day, for the rest of my life. Having lost so much time in beginning, I determined to lose no more, if I could help it; and so, therefore, no sooner was I admitted to the bar, against a strong combination, who were opposed to me upon three several grounds — first, that I was a broken merchant; secondly, that I was uneducated; and, thirdly, that I was a Yankee — than I set to work upon a series of romances and novels, which I threw off at the rate of two or three volumes a month, while attending to my law business, and continuing my studies of history, metaphysics, political-economy, and languages.

Of all these books I shall have something to say hereafter; but, just now, must content myself with giving two or three brief specimens of the encouragement I met with from our leading reviewers, when I first began to make a noise in the neighborhood.

The "North American," Mr. Channing, was the first to let fly at me; and then there was another — only one other that I ever heard of — who ventured to criticise, instead of puffing me.

In my review of Byron, I had thought proper to say that something he had written was "infinitely nearer" the flowery path of Moore, than that which he had chosen, over precipices and mountain crags. This, the celebrated "Robert Walsh, Jr., Esquire," fastened upon — with great propriety, I must acknowledge, though he needn't have been so spiteful — and asked how one thing could be infinitely *nearer* to another? Of course, I had nothing to say for myself, in reply. It was a wretched colloquialism.

But, with the next plunge, he went beyond his depth. In the fragment of a poem entitled the "Conquest of Peru," and printed with "Niagara," I had ventured to say that somebody — the hero, I suppose, if I had a hero, and how that was, I do not now remember — "saw the Invisible at work." This, the dear man declared to be neither more nor less than an Irish bull. But there I had him; had he not seen the wind at work? And was not the wind invisible? And then, he assailed two of my characters in "Otho" — Ola, the hero, and Ala, the heroine — saying my tragedy was all about Oh la, and Ah la! And the worst of it was, that there he had *me;* and I never forgave him, so far as I now recollect, until I had my revenge.

One day, not long after these criticisms reached me, I happened to be in the shop of Maxwell, my publisher, and was asked to read a certain paper, which had been prepared for the Maryland legislature by nobody knew whom, in relation either to lotteries, or to the Washington monument, I forget which. "They believed it was written by General Winder," said Mr. Maxwell. I thought otherwise, though, as it was a bit of respectable composition, without any decided flavor or individuality of style, and such as men characterize by saying, "You cannot blame 'tis true, but you may sleep," it might have been his. After a while, however, I lighted upon the following passage: "With insane alacrity and distempered vigor." "Upon my word," I exclaimed, "there, now, is something characteristic; but, then, it is so utterly unlike all

the rest of the article, it must have been furnished by somebody else, or borrowed, or stolen." Two or three days after this, my friend Maxwell informed me that he had found out who wrote the paper. It was, in fact, no less a personage than "Robert Walsh, Jr., Esquire," himself: he had been so assured by a brother of that gentleman, who had copied it for the press. When he told him what I had said about the fine passage, above mentioned, the brother was indignant; and though a very clever fellow, in his way, with a good opinion of me, on the whole, thought proper to feel surprised at my "presumption," as he called it.

Within the next year, while I was going through with the Baltimore Athenæum library — I believe that was the name: it was the only public library in Baltimore, and the entries well show that I was no idler at the time — I happened to get hold of "Burke's Speeches;" and among them was one — the first I opened — before the Electors of Liverpool — wherein, to my unspeakable amazement — and satisfaction, too, I must acknowledge — I lighted on that very combination of words, which Mr. Walsh was so incapable of — "insane alacrity and distempered vigor." Of course, owing the gentleman a grudge, I lost no time in hunting up his brother, a clerk or book-keeper in the employment of Mayhew and Burt, who were among our largest creditors, and informing him of the discovery. He was thunderstruck — utterly overwhelmed; but, after some consideration, he recovered so far as to say, with a faltering voice, and troubled eye, that he must have omitted the inverted commas in copying. Whereupon, I let him off. But, although "my ancient grudge had been fed fat," I was far from being satisfied; and so, having occasion to tell the story in "Blackwood," I took occasion to say, that for "Robert Walsh, Jr., Esquire, to steal from Edmund Burke, and hope to conceal the theft, was too preposterous for belief. As well might he try to hide a red-hot thunderbolt in a snow-bank." And I might have gone further, and suggested, as I do now, that if he had succeeded for a time, like the Spartan boy with the stolen fox, he would have been betrayed at last in the same way, by having his vitals eaten through. And I do believe it would have done him good. As it was, however, though he never wrote in any other than a dead lan-

guage, of the Blair and Allison type, the red-hot thunderbolt and snow-bank followed him, like a sleuth-hound, to his dying day; and we were quits.

P.S. — Another of these unfavorable reviews has just been brought to my recollection. It was written by Mr. Holly, for a New-York magazine, of which he was the editor, and was really smart, and, in the main, pretty fair. This I anticipated by beginning a review in the style of the writer, in these words "America was discovered by Christopher Columbus, in 1492."

And now for a summary view of my literary labors, up to the time of my going abroad. Bear with me, I pray you — for I mean to be very brief — and remember, that if a man should say that in praise of himself, which, if said of him by another, would be taken for truth — or perhaps for something short of the truth — he would be called the vainest creature alive. A few words, nevertheless, upon what I now consider their merits and faults; or, if you will, of their excellencies and absurdities. At my age, I claim to be rather above the common partialities of authorship, for the abandoned offspring of my youth; and having notions of my own about the falsehood and hypocrisy, which pass for modesty, where men have to sit in judgment upon themselves, I shall endeavor to speak of my own doings, just as I would of another's, if I were called upon to do it under oath, according to the best of my knowledge and belief.

And here let me say — just here — that I begin to be somewhat afraid of myself; but what can I do? Having told the same story no less than three times before, in manuscripts which have been destroyed, and being constantly interrupted, sometimes for weeks together, I do not feel quite sure, on entering what appears to be a new field, that I have not already gleaned it; and so thoroughly, that, notwithstanding the loss of my whole manuscript, by the last great fire, I may be found telling a thrice-told tale to the readers of what I am now writing. If I could only remember what I have written, or not written, already — as I should, if I were allowed to go on day after day, and week after week, without interruption — there would be no mumbling nor crooning to complain of, notwithstanding my age. Of that I am sure.

But enough. My writing for the "Portico" continued from June, 1816, to June, 1818. "Keep Cool," in two volumes, appeared in June, 1817; "Allen's Revolution," three hundred and forty pages octavo, in March, 1819; "Niagara" and "Goldau," first edition, Aug. 22, 1818 — second edition, July, 1819; "Otho," a tragedy, in 1818; "Logan," two volumes, at Baltimore, and republished in three volumes over sea, April 22; "Seventy-Six," two volumes here, and three in London; "Randolph," two volumes, July, 1823; and "Errata." two volumes, November, 1823 — amounting altogether to fifteen or twenty volumes, large duodecimos, without including my newspaper and magazine-articles, and editorial labors, which, I have no doubt, were equal to at least six or eight volumes more. Many of these works, as will be seen by the dates, were under way at the same time; and some were written for relief, like "Niagara" and "Goldau" and "Otho," when I was utterly worn out, and well-nigh discouraged, by the fearful drudgery I had to undergo, in preparing the Index for Niles's Register; and others, like "Randolph" and "Errata," only that characters, and incidents, and situations, and "thick-coming fancies," which were not always suited to the story I was reeling off, might not be lost.

That I took a sincere pleasure in writing, may well be supposed; or how could I have done all this in so short a time, without ruining my health, unaccustomed as I was to confinement? But still, I say, that, up to the time of my marriage, I had never been so happy, as while writing myself to death; which many of my best friends honestly believed I was doing.

That I was ever satisfied with myself, I deny. Into most of my writings I have not even looked, for the last forty or fifty years; while, in no case, have I ever read one of my books, or a tithe of one, since they were written. Of some, too, I should be heartily ashamed, were it not that, although I have outgrown them, and outlived them, indeed, I feel quite sure, that if I had not written as I did, I never should have written better. We learn as much sometimes by our failures, as by our successes — perhaps more; at any rate, I do.

But I must finish this chapter, already somewhat too long, and defer my criticisms on myself to the next.

CHAPTER XIV.

OFF TO ENGLAND.

PROGRESS OF PORTLAND; THE BUILDING LOAN; MY OWN OPINION OF MYSELF AND OF MY DOINGS; REMINISCENCES OF "SEVENTY-SIX;" "LOGAN;" "RANDOLPH;" IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT; SLAVERY; THE PINKNEY CORRESPONDENCE AND RESULTS; DUELS; FLASH IN THE PAN; MY FIRST NIGHT IN LONDON.

SEPT. 22, 1867. — Another whole month, and I have only written what I might have thrown off in a single day, or, at one time of my life, in half a day. Yet more: a twelvemonth has gone by, and I am now on the 301st page of manuscript; all which, if I had not been otherwise occupied, or interfered with, I could have written with ease in a single month, at most.

There is probably more "building" now under way, that makes little show, than there has been at any time since the fire. At first, every store, every shed or shanty, could be seen from every part of the city, as it went up; but now that whole streets have been rebuilt, and high buildings are interposed by the acre, we have to turn off into the cross-streets and by-ways to see what is going on. And just now we have the new post-office, the custom-house, the city-hall, the Protestant cathedral, and six other large churches, all going up together, with the Woodman-block, the Boyd-block, Brown's huge hotel, and scores of smaller blocks and private dwellings in every part of the "burnt district" swarming upward, as if we had borrowed Aladdin's lamp for a while, and overtopping the old neighborhoods, story after story. And then we have the dry-dock under way, and our water-works, with a subscribed capital of eight hundred thousand dollars to begin with, new factories, and an Exchange in prospect.

The building-loan, too, is undergoing certain wholesome qualifications, which must help forward the great work among our middling and poorer classes. While our large property

holders, like Mr. J. B. Brown, may get their money for less than six per cent, by taking city bonds, a hundred thousand dollars at a time, and pledging them in Wall Street, where loans upon such security may be had for five, or five and a half per cent, the city-scrip selling for 95 in the market, our humbler citizens have to pay $7\frac{3}{10}$. The trustees of the loan have adopted two or three rules which promise to work well for the latter. In the first place, they give the preference to small freeholders, who want a few hundreds to finish off with. And then they refuse to loan on buildings already built, while they never refuse to such as are about building, provided they are offered a first mortgage on satisfactory title. As an experiment, in a field of operations altogether new, these gentlemen have managed with great wisdom and success; and the city is full of stirring life, and honest, well-considered enterprise. All the stores and houses are occupied, as fast as they are finished, and sometimes when barely habitable; though the number is much greater than before the fire, in all our leading thoroughfares and business-quarters; and all this, in less than fourteen months, since a third of the city was laid in ashes. Our valuation, too, would be largely increased, if the estimate had been delayed three or four months; and as it is, made on the first of April, it falls short of 1866, before the fire, only $690,274.

At last, I have a half-day for myself. At last! In the progress of Chapter XIII., I find, on referring to it a few moments ago, that I intimated something in relation to the books I had written, which might be regarded as a sort of promise. Be it so. My opinion of other writings has never been ill received; and in every case, so far as I now remember, my judgment has been confirmed, sooner or later, without a single exception. How it may be with regard to my own doings, will be seen hereafter.

My first novel, "Judge Not," &c., afterwards changed to "Keep Cool," I have already given my opinion of; and all I have to add now is, that, although the idea, the leading idea, was original enough, and most of the situations, incidents, and characters rather out of the common way, there was much in it of what even a young writer might well be ashamed; much indeed that was boyish, if not absolutely childish. P. S.—

I have just seen a notice in the papers that Mrs. —— has adopted the title of "Judge Not," for a new book now in press.

Of the two poems, "Niagara" and "Goldau," I am not afraid to say, that they do contain a goodly portion of poetry that no man need be ashamed of; though disfigured by extravagance, overloaded with imagery, and sure to be misunderstood by the great mass of readers. The "Fierce Gray Bird," however, has become national. Even Drake's noble poem, which gave him the best part of his wide reputation, was a palpable shadow of my Thunderous Bird, which he spoilt, after tearing "the milky baldric of the skies," and setting the stars of glory there, and rolling "the thunder drum of heaven" with the hand of a giant, by saying of his American Eagle, that "Jove called his thunder-bearer down," and gave "into . . . *his hand*" the rainbow-flag. And if the reader would like to see for himself another very curious resemblance, let him hunt up the poems of Mrs. Hemans, and run his eye over her "Crescentius," and compare it with "Goldau," in measure, plot, and character, and see if he ever saw a more astonishing coincidence. And yet Mrs. Hemans was then at the meridian of her glory, and with her "Voice of Spring," and the "Pilgrim Fathers," had established herself, as among the most gifted of her day. She was eminently original, too; was never guilty of imitation, so far as I know, nor of borrowing, or thieving; and yet there stands the naked fact; and if the resemblance be accidental, it is indeed astonishing. I have not seen "Crescentius" since about 1823, nor have I read "Goldau" since it first appeared. I speak, therefore, only from past impressions.

"Allen's American Revolution," had it been decently printed — my part of it, I mean — would have been, to say the least of it, a well-written and trustworthy contribution to our history. Many errors I had corrected, and one at least of importance, relating to our loss at the storming of Fort-Washington, which had been always underrated.

"Otho" was a tragedy, written for Cooper, in the day of his strength; but never played. It was rather too melodramatic, and required too many changes of costume, *he* thought; and so I threw it aside, until after my trip to Eng-

land, when I rewrote the whole, changed the names of Ola and Ala, for which I had been justly laughed at by Mr. Walsh, and republished it in the "Yankee." The first edition, which appeared in Boston, had a preface which I wrote in Mr. Pierpont's presence one morning, by way of reply to Dr. Johnson's argument respecting the Unities. I have not seen it since, to my recollection; but feel sure that I had the best of the argument; and am willing to abide by it now. Dr. Johnson trampled on the unities, arguing, that if a man were mad enough to believe in stage representation, he was mad enough to swallow any thing in the shape of anachronism. I upheld the unities, and my play required just about as much time for representation on the stage, as the incidents were supposed to occupy in life; arguing that play-goers are not expected to believe that what they see is *real*, but that they must not be obliged to see that it is *unreal*. In short, although hastily written, and published without a word of correction, while the printer was waiting for a proof, it was, in my judgment, both conclusive and unanswerable. There 's for you!

"Logan" was published in April, 1822, by Cary & Lea. It appeared in two large volumes, but was republished in London by the Whittakers, in four. It was a wild, passionate, extravagant affair, with some — and, I might say, a large — proportion of the most eloquent and fervid writing I was ever guilty of, either in prose or poetry. Perhaps a brief extract from a letter written by the President of our club (Dr. Watkins), upon whom the book had burst like a meteor, without notice, while he was at Washington, may help to give the reader some idea of its effect on our reading public at the time. The newspapers were beside themselves; and some of the reviewers, in a small way, went "stepping through the air."

"Washington, Dec. 18, 1822.

"'Yes,' said I, as soon as I had put down the book, 'he might as well have placed his name on the title-page; for every sentence, every line — nay, every thought, idea, phrase, expression — has the living impress of O'Cataract's mind upon it. Logan, a family history! A *family!* Why, a family of such men as Oscar or Harold would occupy the

world entire. Not another name would live in the vast universe; and angels and archangels would once more descend from their celestial habitations to battle with *this* human family, for the mastery of the earth *and skies!*' &c., &c. . . . In sober truth, my dear N., 'Logan' is one of the most extraordinary productions of the present age. Such is my opinion of it, *in the general.* In detail, I have many faults to find with it, &c., &c. . . . Yes, yes: no other man on earth could have written such a book," &c. . . .

Others took it as they took opium, or exhilarating gas; and everywhere it was treated as what William B. Walter called it, "a gigantic phantom."

After this, I wrote "Seventy-Six," suggested, I have no doubt, by Cooper's exceedingly attractive "Spy." This appeared at Baltimore, in two volumes, and was republished at London in three. The copyright, I see, is dated Feb. 20, 1823. It is a spirited sketch of our Revolutionary war, full of incident, character, and truthfulness; dramatic, stirring, and, on the whole, I think the best novel I have written, or story rather, for it cannot be called a novel, any more than "Logan" could be called "a family history." The title-page of itself was quite enough to show in what temper it was written. "Seventy-Six. By the Author of 'Logan.' Our country — right or wrong." I had got charged to the muzzle with the doings of our Revolutionary fathers, while writing my portion of "Allen's History," and wanted only the hint, or touch, that Cooper gave in passing, to go off like a Leyden jar, and empty myself at once of all the hoarded enthusiasm I had been bottling up, for three or four years.

Two or three little incidents, which occurred soon after its first appearance, may be worth mentioning here. On my voyage to England, we had a frightful storm, which swept our decks and carried away our lee-bulwarks, fore and aft. I was lying in my berth, and trying to overcome what there was left of a most uncomfortable sea-sickness, which had settled upon me, before we were out of sight of land, by sipping lemonade and toying with an apple, the last a little "nigger" had left me of a supply I had brought on board for my own special use, when I was somewhat startled by seeing our captain leaning over the table with tears in his eyes. He had been down

several times before to look at the barometer; and, after stopping awhile, would go up on deck to see how we were getting along; but now he remained so long below, that I had begun to think the danger over, until, as he happened to look up, I saw tears in his eyes. What! was our brave captain frightened? A seaman of such experience, and so calm and self-possessed; and I was just on the point of singing out, "Halloo, Graham! what the plague's to pay?" when he jumped up and flung a book down upon the table, with a big oath, and disappeared up the companion-way. "D—n the book!" said he; and feeling a decided inclination to see what book had been capable of interesting such a man, at such a time, and why, under the circumstances, he had thought it worth his while to damn it, being no reviewer by profession, I jumped out of my berth, seized the book, with a strange misgiving, and found it to be "Seventy-Six," which he had borrowed without leave, as he acknowledged after the storm was over, from an open trunk in my state-room. So terrible was that storm, by the way, that, in passing up the Irish Channel, we found a large merchant-ship wrecked, within pistol-shot; of whose whole crew only one escaped, and he by being pitched ashore from the bowsprit, when she struck a ledge, over which the waters were surging when we passed, as if another deluge were under way.

In England, soon after my arrival there, another amusing incident occurred in relation to the same book. I was taken out to the horticultural show at Kensington, where, after the meeting was over, I was invited by Mr. Griffith, editor of the Old Gentleman's "Old Monthly," Sylvester Urban himself, or the son of Sylvester Urban, to a very handsome dinner, where I met with a number of distinguished nobodies.

"There," said he, handing me a large arm-chair, "that's your place. That's where Byron sat, whenever he came to see me; and there, in other days, Doctor Franklin used to sit and talk with my father."

I cannot say that I was overwhelmed, or greatly abashed, though somewhat puzzled; but, on further reflection, took it for granted that my friend Norgate, the friend also of our famous John Dunn Hunter, the White Indian, whose "Narrative" was in full feather just then, and who had introduced

me to Mr. Griffith, had probably hinted that I was one of the "Blackwood" writers, and given to literary enterprise, although he knew nothing of what I had done, before I crossed the sea, and my novels had all appeared anonymously, both abroad and at home.

After the substantials were disposed of, the company fell into groups, and began talking politics on rather a large scale, whereby I soon discovered that my host was a great friend of America, that he was familiar with our history, and with the incidents of our Revolutionary war, and gloried in the doings of Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, who gave George Washington's health one day at his own table, at Holkam, when the Prince of Wales, afterward George the Fourth, was present, and, year after year, while a member of parliament, moved the acknowledgment of our independence.

From politics they went to literature; and, in the course of a long and free discussion that followed, Mr. Griffith turned to me, and asked if the author of a book he had lately met with was known. It had the strangest title to be sure; and unless one were well acquainted with our history, he would not be likely to understand the drift of "Our Country — right or wrong," which appeared as a motto upon the title-page. Before I could answer, he went on to praise it so extravagantly, that I stopped him in mid-volley, lest he might go too far, and acknowledged the authorship, for the first time in my life. He colored to the eyes; but, after a short pause, added, "Well, I don't care who wrote the book; what I had to say, I will say, nevertheless." And then he went on, with all eyes fixed upon him, and glancing occasionally at me, and ran a very clever parallel between "Seventy-Six" and what he called the best of Sir Walter Scott's romances, then in the very zenith of their fame; and wound up with declaring, to my unspeakable surprise, and I might say amusement, that he would rather have written my book, than any thing Scott had ever produced. Of course, I made all proper allowances; Mr. Griffith being a radical, or at least a whig, and Sir Walter a tory to the backbone, dyed in the *wool*, like some of our leading abolitionists.

At this dinner occurred an amusing incident, well worth relating, perhaps. One of the company was telling the story

of a ford, where a guide-post was set up in the middle, with this inscription, "When this post is under water, it is dangerous passing. "If you can't read, inquire at the blacksmith's shop." Mr. Griffiths pooh-poohed at the story, as too absurd for a joke. I told him it might be found in Joe Miller; and then added that, within fifty rods of his own house, I had seen a parallel that very day. The company stared; and I reminded him of a pond near by, where, I was told, a boy had been drowned, while riding a horse to water. In the deepest place, I suppose, there stood a post, with a signboard lettered, "*Keep to the right.*" "Well, and what then?" said Mr. Griffith. "Please tell me which was the *right?*" I asked. "Should we take our own right, or the right of the post?" A shout followed, and he acknowledged that, although that guide-board had been standing there a dozen years, at least, he had never thought of the absurdity before.

After this, I became acquainted with a Miss Elizabeth W., said to be a natural daughter of George the Fourth, a strong-minded, highly accomplished woman, who certainly bore a great resemblance to her reputed father. She had been the intimate friend of Richard Cumberland, knew Washington Irving well, when he lodged in Warwick-Street, Pall-Mall, and occupied the very rooms which I had now taken. She lived in the family of Mr. Herries, who occupied a high position at the time, and had made himself conspicuous, by refusing some of the crown-jewels to his royal master, who wanted them for the Marchioness of Conyngham; and by obliging him to restore others which he had already given her.

Mr. Herries had two sisters, one of whom was literally wasting away like a shadow, under the effect of some disappointment, I believe. Once I saw her, and once only; and I remember thinking her a lovely creature, with such eyes, and such an expression, as we sometimes dream of, but are not often allowed to see in this world. One day, Miss W., who had found out that I was the author of "Seventy-Six," inquired of me if I had ever written any thing else. I owned up so far as to mention "Logan," and, I believe, "Randolph," and "Will Adams, or Errata." Would I lend them to her, for Julia? For, since she had first met with "Seventy-Six," she had gone through with it again and again; it was always

on the table before her, and never out of her hands, when she was alone. I yielded, of course — how could I do otherwise? — and the next thing I heard of her — after she had worried through "Logan," "Randolph," and "Errata," which Miss W. said she kept always within reach, till they had become such a necessity for her, that she had lost her relish for all other books, even the best — was that she died with "Seventy-Six" in her hand; for which, though it was no fault of mine, I have never forgiven myself. Poor girl! the high seasoning and wild flavor of these fierce and extravagant stories had rendered all other literary aliment unpalatable. Had I known her better, I would have written a story expressly for her, which might have been worthier of being so read; a story which I might not have been sorry to hear that she had clung to for consolation, or at least for amusement, in her last hours. Not that there was any thing in "Seventy-Six," or the others, so far as I can now recollect, which, dying, I should wish to blot; but they were not the books for a dying woman.

P.S. — I have this moment lighted on the following from Miss W.: "April, 1825. I send you 'Errata.' Dear Julia says, 'Oh! tell Mr. Neal he *must write*. I cannot listen to any other author; he is the only one that can arrest my attention, and I must be excited now.' . . . Isabella says the same thing, and I am gratified beyond measure that you are done justice to here."

Nov. 1, 1867. — I have just been stopped in the street by an old schoolfellow of mine, who said he had something in his pocket-book which had been sent him awhile ago from a son at Philadelphia, and which he had long been trying to show me, if I would promise not to be offended. I gave the promise, and he handed me the following paragraph, cut from a paper printed in 1827, forty years ago: —

"James Adams, Jr., of Portland, proposes to publish "The Yankee," a weekly paper, to be edited by John Neal, author of "Keep Cool," "Errata," &c. To which the editor adds, —

"This is the first we have heard of that eccentric, wild man, since he left England. Neal is a strange and incomprehensible, but gifted being. We know him, and love him, too, in defiance of all his faults. May he prosper in his native town."

But who was the editor who both knew and loved me, in spite of all my faults? I have no idea; nor had Mr. Weeks, who handed me the paragraph; but I am glad to have it fall in my way, as it shows two things I would not willingly forget: how I was generally regarded by the newspapers, even on my return from abroad, when I had become, as most of them acknowledged after a while, comparatively rational and harmless; and how I was looked upon, here and there, by some of the literary brotherhood, as worth loving, nevertheless. At one time, I verily believe that I was ranked with McDonald Clark — poor fellow! — by not a few of my amiable countrymen. But — God be praised! — I have outlasted their estimation, and have long been supposed to have a reasonable share of common-sense. Enough on that head for the present, however. When I get back from England, I shall have something more to say about my newspaper-brethren here, and the literati, as they were called, of these United-States. To return, therefore.

Next came "Randolph." "Seventy-Six" was a romance; "Logan," I hardly know what — a rhapsody I suppose it would be safe to call it, although it contained very serious arguments against lotteries and capital punishments, especially recommending that executions should be private, and, if possible, at midnight, accompanied by the tolling of a heavy bell, and the discharge of artillery. I have a notion, too, that I made war in that book upon slavery, and upon imprisonment for debt, though I am not sure, and have no time to look just now. But "Randolph" was to be a story in the form of letters, giving an account of our celebrities, orators, writers, painters, &c., &c. It was, undoubtedly, both honest and able; and the criticisms I should be willing to abide by now: but, somehow or other, it was received like a lighted-thunderbolt, dropped into a powder-magazine.

It was published in Philadelphia, under the superintendence of Mr. Simpson, editor of the "Independent," and brother-in-law of Dr. Watkins. No sooner did it appear in Baltimore, than the whole city flamed outright with indignation — so, at least, I was assured; and the great unreasoning multitude were ready to roast the supposed author alive, or run him up, as they *did* poor David Hoffman, almost, at a neighboring

tree. And why? Simply because the great William Pinkney had just been called away, dying suddenly, with harness on, while heaving at the pillars of something huge and monstrous in our system of law, which only he might venture to grapple with, and our whole country was overshadowed for a time with the darkness that followed.

Now, it so happened that, in "Randolph," I had given a sketch of Mr. Pinkney, in which, after acknowledging his greatness, and saying that the giant had gone to his slumbers, *like* a giant, I had superadded a fling or two, which he well deserved, though it was rather unbecoming in me, at some of his doings and characteristics, professional and social. The sketch had been written just as it appeared in "Randolph," while Mr. Pinkney was in robust health, and when we often met, face to face, at the Baltimore-bar. My book was going through the press at Philadelphia, and the offensive part had been worked off when he died, or I should have struck out the objectionable passages, or at least have qualified them, not being of those who war with the dead, whatever I may do with the living.

In the midst of the commotion that followed, his son Edward C., a midshipman in the United-States navy, a poet of unquestionable genius, who had come home, after a long absence, only to see the last of his renowned father, happened to be in the bookstore of a Mr. Cole, with whom I had had a misunderstanding not long before; and he, being both meddlesome and spiteful, handed my book to the young man, with the leaf turned down where I had sketched his father.

Having read this with a temper wholly unprepared, and overlooking all I had said in favor of that father, and fastening on two or three phrases, which, however truthful, had no business there, being both indiscreet and offensive, he lost no time in hurrying off a most imperious note for me, in which he, "as the son of William Pinkney," required me "to *disavow, unequivocally, in writing*, any agency in the *publication* of 'Randolph.'" This was dated Oct. 10, 1823.

Not being disposed to quibble, — instead of disavowing any agency in the *publication* of the book, which I might have done with perfect truth, for I had nothing to do with the publication, I answered the insolent note as if he had written

authorship instead of *publication;* saying, "I do not admit the right of any man, whether he be the son of Mr. Pinkney or not, to call upon me for an answer, either one way or the other, in the matter in question; I shall neither own nor deny the authorship of 'Randolph' for the present, whatever I may be disposed to do hereafter."

"However," I added, that we might have a clear field, and that if I accepted the challenge it should be for a reason that would not oblige me to accept half a hundred more, "However, I do not hesitate to say that I have read the work in question, and that the *portrait of Mr. Pinkney is altogether true, in its general features,* according to my own *observation:* and that, if it be not so, there are enough to contradict the author, and confront him, whoever he may be."

This, too, was dated October 10, and written immediately, in the presence of Mr. Dulaney, who, seeing me about to seal it, asked permission to read it. I assented. He read it, declared it *unsatisfactory,* and forthwith handed me the following:—

"As you refuse to comply with my former demand, be pleased to make arrangements with my friend for the alternative usual in such cases. It were well they should be speedy."

Here was a pretty kettle of fish! Because, just here, if anywhere, was to be found a decent pretence, if not a justifiable cause of challenge; and for a challenge, too, not on account of the *publication,* nor even for the *authorship,* but for adopting and re-asserting the offensive passages, and vouching for their truth. But this advantage was overlooked by Mr. Dulaney, his friend, who, after reading my answer, and pronouncing it unsatisfactory, took it upon himself to hand me a peremptory challenge, already written, with the signature of his principal, of the same date, showing how little, or, I should rather say, how *much,* had been left to the discretion of that friend.

Having asked the age of my youthful adversary, whom I had never seen, and of whom I knew nothing beyond the fact that he was a midshipman in the United-States navy, I promised Mr. Dulaney an immediate answer, adding that, if I should refuse the cartel, my friend Charles F. Mayer, who

knew young Pinkney well, and had studied law with his father, would be the bearer; and that, if accepted, I should send it by another, having in my mind M. Trenck, the fencing-master, being myself a capital swordsman, and thinking, perhaps, a prick in the forearm, or a touch in the breast, would be sufficient; but then, if he should rush blindly upon me, and I should have to run him through, in self-defence, what then?

My mind was now made up. And I wrote as follows:—

"SIR,—Your last note would not seem to require much consideration; but I have given it a good deal; and my reply is, that I cannot accept a challenge, under the circumstances of this case, whatever I might do, where I held myself amenable to the laws of honor or society, for any outrage upon either.

"Balt., 10th Oct., 1823."

This note my friend Mayer delivered the next day, not having been able to find my adversary on the evening it was written, although he called for the purpose.

And then came the following, dated Oct. 11th:—

"SIR,—I have received your singular answer to my note. Reconsider its subject, and write more to my satisfaction *before the evening*, or, *I will post you in the worst terms that contempt can devise.* I am, &c.,

"EDWARD C. PINKNEY."

Chivalric and conciliatory, to be sure! And what a tremendous threat for a man who had been assured, that, if he refused the cartel, he would be assaulted in the street. Nevertheless, I took no notice of the threat, offered no word of explanation, though I might have done so, and with effect, I dare say, if I had been approached in a magnanimous spirit: for no man thought, or spoke, or wrote more highly of the father, as a lawyer, and I had not even touched upon his moral, or private character.

On the 14th of October, after waiting three whole days for the answer, which he had insisted upon having sent "*before*

the evening" of the 11th, he distributed sundry little slips of dirty paper, measuring five inches long, by two and a half inches wide, the following tremendous *Anathema maranatha:*

"The undersigned, having entered into some correspondence with the reputed author of 'Randolph,' who is, or is not, sufficiently described as John Neal, a gentleman, by indulgent courtesy, informs honorable men that he has found him unpossessed of courage to make satisfaction for the insolence of his folly.

"Saying thus much, the undersigned commits the craven to his infamy. EDWARD C. PINKNEY.

"Baltimore, Oct. 14, 1823."

And yet here I am, at the end of five-and-forty years, alive and hearty. And where is he? Gone to his untimely grave, poor fellow, without ever having met, or encountered me, for a single moment.

I had been vociferously threatened, I had even been assured that I should be shot down in the street, "like a dog." But I had accepted the alternative, not caring *that!* for being posted "in the worst terms contempt could devise;" and prepared for a personal attack, not by arming, but by throwing aside the only weapon I had ever carried in all my life, and then, but for a few months, at most — a rattan with a stiletto in the handle, the parting gift of a friend; and by going about *alone*, every day and every evening, that my young Hotspur might have nothing to complain of. I had been accustomed to walk, every pleasant afternoon, with my friend Mayer, the bearer of my reply to Mr. Pinkney, upon the express understanding that, inasmuch as he was a married man, or at least a widower, with a young family on his hands, if the quarrel became serious, I should be at liberty to choose another messenger.

The next day, when I entered the crowded court-room, I found all the bar in busy consultation, huddled together in groups of three or four, and whispering together; at last, I caught one of the members reading a slip of paper, which somebody had just handed him. Could it be the dreadful posting I had been threatened with? I had come by the

post-office and other public places, on my way to the court-house, but had seen nothing, heard nothing, to startle or disturb me.

"Will you allow me to look at that?" said I to a brother who was reading it on the sly, without observing that I was near him. He started, colored, and, after a moment or two of hesitation, handed me the paper, with what he meant for a smile. It was indeed the portentous missive, about five inches by two-and-a-half. I am able to give the exact size, for I published a *fac-simile*, with the very language of my antagonist, and all our correspondence, in "Errata," which was then going through the press, at full speed.

"Allow me to keep this?" I said, and then, without waiting for a reply, hurried off to have it inserted in my book; and, from that moment, went by myself, alone and unarmed, into every public place of the city; to the theatre, the concert-room, the soda-water establishments, then just introduced, and always in full blast, night and day; and through all the neighboring highways, without being assailed; and one day, about a week after I had met two or three different members of the family, who were always the first to bow, as I was coming back to my office from a long walk, through Holiday-Street, I saw just ahead of me two gentlemen, one of whom I knew to be Dulaney, and the other I took it for granted was young Pinkney, whom, as I have said before, I had never met with. On approaching, I buttoned up my coat, and quietly drew off my gloves, preparing for the worst, and, on my conscience, hoping for the worst; for I was tired of waiting for the catastrophe. As we drew nearer, Dulaney touched his hat — and I mine; and there the matter ended. Who the stranger was, I never knew, nor asked; but I cannot believe it was Pinkney, who, by the way, died not long after, leaving many a sorrowful admirer of his character and genius.

"Why the devil did not N—— accept the challenge of Pinkney?" said some one who knew me, and who knew of what I was capable, to William Gwinn, editor of the "Federal Gazette," who also knew me. "*Why?*" said Gwinn; "because no other man living would have refused it!" And Gwinn was more than half right, I think. If nobody else would have accepted it, I might: I do not say that I

should; for I had written and published a novel against duelling — "Keep Cool" — and a prodigious article in the "Portico," on the same side. But I might have done so, nevertheless; for, though uncovetous of notoriety, I had a profound contempt for public opinion; holding that the multitude were never right, where it was possible to be wrong.

Soon after this, to show what the effect was upon a duelling-community, where, to refuse a challenge, and be posted for cowardice, no mortal man was thought capable of outliving, let me say that my standing at the bar, and in society, at Baltimore and Washington, was, if any thing, rather improved by the position I had taken; for nobody thought I had refused from fear of the consequences. But they were mistaken; for afraid I was, both of myself, and of my gallant young adversary, though my principles had more to do with the refusal, than my fears, fifty times over.

One other incident, and I have done. A great military ball was given at Washington, within a month or so, after I had been posted. Among the managers was Lieutenant Hall, of the United-States marines, a fine fellow, and a particular friend of Pinkney. From him, I received a special invitation; and at Washington went to meet a large number of his friends and officers, at his quarters. Nothing was said of the challenges, or the posting, and I was everywhere treated with distinguished courtesy, and with the greatest possible respect; showing that men have little to fear, even among fire-eaters, if they are believed to act from principle.

After this, my friend Theophilus Parsons — my friend, at that time, of two or three years' standing, who had introduced himself to me — I might say obtruded himself upon me — at Baltimore, with especial emphasis, upon the ground that he had written, or *made*, as he termed it, an article for the "North-American Review," which had actually been published — thought proper to say, and in print — when he saw the tide was turning against me, because he had been a member of Mr. Pinkney's family, and, I believe, had accompanied him to Russia, I know not in what capacity — that it was *understood* I had been *badly beaten* at Baltimore for what I had said of Pinkney; and that was the last I ever heard of the unpleasant affair.

Nov. 6. — On further reflection, I think it possible that I may have made a mistake in the last paragraph, where I speak of Mr. Parsons having been with Mr. Pinkney at St. Petersburg; but, however that may be, and whatever may have been his object, I am sure that he knew me too well to believe the foolish story, and that he gave it currency, in the way mentioned, to propitiate the family. It was done, however, not openly and manfully, but anonymously, as one might have expected from such a sly, sedate, crafty, and pleasant-tempered gentleman. If there ever was any such report, I never heard of it, nor had any of my other friends, of whom I inquired, either in Boston or in Baltimore. In fact, it so happens, that, up to this hour, I have never been assailed by any human being, with even a threat of personal violence, though often desperately outraged in the papers of the day. The first blow has always been given by me, though not always the first word, ever since the school-days I have already given some account of, when a single blow, given without provocation, emancipated me for ever from the tyranny of my school-fellows — just as knocking out a tooth for a serf, at one time, was equivalent to setting him free for ever.

P.S. — Of this young fire-eater, I find in the "Yankee" for March 5, 1828, a further account, sorrowful enough, when we know that he was called away within a few weeks after the affair. "No sooner had he got clear of the navy, than he fought a duel or two" — acted as the friend of young Tyson, a quarter-lawyer of Baltimore, in another; and then, being himself an editor, walked into the kennel of Mr. Stephen Simpson, the real *publisher* of Randolph, and editor of a Philadelphia paper, and clapping a pistol to his head, insisted on a hostile meeting, or a promise, which promise poor Simpson *gave*, and then, it having been made under duress, *broke*, without shame or compunction — like a sensible fellow. The next thing that was heard of poor Pinkney, he himself had been *called out*, by the Great Adversary — Death.

Let me add here, by way of a postscript, that I came near having another *affair* on my hands after the publication of "Keep Cool." I was at Litchfield, Conn., on a visit to Mr. Pierpont's family. One day, it was determined to have some kind of a jollification at Mrs. Lord's, mother of Mrs.

Pierpont, and invitations were sent hither and thither, all over the land, for the law-students, who had been undergoing the lectures of Judge Reeves and Judge Gould. Some of these, I wrote in a frolic; and having been furnished with the name of a Mr. McCready, of South Carolina, I believe, I took the liberty of punning a little on his name, as if it were spelled McReady, or make ready. No answer came. But a few days later, when I reached New-Haven, on my way to Baltimore, I received a message by the hand of a negro, showing the writer to be exceedingly irritable and impertinent. Instead of taking my pleasantry in good part, he fell to denouncing my book, and, by implication, soliciting an interview. "Lead me to him, Sambo," said I. And forthwith he started off, and I followed, carrying no weapon but a slender rattan. On reaching the house where my antagonist lodged, I was shown up into a room, which, it was evident enough from the tobacco-smoke, and fag-ends of cigars, and half-emptied wine-glasses, had just been left by something of a party. There I was left alone, for perhaps a quarter of an hour. At last, a gentlemanly young fellow entered, with a very anxious countenance; and after a few questions were answered, and I had laid my little rattan upon the table within reach, my antagonist appeared. We soon came to a clear understanding. There I was, and fully prepared for a row, if not for a duel, with knives, and with knives to the hilt. But the young man was reasonable; and when he and his friends saw that my note was in fact a friendly invitation, written at the request of two young gentlewomen, with whom he was well acquainted, he felt that he had gone a little too fast, and too far; and we parted on the best of terms.

Let me add further, if you please, that I have prevented two or three duels in the course of my life, under very discouraging circumstances. One of these may be worth narrating here. Soon after my arrival in London, a Captain Burnaby of the British army, whom I had occasionally met, I believe at Chester Harding's rooms, called on me to be the bearer of a message, any thing but conciliatory, to a gentleman who had been a little too busy with the captain's reputation, where a fine girl, and a marriage, were both at stake. Having heard the story, and seen the proofs, and having asked

why he had not applied to some other officer, instead of troubling a quiet civilian with such business, to which he answered that he knew enough of me, from others, to justify the preference he had shown — which, of course, I took for a compliment, considering I had just been posted for a coward at home — I told him I would take charge of the affair upon this one condition; viz., that he should leave me to make all the arrangements, and accept my decision, without complaint, or remonstrance, whatever it might be. To this he agreed, and I lost no time in seeing the party, his mother receiving me, as if she had a premonition of the terrible truth. Judge of my feelings! To have to do with a woman, and a mother, on such an errand, were enough to try the temper and patience of any man. But, although exceedingly anxious and full of dark foreboding, she was discreet enough to ask no questions; and, of course, I only desired to see her son by himself, on the part of Captain Burnaby, handing her my card.

Our interview was brief, but conclusive. I told him of the proofs I had seen, and of what my principal had been told. He was thunderstruck, and I peremptory; but, after a brief interview, he consented to sign, and did sign on the spot, a paper which I drew up, acknowledging all that I deemed essential for the vindication of my principal's character. And I returned to my chambers greatly relieved; for, though I had resolved from the first, to prevent the duel, if I could, in any honorable way, and not to humble the young man, if it could be avoided, I did not feel quite sure of myself, until the affair was finished. But I was abundantly rewarded; for, in passing out, I saw the mother waiting and watching in the hall. One look was enough; and though neither spoke, I knew that she must have slept soundly that night; for the deep thankfulness of a mother's heart broke forth over her pale countenance, like a flash of sunshine.

After "Randolph," came "Errata," a story in two volumes, published Nov. 18, 1823, and purporting to be the confessions of a coward, wherein I gave the whole of the foregoing correspondence at length.

While this book was going through the press, I began another, the title of which I do not now remember. Before it was completed, however, I was on my way to England, where

I rewrote the whole, and prepared it for the press, under a new title, that of "Brother Jonathan," which, at the end of a twelvemonth or so, was published by Blackwood.

But what sent me to England? I wish I could tell you. All that I remember, with certainty, is, that just when my law-business had begun to give me a handsome support, and my literary labors, to yield a fair contribution, I happened to be dining with my friend, the late Henry Robinson, of Baltimore, an Englishman by birth and early education — afterward proprietor of the gas-works at Boston — one of the worthiest and most honorable and generous men I ever knew. The conversation turned, I know not how, upon American literature, and he, being full of admiration for the "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly," asked, in the language of the day, "Who reads an American book?" I know not what I said in reply; but I know how I felt, and that, finally, I told him, "more in sorrow than in anger," that I would answer that question from over sea; that I would leave my office, my library, and my law-business, and take passage in the first vessel I could find — we had no regular packets then — and see what might be done, with a fair field, and no favor, by an American writer. Irving had succeeded; and, though I was wholly unlike Irving, why shouldn't I? Cooper was well received; and I had a notion, that, without crossing his path, or poaching upon his manor, I might do something, so American, as to secure the attention of Englishmen.

Within a few days, I was on my way with Captain Graham, of the ship "Franklin," I believe, with a copy of all my books, a manuscript-novel unfinished, upon which I labored whenever I could do so, without growing dizzy, or sea-sick, and the original of "Otho," which I proposed to remodel at my leisure.

On reaching Liverpool — which I wanted to write Liverpull for a month after my arrival, so miserably sea-sick had I been, day after day, on the voyage — I lost no time in seeing the wonders about me, and making memoranda for future reference; many of which went up in the great fire of July, 1866. And well it was that I did this; for after a little time, a few months at most, the objects which struck me forcibly at first, became so familiar, that I considered them hardly worth mentioning; such as the women with wheelbarrows, the pro-

digious dray-horses, the men in breeches, the prize-fight between Tom Spring and Langan, the full-length painting, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of His Majesty George the Fourth, the Nelson-Monument, &c., &c., &c.

Nov. 18, 1868. — "Once more into the breach, dear friends — once more!" It is inconceivable that I, who write so rapidly, that a magazine-article of about the average length, of ten or twelve printed pages, I am able to throw off in about three hours, should go to this work with an ever-growing reluctance and sluggishness; and yet, I never take up my pen, without fear of interruption or intrusion, but the old spirit springs up in me afresh; and I feel as if, were it not for business-matters, and the arrangements I am now making, to get my son established as a lawyer, I should be delighted to throw every thing else aside, and go to work in earnest, and never leave this job, until it was finished. But enough.

Leaving Liverpool, and taking Chester, with its Roman-walls; Coventry, with Peeping-Tom; Leamington; Litchfield, with its cathedral, and the memories of Dr. Samuel Johnson; Stratford-upon-Avon, with Shakspeare; Oxford, and a score of other celebrities on my way, including Eaton-Hall, where I first saw the habitation of an English nobleman, with deer at large, and a magnificent park; Kenilworth and Warwick-Castle, the grandest old establishment in England, with hundreds of large pictures, — I went straightway to London, with letters to a friend in the city, from another in Coventry, having, at the time, no idea of the distinctions that separated the City proper from the West-End, above Temple-Bar, though it was not long before I did, to my sorrow, and, perhaps I might say, to my amazement.

My first experience of London was not calculated to strengthen — or encourage — the feelings I had arrived with. The weather was detestable, the ways dark and slippery, and the general appearance of the handsomest streets and finest buildings I blundered upon, for the first two or three days, while I was running at large, so disappointing, that I could hardly believe myself in London. Could *that* be St. Paul's? and *that* the Bank of England? Was that huge unshapely column, hung with fog, and dripping with unwholesome dampness, the Monument we had been told so much of? And *that*, Carleton-

House, with a double row of huge granite columns for a screen, and bearing only a low entablature, with the arms of England? At first, I could not believe my own eyes. Bond-Street I found to be but a commonplace, narrow thoroughfare; and the only things that did not disappoint me were Westminster-Abbey, Hyde-Park, and the street statuary on horseback, though the monumental effigies in St. Paul's and Westminster-Abbey, with the exception, perhaps, of that grotesque and abominable representation, or rather misrepresentation, by Roubilliac, of Death, casting a dart from a sort of marble-safe, at a loving wife, whom her husband is pretending to shield, were sufficiently out of all my past experience, to be dwelt upon with a reasonable degree of satisfaction; together with the brazen giant, Achilles, standing naked at the entrance of Hyde-Park, in commemoration of Waterloo, and perhaps of the Peninsular-War, cast from the cannon of the enemy, at the solicitation of the *women* of England.

My first night in London was far from being what a stranger would be likely to enjoy. The city friend, to whom I brought a line of earnest recommendation, having ascertained that I wanted a comfortable room or two, where I could lie awake nights, if I chose, without being disturbed, or called to account, secured lodgings for me at the "Providence-House," a large establishment in his immediate neighborhood; for which I was not sorry, as no mortal could foresee what I might be called upon to suffer, in this over-crowded portion of Babylon the Great.

It was, I must acknowledge, a quiet and respectable house enough, though somewhat sanctimonious and methodistical. At the end of the first day, we had prayers, which I didn't much like, and thought, if they persisted, I should want to have it considered in my board; for then I was so much of a worldling, if not a reprobate, I could not even stomach unquestionable sincerity, if it trenched upon my personal comfort, and prerogatives; and as family-prayers had not been mentioned with the board-and-lodging, and I had not agreed to attend them, I felt aggrieved.

After tea, and the service that followed, I strolled off to see the town, walking up one crowded thoroughfare, and down another, and wondering where on earth all the people came

from, till near midnight, when I found myself, by great good luck and somewhat unexpectedly, at the door of my lodging-house. I knocked: no answer. Then I knocked again, and again; but still no answer. There was no bell, or I might have tried that, until the whole house, if not the whole neighborhood, was astir. Still no answer. Then I fell to kicking and pounding, which I continued for ten or fifteen minutes; but all to no purpose. Not a sound was heard from within; not a sound from without. You would have thought yourself in a city of the dead, or, at any rate, within the wide enclosure of St. Paul's churchyard. Not a window was opened; not a watchman appeared; not a rattle was sprung. What was I to do? In the dread stillness and loneliness of the hour, I felt as if I had been shipwrecked on some desolate island, like that of poor Robinson Crusoe. If not the only survivor, I was "monarch of all I surveyed;" for nobody thought of interfering with the exercise of my new prerogative.

At last, being satisfied that I had nothing to hope for, in that quarter, I started off in search of a shelter; and brought up, after a while, at what seemed to be a sort of low ale-house. Could I have lodging for the night? "Certainly," said the clumsy, dirty-looking landlord, after eying me suspiciously for half a minute, and holding out his hand as he spoke: "Eighteen pence, if you please, friend." "Let me see the room," said I. "By all means;" and he led me up a flight of narrow, dirty, rickety stairs, into a dog's-hole, with two doors, and no fastenings. Of course, with my notions of London, I felt somewhat queasy for a while; but at last determined to run for luck, as I had left my valuables at my lodgings — all but my watch, some silver, and two or three sovereigns, which I took pains not to show — being pretty well assured, after fastening the doors the best way I could, by piling the loose furniture against them, such as it was, that if I didn't wake in the morning and find my pockets emptied, my watch gone, and my throat cut, I should be a lucky fellow; and went to sleep, and slept soundly, and woke astonishingly refreshed, with my head on my shoulders, and my treasures all safe.

On reaching the Providence-House, and inquiring why I was not admitted, my consternation may be guessed at, when I was told that they were very much alarmed in the night, and

were afraid to go to the door. But why not open a window? To which rather significant inquiry, there was no intelligible answer. And so I cleared out; and happening to have a letter for Leslie, the painter, I hunted him up, and amused him with my last night's experience. Having heard me through, he said the City was no place for me, if I wanted to do any thing in a literary way. I must come up to the West-End; and, by the way, he thought if I would lose no time, I might secure the very lodgings — two rooms on the first floor of a house in Warwick-Street, Pall-Mall — which had been occupied by Washington Irving for a long while, and where he had written the "Sketch-Book." I was delighted, of course, and lost no time in securing both rooms, a drawing-room, and little dark bed-room adjoining, with board at, I believe, three guineas a week; more than I could well afford to pay, but still within my means, for a while, and took possession immediately; and here endeth the fourteenth chapter.

CHAPTER XV.

LONDON EXPERIENCES.

TRIALS OF AUTHORSHIP; "BLACKWOOD," AND THE MONTHLIES AND QUARTERLIES; VAGABOND ENGLISHMEN; "BROTHER JONATHAN;" T. CAMPBELL; JEFFREY; "NIAGARA," AND THE "FIERCE GRAY BIRD;" NAYLOR, M.C.; COLONEL BAKER; SOLICITOR PARKES; MORE VAGABOND ENGLISHMEN.

JAN. 1, 1868. — Another year! Portland is now rebuilt, and greatly enlarged and beautified, with wider streets, much handsomer public-buildings, and stores, and churches, and an abundant supply of the best water in the world, the very best, by analysis, on its way into our houses. But where am I? Wandering blindfold over opening graves, and along the edge of crumbling precipices. How few are now left of the many millions that started with me on the journey of life, three-quarters of a century ago? And even of those few, some are dropping out of the procession every day, and every hour — with every pulsation of my arteries, indeed; while others are missing, whenever I turn my head to count the stragglers. Be it so. I would not murmur. I have had more than my share of the blessings, and opportunities, and privileges, that make life desirable, and so few of the disappointments and trials, the sufferings and sorrows, that make life itself a burden to the few, that I wonder at myself, and chiefly at my unthankfulness and forgetfulness.

To proceed therefore. Let us go back to London. Being now fairly settled for a season, if not for life, in the great metropolis of English literature, I began to cast about for something to do, by way of answering the insolent question, which had taken me over sea — "*Who reads an American book?*" But what should that something be? Should I try my hand first with magazine-articles, or newspapers, or let fly two or three novels, to begin with? Whitaker and Co. had republished my "Seventy-Six," in three volumes, and A. K.

Newman and Co., in 1823, "Logan," in four; and both had been well received, and somewhat extravagantly praised, if I may judge by what I saw in one, at least, of the London monthlies.

After considering the matter, on my first arrival, and before I had taken lodgings at the West-End, I determined to call upon these publishers, and see if they could be entrapped into republishing "Randolph," or "Errata;" or if they would venture upon a manuscript-story, in two or three volumes, which I had begun before I left America, and nearly finished on the way over, though sea-sick most of the time, and which appeared at the end of a twelvemonth or so, as "Brother Jonathan," published by Blackwood.

But, although the gentlemen were exceedingly courteous, they fought shy; and I soon saw clearly enough that fine words butter no parsnips. And after getting my city-address, which, I remembered after it was all over, they seemed to have no great admiration for — especially as, instead of taking a coach or a porter, I had carried my books under my arm — they managed to get rid of me, by acknowledging that they were afraid to undertake any thing more, under the pressure of the times, &c., &c. I could not blame them; for the works I offered were not much "in their way," though they might have been, for a long while, had they undertaken the job.

Having satisfied myself that I had nothing to hope for, in the way of republication, and as little from any new book, before I should have established for myself a British, or at least an English, reputation, I determined to try the magazines; and, after weighing the matter well, to begin with "Blackwood," the cleverest, the sauciest, and the most unprincipled of all our calumniators.

If I could manage to get possession of that blazing rocket-battery, and turn its fire upon the swarming whipper-snappers, who were always lying about our institutions, and habits, and prospects — now in the newspapers, like "John Bull;" now in the "Edinburgh Quarterly;" now in the record of British travellers, like the author of a "Summary View of America;" and now in the House-of-Commons — it seemed to me, that I should have my hands full for a time; and that, by perseverance and good luck, I might be able to carry the war into

Africa, with a vengeance, and furnish a pretty good answer to the insolent question, "*Who reads an American book?*"

Having made up my mind, I sat down, and wrote a paper for "Blackwood," making, if I remember aright, six printed pages, about our "Five American Presidents," and the five presidential candidates then before the country — Andrew Jackson, John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, and William H. Crawford — giving outline sketches of them all, and venturing, modestly enough, to foretell certain results, which were speedily verified.

With this paper, I sent a letter signed "Carter Holmes," acknowledging, however, that the name was adopted for the occasion, but promising, whenever called for by anybody, who might fancy himself aggrieved, to abandon my concealment, and give up my real name. I took especial care also, to write as if I were an Englishman, a traveller, who had seen something of the Americans, and was willing to turn what he knew of them to account; for I had good reason to believe, that communications from an American, if he did not abuse America, would go into the Balaam-basket.

In due course of mail, I received a reply from Blackwood himself, saying, that if I chose to communicate my real name, it should be a secret between ourselves, though he did not require to know it; and soon after, the very next month indeed, came the article to me in print, with an order on Mr. Cadell for five guineas, more than I had ever received in my life from all the magazines I had ever written for, in this country.

My paper produced quite a sensation, and was immediately borrowed, and copied, and quoted, and reproduced, not only in the journals of the day, but in the "New European," edited by the famous Dr. Alexander Walker, which was said to appear simultaneously in two or three different languages, on the Continent.

In a note now before me, from Mr. Henry Southern, editor of the "London Magazine," after poor John Scott had been sacrificed, and sub-editor of the "Westminster," dated March 17th, 1826, I find the following passage: "I shall be equally candid — for this, and two or three more similar, the Magazine can afford to pay £10 each" ($50).

Dec. 2, 1868. — Almost another year, since I have written

a line of this autobiography, having been so busy with law, in a small way, which I have gone back to, for the sake of my only son, Pierpont, who has always had a weakness for the profession, though serving for a while as a midshipman; and having written at least an octavo volume for the "Atlantic," the "Phrenological Journal," and other magazines, to keep myself out of mischief, while waiting for a wind, I begin to think it high time for me to finish what I have begun so many times, and left almost as soon as begun, for the last year or two, being now past seventy-five.

"Bock agin," therefore, to Auld Reekie, and my doings with "Blackwood." There were some droll errors in my first paper about the Presidents, and presidential candidates, two or three of which are worth correcting, even at this late hour, lest they should continue to be repeated hereafter, as they have been heretofore.

Speaking of Mr. Jefferson's *farm* at *Monticello*, the printers made me say — I never saw the proof — "Mr. Jefferson's *fame* at *Muclicello;*" and where I had written, "he *expected* the war," they said, "he *expeded* the war;" probably mistaking the word for an Americanism, which would not bear to be tampered with, like "jeopardize," or "to progress;" and where I wrote, in the plainest possible hand, "The *countenance* of the American government, under Washington, throughout all its foreign negotiations and domestic administration, was erect and natural, very strong, simple, and grave," instead of *countenance*, the blockheads printed it *continuance*, which, of course, made the most deplorable nonsense of it. Nevertheless, the blunders were copied into the European-magazine, already mentioned, and perpetuated elsewhere, with scrupulous fidelity, as if they really meant something, so that, from that day to this, I am continually meeting with them.

This paper led to my becoming a regular monthly contributor for "Blackwood," up to February, 1826, when I withdrew the first of what were to be called "North American Stories," after it was in type, and paid for; and there ended my writing for "Blackwood." This very story, by the way, was founded on our Salem witchcraft, and constituted the framework of "Rachel Dyer," after my return to America.

All the papers written for "Blackwood," except one about

"Men and Women," where I undertook to show their equality, and that the difference between the sexes was not owing to organization, but to temperament and sensibility, had relation to America, and American-affairs. I took up all our writers, from recollection, without referring to a book, and then all our painters; and then I reviewed the reviewers, and gave the author of a new book, which appeared under the title of "Summary View of America," such a scoring that he was never heard of afterward. It just occurs to me, and now is the time to mention it, that after my paper on "Men and Women" appeared, in which I insisted upon the equality of the sexes, and the influence of temperament, as distinct from organization, in October, 1824, Mr. Jeffrey came out in the "Edinburgh Review," for September, 1826, with what follows, in corroboration of my views: "We think it probable that some men have *originally a greater excitability, or general vivacity of mind, than others; and that is the chief difference.* But considering how variously this may be developed or directed, in after life, it seems to us of no sort of importance, whether we call it a *temperament*, and say it is marked by the color of the hair and the eyes, or maintain that it is a balance of certain powers and propensities, the organs of which are on the skull." Here at least, by the way, was, if not a recognition of phrenology, a penumbra — the shadow of a shade — showing what there was behind it somewhere.

My chief object, from the first, was to bring together — and not to segregate, alienate, or embitter — two great nations, with a common lineage, a common history, a common language, a common literature, a common purpose, and a common interest. To do this effectually, I must write as an Englishman, or, at least, not as an American; being always careful to say the truth, and always ready to acknowledge the faults of *others*, and especially of my countrymen.

Writing for the newspapers on such a subject was out of the question; for what knew they, and what cared they, about America, or American-affairs? Our literature, they had been taught to believe, and, I have no doubt, did honestly believe, was "imported in bales and hogsheads;" our authors, all imitators and plagiarists; and that the highest compliment in the world for us, and for them, was to call Washington Irving

the American Goldsmith, Cooper, the American Scott, Charles Brockden Brown, the American Godwin, and Mrs. Sigourney, the American Hemans; all well enough, to be sure, if it were only meant to characterize their several works and writings, because of a resemblance they saw to some of theirs. But they had no such idea: it was intended for encouragement, like patting a fellow on the back, and preparing him for literary canonization, or, it may be, for bolting flapjacks, after a fashion peculiar to ourselves, &c., &c., &c., subject nevertheless, &c., &c., &c.

But I did not reach this conclusion, till I had tried some of the newspapers, and they had *tried* me severely. To example: On seeing in the "Times," or the "John Bull" newspaper, edited by Theodore Hook — I forget which — a shameful attack on Washington, wherein he was contrasted with Bolivar, and charged with Franklin's greatest virtue, niggardliness, or, at least, with unreasonable thrift, I sent a brief, but, in my judgment, a conclusive reply; saying, first, that Washington had refused pay for his services as commander-in-chief, during the whole revolutionary war, which lasted nearly eight years, asking only to be indemnified for actual disbursements and outlays, on account of the army, and refusing to receive a penny for which he did not produce the most unquestionable vouchers, though some had been lost, or destroyed, he knew not now, while moving the army, whereby he was a loser to a considerable amount, according to his carefully kept account-books; and, secondly, that when his agent refused to furnish supplies for the British vessels of war, lying off Mount-Vernon, Washington's plantation, though he had good reason to believe they would open fire upon the place — the officer in command having threatened to do so — he proved beyond all question one of two things — either that Washington had given such orders, or that he knew enough of Washington's character to be willing to take the responsibility. This communication did not appear in the paper that contained the charges, I believe, though I greatly desired to send the antidote after the poison — the weasel after the rat — and through the same channels; but I had kept a copy, and it appeared elsewhere in pretty good season, though I forget where just now.

At another time, I had a short interview with the proprietor of the "Morning-Herald," if I do not mistake, who, understanding that I should soon be in Paris, wanted to engage me as a correspondent, and particularly to show up that "Old Granny, Lafayette." The fellow's name was Thwaites, and he had been a celebrated linen-draper, not long before, without education or manners, but shrewd, inquisitive, and smart as a steel-trap. Of course, we did not agree; and I had no further communication with the gentleman, till long after my return to America, when I wrote a series of articles about our north-eastern boundary, which, without my knowledge, were offered to him. These I had kept in a large blank-book, together with some letters from Governor Lincoln, of Maine, which were in a measure confidential, though committed to my discretion. All these papers, a vagabond Englishman, one of a score I have had to do with in the course of my life, borrowed of me, at the most critical time of our negotiations, when the Aroostook-war was beginning to loom up, under pretence of showing them, *confidentially*, to the governor-general, and never returned them. The gentleman's name I lost in the fire — would it had been the gentleman himself — or I should certainly show him up here at full length, having kept him in reserve for that very purpose.

To the monthlies and quarterlies, therefore, I determined to confine my operations, for a while at least, until I could make it desirable for them all to have an American-Department, instead of being satisfied with an occasional paragraph on American affairs, in the shape of a fling, or a slur. And before six months were over, I had succeeded so far as to get papers about America and American affairs, American literature, and American art, into "Blackwood," the "New Monthly," the "Old Monthly," the "London Magazine," the "New European," the "Oriental Herald" — a quarterly, managed by "Silk Buckingham," who afterward lectured in this country, after a fashion, without informing our people that he had once sailed a merchant-vessel out of Norfolk, Va., before he went to the British East-Indies, where he set up the "Herald" — the "Westminster," the "European," second series, got up, without my knowledge at the time, by the proprietors of the "John Bull" newspaper, which had been always lying

about us, and abusing us, and all our institutions and habits, and published by Miller of Black Friars, who was known everywhere as the *American* bookseller, though an Englishman by birth and education, and only an American bookseller, because he had brought out the "Sketch-Book" by Irving, after it had been poohed at, by Murray; and then Cooper's works, one after another, until he passed them over to Colburn. It was Miller who engaged me, but the deception did not avail; for soon after my controversy with Mr. Charles Matthews, about his audacious and blundering *mis*-representations of the Yankee character, which appeared in that periodical, I came to a knowledge of the truth; and, although handsomely paid, I refused to write another line for it. The Baileys, too, of Long-Acre — with whose progenitors Dr. Franklin labored, and out of whose establishment came the printing-press at which he worked, while preaching temperance to the beer-drinkers about him, and which is now, I believe, in the Philadelphia-Museum — actually went so far as to buy up an old monthly, for the purpose of introducing an American-Department, which was committed to my charge.

In a word, my plan worked handsomely; and I was in great demand for whatever related to the "United-States of North-America," a title I began to use, instead of "America," as more significant and exclusive than the "United-States," there being a plentiful supply of "United-States" coming and going, like shadows, in South-America and elsewhere.

My signatures, when I used any at all, were strange and multifarious; whether I wrote on America, or upon other miscellaneous subjects, which I did only at long intervals, as upon "Men and Women" in "Blackwood," or on "Verbicide" — punning — in the "Old Monthly." They were signed A. C., N., A. B. C., X. Y. Z., A., W. A., Omega, Frederich Richter, &c., &c., &c., and were varied, according to circumstances, for different journals, that all papers about America, or American affairs, might not be supposed to proceed from the same individual.

When it is remembered, that, up to this period, May, 1824, no American writer had ever found his way into any of these periodicals, and that American affairs were dealt with in short, insolent paragraphs, full of misapprehension, or of

downright misrepresentation, as if they were dealing with Fejee Islanders, or Timbuctoos, without fear of contradiction, say what they would, it must be admitted, I think, that my plan was both well-conceived, and well-carried out.

And then, too, if we call to mind the fact, that, since I gave up writing for these journals, there has been no such thing in any of them as an American-Department, nor even so much as a decent article about America — the United States of America, I mean; and that, with the exception of Albert Pike, who furnished half a score of respectable sonnets for "Blackwood," not to be compared with the poetry he wrote for me, when I had charge of the "Yankee," and Mr. Story, the sculptor, whose wonderful poem of "Cleopatra," entitled him to a hearing there, if anywhere on earth — not an American writer, so far as I know, has ever written a page for any of these monthlies or quarterlies, from that day to this, it will be admitted, I hope, that I did something for my country while abroad, something for her literature, and something by way of reply to the exasperating question, "Who reads an American book?" Nevertheless — but we may as well defer this part of my experience, till I have to say what happened after my return to Portland, because, or chiefly, if not altogether, because of my writings while abroad, as the "enemy of our country, of her institutions, and her literature."

But I had many a snubbing, and not a few uncomfortable disappointments, to put up with, and two or three unpleasant misunderstandings to adjust, before the campaign was over. For example: After I had secured, as I thought, a fair field, and no favor, in the great "European," edited by Dr. Alexander Walker — I believe he was a Doctor, and perhaps an LL.D., or something of the sort — he having republished my article on the "Presidents and Presidential Candidates," from "Blackwood," in May, 1824, with all the atrocious blunders, and one or two other papers of mine, about America and American affairs, furnished for that periodical, I received the following brief note from him, written with a crow-quill, on gilt-edged paper, in the daintiest of female hands, not to be compared for manliness with that of Mrs. Wheeler, the Mary Wolstoncroft of her day, through whose agency we had become acquainted: —

"DEAR SIR, — Our article on Lord Byron was printed before I got yours. It is quite different. I think the other papers too partial to the United States to be well received, even by liberal Britons. The battery anecdote, and its contrasts are a great deal too good.

"I am, my dear sir, most respectfully yours,
[No date.] "A. WALKER."

In giving a few brief sketches of American character, I had mentioned Colonel Miller's reply at the battle of Bridgewater, or Lundy's Lane, when asked if he could carry that battery. "*I'll try*," said he; and carried it. Here was a fine example of the temper I had to deal with, sometimes, when I fell in with, or fell out with, a loyal Scotchman, always more extravagantly and obstreperously loyal, than any native-born Englishman; just as the provincials and colonists are now.

Another note from the same individual, who, by the way, had just made a fierce onslaught upon phrenology, contending that the cerebellum was the seat of muscular action, and nothing else, and that no other function could be predicated of it; and was actually preparing to do for the world what D'Alembert had failed to do — that is, to supply the deficiencies of all who had preceded him, in philosophy and science, literature and art, having wearied of that narrower course, whereby he "gave up to the few what was meant for mankind" — ran thus: —

"DEAR SIR, — 'The Dream' is incompatible with our plan. The other paper is, in my opinion, too serious a reply to a mere *jeux* d'esprit [instead of *jeu* d'esprit]. I have received two others of a lighter kind; neither so thoroughly investigating the matter, yet either forming a more appropriate reply. Your paper on the 'Presidents' was a valuable one. Sincerely yours,
[No date.] "ALEX. WALKER."

"Your paper was a valuable *one!*" What a shocking vulgarism for a great reformer! Worse, if possible, than his *jeux* d'esprit, while engaged in supplying the deficiencies, and correcting the errors of the great Frenchman, D'Alembert.

To be sure, the same fault occurs every day, not only in our newspapers, but in our journals of the highest pretension. The writers ought to be indicted. But enough. Here ended my acquaintance with Dr. Walker, whose fresh countenance, fine head on the whole, white hair, and pompous, dignified carriage, are all before me now, as I saw him, at the age of sixty or thereabouts, with such a marvellous distinctness, that I verily believe I could sketch him, and almost paint him, to the life, had I the gift I have always been thought to possess, ever since I first began to talk about painting and painters; a great mistake, by the way, for I never had any special talent for brush-portraiture, whatever I may have had from the first, for pen-portraiture.

Next, I had a bone to pick with Colburn's "New Monthly." For all these contributions, I received from twelve to fifteen guineas a sheet. After my first article appeared in the "New Monthly," I waited for my pay, till I began to feel neglected. Whereupon, I dropped a line to Mr. T. Campbell, the editor, who lost no time in sending me what follows:—

"10, Upper Seymour Street, Sept. 27, 1826.

"SIR,—I am exceedingly sorry that you have had occasion to write so strong a remonstrance. To-morrow, the matter shall be represented to Mr. Ollier, Mr. Colburn's partner: the money which is due you, and which ought to have been remitted, shall be transmitted in a few days. I am not aware that I saw your paper earlier than July, and it was printed the end of August. Believe me, in the delay of payment, there has been no intention to underrate the value of a very sensible contribution. I should send you the money out of my own pocket, if it were not too late to-day, to get it from my banker. [Why not send a check?] But be assured, that it shall be remitted to you in a very few days. Mr. Colburn is still out of town, but you may depend on my making Mr. Ollier settle the matter speedily.

"I am, sir, yours with respect, T. CAMPBELL."

While thus occupied, I prepared "Brother Jonathan" for Mr. Blackwood. It appeared in three handsome volumes,

and I was paid my own price for it, two hundred guineas, after rewriting the whole, I dare not say how many times. The original manuscript I had brought with me from Baltimore, working on it, in the midst of storm and sea-sickness, all the way over. But my notions changed, after writing a while for the magazines; and I rewrote every page of it again — every paragraph, I might say; so that the whole web, warp and woof, was changed with a view to Blackwood. But, on reading it all over, and subjecting it to the judgment of Professor Wilson, alias Christopher North, and to some other individual of great good sense, and large experience, they had their misgivings about certain portions; and he, Blackwood, was cruelly disappointed. Whereupon, I wrote it all over again, for the third time, rejecting large portions altogether, some of which appeared after my return to America, and altering other portions, and changing and qualifying the incidents, characters, and plot, gashing and peppering the whole with commas, and colons, and semicolons, and a plenty of dashes, until it had become almost a new story, when it was accepted, and brought forth in superior style, both at London and in Edinburgh.

Many reviews appeared, and all sufficiently gratifying, both at London and Paris; and all, too, by utter strangers to me. But the most remarkable notice appeared in a volume of "Rejected Articles," published by Colburn, and written by nobody knows whom, to this day, I believe, containing capital imitations of William Cobbett, Francis Jeffrey, and others, and a review of "Brother Jonathan," purporting to have been written by Jeffrey himself — evidently suggested by the "Rejected Addresses," which had been so successful many years before, by the two Smiths.

Dec. 9, 1868. — I have just lighted on the following brief letter, which refers to what was "left over," when I had finished — for the third time — the story of "Brother Jonathan." "Otterbag" was one of the many episodes I threw aside, while revising it for the last time; and after my return to America, it appeared in the "Token," edited by Mr. Goodrich.

"Literary Union Club-House, Waterloo Place,
"Regent Street, London, Jan. 29, 1830.

"In selecting matter for our reprint of the shorter pieces of American writers, with a view to place American literature before the British public in a favorable light, Miss Mitford and myself have taken that most admirable creation of genius, 'Otterbag,' for the *first* article of the *first* work. It is entitled 'Stories of American Life, by American writers.'

"JAMES ATHEARN JONES."

After this, he wrote me concerning his "Tales of an Indian Camp:" "I know your power," he says, "with the pen, and your merciless cautery when you choose to employ the iron. . . . It is you, sir, that have induced me to write this book, or rather to edit it. . . . That remark" [something I said in "Blackwood"] "has been my stay and staff. I am now endeavoring to make it good in a novel, descriptive of New-England manners, under the title of "Robert Lynn; or, the History of an American Parvenu." I shall not publish it till next winter, being determined to write and rewrite, and after correct, till I do every thing that I am capable of doing."

And this reminds me of two other cases, which, though out of chronological order, have relation to this part of my story, and may therefore as well come in here, as anywhere. Among my many letters from Edgar A. Poe, is the following, received while I was editor of the "Yankee:" the rest I have parted with to fairs, though some were very precious, inasmuch as they showed the first outcroppings of his genius, when he proposed to dedicate his first poems to me, and I said, "No: it would be fatal to the book."

"Philadelphia, June 4th [no year].

"MY DEAR SIR, — As *you gave me the first jog in my literary career*, you are in a measure bound to protect me, and keep me rolling. I therefore now ask you to aid me with your influence, in whatever manner your experience shall suggest.

"It strikes me, that I never write you except to ask a favor." [Very true; but Poe was only one of a hundred who might

say the same thing.] "But my friend Thomas will assure you, that I bear you always in mind, holding you in the highest respect and esteem.

"Most truly yours, EDGAR A. POE."

The other incident, and one of the last in this connection, occurred thus. I happened to be in Washington, and in the House, at the time when Wise, and Stanley of North-Carolina, had their controversy on the floor of the House, and when Foote and Benton almost came to loggerheads there. Most of the Southern and Western members were armed to the teeth, and all were expecting a terrible outbreak, under pretence of organization.

While standing near the desk of Albert Smith, member from our District, a small, dark-eyed, nervous-looking man, about the size of Aaron Burr, and of our senator Peleg Sprague, and somewhat resembling both, came up, and we were introduced to each other by Smith. I did not hear the stranger's name, but he started, when he heard mine, and asked if he had rightly understood it; on being assured that he had, he turned to me and said, with tears in his eyes, that he owed every thing in the world to me. I thought the man beside himself; and though I saw that he was treated with uncommon deference by the members, it was not until he had finished the interview, that I found it was Mr. Naylor, M.C., from Philadelphia, whose letter about the East-Room had produced such a sensation throughout the whole country. "Why, sir," said he, "I know your 'Niagara' by heart, and I could repeat whole pages of it now;" and he went on repeating passage after passage, till I stopped him; for myself, I must acknowledge that I could not then, nor can I now, repeat as many lines.

"And now let me tell you," he added, "how you have been the making of me. When I was a poor little barefooted boy, somebody gave me a 'levenpenny bit, and I started off down-street to spend the money, as usual. In passing a book-stall, I stopped, and the first thing I took up was the 'Battle of Niagara.' I opened at the preface, began reading, and was so utterly carried away by it, that I bought the book, and went home and studied it. If the author of that poem, said I to myself, could do what he has done here, under so many

disadvantages, why cannot I? *I will!* And from that moment," said he, "you were my inspiration, and for all that I now am, and all I hope to be hereafter, I am indebted to you," &c., &c. Of course, I had little or nothing to say; and we parted, never to meet again.

But something still stranger just occurs to me. One evening, at the hotel, in Washington, where my daughter and I were staying, a tall gentlemanly-looking fellow, the gallant and eccentric Colonel Baker, of Illinois, who perished so deplorably in the late war, at the head of his fiery legions, came up to me and introduced himself, by saying that he was indebted to me for his election. "How so?" I asked. "Well," said he, "I stumped the state with your 'Fierce Gray Bird,' for a banner — the American Eagle — and carried all before me!" I bowed. There was a roguish twinkle in his eyes, however, when he said this, which betokened something in reserve. After a short pause, he added, "But the next time, I *lost* my election by your confounded Eagle." I laughed, and asked him how it happened. "Why," said he, "my opponent had the first *goings-in*, and when he opened with the 'American Eagle,' which of right belonged to me" — "As the first discoverer?" I suggested. "Good!" he replied, — "I called it a buzzard — a turkey-buzzard — *and lost my election.*" I laughed heartily — for what else could I do? — and then assured him that he was not far out of the way, in calling it a buzzard, for, being no naturalist, at the time I wrote the "Fierce Gray Bird," I gave her —

> "A collar of *gleaming hair*, —
> Around a neck that was *writhing and bare*,"

without a suspicion that I was palming off upon the good-natured public a vulture, instead of an eagle. It was now his turn to laugh, and he promised me, before we separated, to remember what I had told him, and make use of it, *from the Author*, on the first proper occasion! And he kept his promise, I dare say; for he was a roguish, ready, and captivating speaker, full of quiet, playful sarcasm, and natural archness. But why need I feel mortified at the blunder? I do not: I never did; for hadn't "poor dear Byron" got aground in the same way, or rather got beyond his depth in the same way,

when he ascribed to the "bloody beak" of his bird — a bird of prey — the function of talons?

And here, just here, I am reminded of something worse, and much harder to bear. A fellow in Salem, who had charge of the high-school there, published a handsome school-reader in which, without saying, "By your leave," he stirred up my "Fierce Gray Bird," to some purpose; for he had the folly, and, I may as well say it, the *presumption*, to change the first line, "There's a fierce gray Bird, with a bending beak," into "There's a *bald bold Bird*, with a bending beak"! — which well deserved to be called a *litter*-a-tion. Poor fellow! His name was *Northern*, and as he did it for notoriety, I am disposed to gratify him. Let me mention here, while I think of it, that my American Eagle was launched like a thunderbolt, as the "Fierce Gray Bird," and "Proud Bird of the Cliff," long before Drake's magnificent poem appeared, which has been so well received; of this, I feel quite sure, though I cannot stop to verify the fact by date, just now.

The pleasantry of Colonel Baker, by the way, is only to be matched, in my experience, by something which happened to me in Boston, during the Harrison-campaign. The city was over-crowded, all the public houses were crammed. I was a delegate. On my return from the great Bunker-Hill celebration, it rained cats and dogs. Mr. Moses Kimball, of the Museum and late Mayor of Boston — almost — picked me up on the highway, all sopping wet, and took me home to dinner. Just before we sat down, he led me up to his library, and took down a tattered, dirty-looking book, the dog-eared leaves hardly kept in place by the cover, so much had it been used. It was the *first* volume of "Keep Cool." After I had sufficiently admired it, he reached up, and took down the second volume, which appeared quite new and fresh. I hope he enjoyed the joke as much as I did. I only know that my appetite was undisturbed, so that if he had another object in view, he must have been a little disappointed. My notion was, that he had been *pairing* off at the book-stalls, from odd volumes; both being *odd* enough to match any thing, for the matter of that. But to return.

"Whar' ye gangin', Sawney?" said a man to a fellow he found creeping through his hedge. "*Bock agen*," was the

reply; and, in the same spirit of humble acquiescence, I say, "*Bock agen.*"

While thus engaged for "Blackwood," the "New-Monthly," and other magazines, I took regular lessons in fencing, sparring, and horsemanship, with a new set of masters; prepared another story, which appeared long after in this country under the title of "Authorship;" a very favorable review of which, and of "Rachel Dyer," too, in the same article, I lighted upon but yesterday, by the merest accident, in the "Englishman's Magazine," for April, 1831, while rummaging among some old papers.

But I have not quite finished my account of the head-flaws and mishaps I had to encounter, while working my passage, through the straits of magazine literature.

While engaged in retranslating Dumont's "Morals and Legislation" into English, for Mr. Bentham, he urged me so earnestly and vehemently to write for the "Oriental Herald," and the "Westminster," both quarterlies, that I consented. From Buckingham, the editor and proprietor of the "Herald," who had been driven out of India by the Governor-General, and hunted from pillar to post, I got nothing but thanks; from the "Westminster," still worse pay; for although I was compensated with a fair allowance of gold, it was after having been grossly cheated, and made to say things that had never entered my head, by alterations of the manuscript, after I had corrected the proofs; and to express opinions both false and foolish, about our American oratory. For example — and for this insolent interpolation, I was indebted to Dr. John Bowring, now Sir John Bowring, the principal editor, though Mr. John Stuart Mill had a finger in the pie; for I saw two or three marginal notes of his, and charged him with having a hand in the pitiful trick, but he denied all participation — I was made to say, that our oratory, after I had been citing Webster and Everett, and giving passages from Sprague's oration, was the exhibition of a strolling Thespian, compared with the calm and beautiful style of English speakers! I do not give the exact language, but will by and by.

It was in this article, which appeared Jan. 7, 1826, in the "Westminster Review," under the title of "United States," that I first assailed our preposterous militia-system, for its injustice

and absurdity; following it up, after my return to America, with such success, that it soon disappeared, and for ever. And here, too, I proposed a plan for uprooting slavery in the land, without violence or wrong, and in such a way as would be certain to secure the co-operation of the slaveholders themselves. The scheme was not only just and generous, but reasonable, and the best — I say it now and here, without qualification or misgiving — the very best that was ever suggested, up to the day when the decree went forth from the Presidential mansion, as from another Sinai.

> "And blasts of unseen trumpets, long and loud,
> Swelled by the breath of whirlwinds, rent the cloud."

In short, I was wronged and betrayed, and never wrote another page for the "Westminster," till I reviewed "Politica," of which a word or two hereafter. But stay!

A number of amusing incidents have just occurred to me; and lest I may forget them in the heat and hurry of composition, we may as well have them up now, all hot, with their newest flavor.

One of the most remarkable was, that I learned skating on the little river of St. James's Park; and that, in a few hours at most. My first and last essays in that direction, at home, had been accomplished, at the age of ten perhaps, on one foot only — one foot, shod with a piece of rusty iron hoop — when, having no ice in the neighborhood, I had to put up with a "glittering generality," as we politicians would call it; a smooth, shining *crust*, after a heavy rain, following a snow-storm, which had lasted a long while. It was just back of my mother's in Fish-Street, now Exchange-Street, on a large open lot, with apple-trees here and there, and a few stumps for me to run my head against, while skating on one foot, or sliding on a level. Think of that! — a thorough-going Down-Easter, from the District of Maine, at the age of thirty-one or two, learning to skate in London, where the ice, instead of being quarried in blocks two or three feet square, month after month, and clear as ringing crystal, seems to be, at best, but a puddle of dirty water newly skimmed over, and covered with undulating wet pasteboard.

One sabbath-day — Sunday is always a sabbath, you know,

with a New-Englander — I was taking a stroll with Solicitor Parkes, of Birmingham, author of a capital History of the Court of Chancery, and other valuable treatises on the metaphysics of law, who had married a daughter of Dr. Priestley, and was thought a dangerous fellow, on account of his leaning toward republican institutions; and when we reached the New-River, we found it frozen over, and literally covered with parties rushing this way and that, in every direction, often half-leg deep in water, as the rotten ice yielded to the pressure, and disappeared, like a wet cloth, only to rise again, after the pressure was over, with a slow undulating motion, as if held together by something underneath. Several persons had gone under; others had been fished up, we were told, by a member of the Humane-Society; while one or two had been drowned outright, and others were still missing. I was not only astonished, but horror-struck. Nothing would have tempted me to run such a risk, and while I was expressing my astonishment, in the belief that my friend Parkes agreed with me entirely — for he had assented to all I thought proper to say about such recklessness and folly; such infatuation, or hallucination, or fool-hardiness, call it what you please — happening to turn my head, after a short silence, I found my gentleman, this "potent, grave, and reverend signior" of the law, down on one knee, and eagerly strapping on a pair of skates that he had brought with him, under his coat-tail; and before I had time to remonstrate with him, as he deserved, he was off and away, among the dead men, and about as mad as the maddest. Nevertheless, I must acknowledge that he "walked the *water* like a thing of life;" and though I shouldn't have known whether he was wading, or skating, or floundering for most of the time, and that he came out, at last, without passing through the hands of the Humane-Society; and not as if he had been fished up, through a special Providence even, as others were. So much for London pastimes in the dead of winter, when the people fancy they are amusing themselves, like hyperboreans of the walrus, or the seal and white-bear communities.

A slight hurried sketch of this gentleman may not be amiss here. He was about five and thirty, of a slender spare make, and a nervous-bilious temperament, with a countenance full of

energy, and a fine, compact, though not large head. A letter of his, which I have just met with, while rummaging for quite another purpose, among the little I have left from the great fire, will give a very just idea of the man's true character.

"DEAR NEAL, — I have often meditated writing you a friendly line of recollection; but my Mammon, my worldly craft, engrosses all my time. I have, the last twelve months, plunged into business, out of which I shall not be extricated, till I have attained the maximum of independence — now one figure — probably to be carried, by avarice and ambition, from figure to figure, till my body is deposited with its ancestral procreators. Thus we live and die. I dined this day fortnight with the great philosopher in Queen-Square Place: talking of you, and the "Yankee," now lying on the table below there, brings you to my mind. Let me have a line to say how, where, and with what objects, you are on the crust of the earth. Any letters or parcels will find me by any opportunity, to my brother 'Samuel Parkes, Esq., Merchant, Liverpool, England.'

"I send you my chancery history. It will soon appear in another edition in two volumes. The public and the critics must carry its character, good, bad, or indifferent, to you.

"In great haste, yours most truly, JOSEPH PARKES.

"Birmingham, 7 Feb. 1829."

"The 'Westminster' is revived, but consumptively, in a great cabal. Many of the dons retired within their shells, disapproving of Bowring's late editorship. I regret this. I regret the cause. My only anxiety, however, is the *money* of the admirable old philosopher" — meaning Bentham, whose pockets had been drained, year after year, to feed Bowring, as co-editor with Mr. Southern, and then as editor; the great and good Bentham being fully persuaded by the former, that he was working wonders for humanity through the "Westminster," while he was bleeding slowly to death, drop by drop, as Sinbad the sailor might have done, if the Old-Man of the Sea had thought of tapping him in the jugular, after he was mounted.

Speaking of vagabond Englishmen, I may as well get a

few of them off my mind, before I go any further. One day, in passing along a crowded thoroughfare I came full butt upon a fellow, who had swindled us (Pierpont, Lord, and myself) out of some thousands, and then suddenly disappeared, as if the earth had opened, and swallowed him up; and I dare say we then wished it had. For six or eight years, we had lost all trace of him. The highway being rather inconvenient for settling such questions, as were likely to arise between us, I took his address, and gave him mine, he promising to see me at my lodgings forthwith, and that was the last I ever saw or heard of the gentleman.

A brief history of our acquaintance may go far to justify what I have said heretofore, and still mean to say, as long as I have breath in my body, about vagabond Englishmen: exceptions I acknowledge here, and once for all, to the hundreds I have known and loved, and sincerely respected, both abroad and at home, for their manliness, and truth and generous courtesy.

My partner Lord, while we were in business at Baltimore, had got acquainted with him as Frederick Gray, at Niblo's, where he dropped in occasionally, to dine or lunch. He was a fine-looking fellow, six feet high, broad-chested and well-proportioned, good-natured to a fault, acquainted with horses and the prize-ring, and a capital hand for large business. Being after a situation, Lord took him to Baltimore, and gave him a berth as a sort of understrapper, at very low wages, till he could do something for himself in another way. After a few months, finding him diligent, active, to all appearance honest, and well-acquainted with dry-goods, we held a council of war, and at last concluded to set him up in business for himself, as a retailer on Market-Street.

Soon after this, a half-brother came out, bringing with him two or three suits of clothes, which I had ordered from a London tailor, at the suggestion of Gray. The very first morning after his arrival, the young man, having understood that I was going out for a day's shooting, proposed to go with me. I could not well refuse, knowing what a privilege it is for an Englishman to carry arms, without a license, taking with him a poodle or terrier, a mastiff or a bull-dog, for authentication. After a while, happening to observe his legs,

as I saw him a little way off, clambering over a rough sort of a fence, I called out to him to look out, or he would want another pair of trowsers to go home with. He said nothing, but kept out of my way, leaving me to wonder if it was quite the thing for an Englishman to go after birds, in a fashionable suit of superfine black broadcloth. After a while, on expressing my disappointment that only one suit of clothes had reached me, and especially that my black suit, which I most wanted, and most needed in fact, had never appeared, I got a hint from a fellow-boarder that I need not look far, to find the missing suit. It was even so. The young scamp had appropriated my whole suit of black, on coming ashore, that he might make a favorable impression, while looking about for a berth; and not having any other clothes, respectable enough to go a shooting in, had been obliged to appear in black. What became of the fellow, I do not remember; I only know that after his big brother ran away, we found that his name was not *Fred Gray*, but *Joe Glover*, and that the two rapscallions were not half-brothers, but full brothers; and then it was that a mystery was explained, which had long puzzled us. Two or three times, the youngster had spoken of "our *Joe*," in such a way as to lead us into the belief, that he was growing rather too familiar, considering his age and position; my partner being Joseph Lord, and called our Joe "for short." Alas for our simplicity! we had never suspected the truth, till both birds were on their way to their nest, in Norfolk, England.

Here we have two more bagged. A third was that Saubiere, who *did* us out of a retail-stock in Charleston, S.C., a low actor, I verily believe, at some early period of his life, though afterward the confidential clerk of a Mr. Dayton, who did a large business of some sort in Philadelphia, before this exceedingly pleasant gentleman cut loose from the employment of a book-keeper, with a large family to provide for, and took to the highway, without exposing himself to prosecution. The very first move he made toward acquaintance ought to have put me upon my guard, I must acknowledge; but I was doing a large business, and he was a fellow-boarder, who had made a favorable impression on both of my partners. Passing through my warehouse one day, when I was

out, he found a box of Irish linens on tap near the door, opened, I suppose, to show their jobbing qualities. And what does my gentleman do, but carry off a whole piece, worth fifty or sixty dollars, for his wife to look at; for he knew we did not retail. And this was the last we ever saw of that piece. Would it had been the last we ever saw of him! It might have saved us a few thousands, at least.

And now for number four. One day, when I was lolling, half-awake, in my office, at Baltimore, over some dull treatise of law, a portly, middle-aged man, of rather a dignified bearing, entered, and introduced himself to me as an English barrister. I forget his name just now, but he wanted professional advice, and soon managed to let me know — incidentally, and not by any means boastfully — that Charles James Fox was his god-father, and that he had left England on account of a duel, not otherwise worth mentioning. Soon after this, he consulted with me about entering upon the profession at Baltimore. I told him what the difficulties were: he would have to study three or four years, I forget which, with some lawyer of the Baltimore bar. "All right," he said: he was informed and fully prepared for that; and, on the whole, thought it would be no disadvantage to him, as he knew very little of American law, and, he might have said, nothing at all of English law, common or statute. In short, he was anxious to enter with me. I consented; and he went to work, paying me two hundred dollars to begin with, for a student's fee.

At the end of six months or so, I found that he had married an aged spinster, with a little property, somewhere in the neighborhood of Havre-de-Grace, and was actually cohabiting with two servant girls — *sisters* — at the same time, under his own roof, all three occupying the same bed. Here our acquaintance ended, and the gentleman disappeared. So much for number four.

One other case, and I have done with this branch of vagabond natural history; vagabond Englishmen, after all, being but few in comparison with the numberless vagabond Americans who have wronged, betrayed, or cheated me, year after year, just in proportion to the disinterested sacrifices I have made for them, ever since my boyhood.

After my return to Portland, in 1826, I was invited to join a debating club, under an idea that, as I wrote so much, and so well, I must be a capital debater. One evening, at the old city-hall, a question was sprung upon us of a nature to rouse all the manhood there was in me, and I made a very decent speech — a great speech, others called it. I was followed by a young stranger, an Englishman, with a little of the Yorkshire twang, who took the same view I had taken, and manifested a good degree of readiness and fluency, without being otherwise remarkable in any way. After the meeting broke up, he introduced himself to me as a Mr. Boyle, from Staffordshire, I think, judging by his great familiarity with the manufactures of that place, the potteries, &c. He claimed to be a nephew of the British consul at New-York, a relation of Mrs. Hemans, and, after a little further acquaintance, a kinsman of Lord or Lady Byron. He had belonged, he said, to a debating society in his own neighborhood, and come over here to seek his fortune. He wanted to be a lawyer, believing that profession to be the best for a young and ambitious temper. But he was poor and friendless, a stranger among strangers, and how should he maintain himself? After due inquiries at New-York, which satisfied me up to a certain point, and I did not think it my business to go further, I took him as a student, without a fee; and feeling a special sympathy for young men, who, like myself, had to make their own way through the world without help, it mattered little in what business, I managed to put him in the way of earning his bread, by the manufacture of bone-black, such as they used in the potteries. In a little time, by his apparent frankness and plausibility, he managed to obtain of my personal friends a full cargo of bones, which he took away with him in a small schooner, for Boston or New-York, without having paid a dollar for the whole; and that was the last I ever saw of him until many years had gone by, when, happening to be at Washington, with my eldest daughter, we were persuaded to attend the President's levée, as they call it. While promenading the East-Room, with a daughter of Judge Parris on my arm, a tall, fine-looking stranger, whom I did not recognize at first, came up to me, with a captivating smile, and offered his hand, while we

were literally surrounded by a circle of distinguished men. One look was enough. I refused the hand he offered, and turned away without speaking — to the astonishment, I dare say, of all who saw the procedure. Not satisfied with this, the fellow planted himself right before me; and, as the circle began to enlarge, demanded, in a loud voice, what I meant by refusing his hand. I answered quietly, though loud enough to be heard by all the bystanders, whose attention had been attracted by his behavior, "Because you are an impudent scoundrel, and a swindler." If a thunderbolt had fallen in our midst, the people about me could not have appeared much more astonished. What! in a crowded assembly at the Presidential mansion, and in the presence of ladies, to break out in this way — who ever heard of such a thing! "You will hear from me," said Mr. Boyle, turning away to hide his confusion, and nodding toward the main entrance, as if inviting me to follow. I signified my assent; and as soon as I had resigned the care of his daughter to Judge Parris, I followed my gentleman to the door; but he was not to be found. On returning to Brown's Hotel, however, I found him waiting for me at the bar. The moment he began to speak, I said, "Sir, I shall not accept any apology, or explanation," and turned away, he following me through the darkest part of the passage, and muttering that he had no apology, nor explanation to offer. As he was larger, and probably much heavier than I, and from a fighting region, I must acknowledge that I expected a row, and was prepared for it. But instead of "pitching-in," he withdrew by another door, and the next day sent me a message by a servant, saying that the blood of all the Boyles demanded satisfaction; that he was bent upon being avenged, and intimating that I must prepare for a personal attack. Whereupon, having shown the missive to my friend, Senator Fessenden, and asked him, in playfulness, to be my second, I started off, to walk by the lodgings of my pleasant adversary. This I did forthwith, passing three or four times by the door of the hotel where he intimated that he was to be found — at least until his board-bill should be due; but I never saw him again, poor fellow, never, — and have not heard from, nor of him, from that day to this. But enough. These are but samples of

what I have had to endure in helping others — like Pelby, the actor; Sumner Lincoln Fairfield, the poet; and General Bratish, Count Eliovich, the Hungarian refugee — both abroad and at home; the simple truth being, that most of my quarrels through life, and all that are worth remembering, have been in the defence, or for the help of others, not one of whom, by the way, ever thought of repaying the obligation, or even of acknowledging the debt, for which may God forgive them as freely as I do!

CHAPTER XVI.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SUBSTANTIAL TRUTH, AND CIRCUMSTANTIAL TRUTH.

EXAMPLES AND ILLUSTRATIONS; MR. JOHN BOWRING, BEFORE HE WAS AN LL.D., OR KNIGHTED; SKETCH OF HIS CHARACTER, FROM LIFE, WITH ANECDOTES; "WESTMINSTER REVIEW;" HIS CLEVERNESS, AND CRAFT, AND SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS; JEREMY BENTHAM; BOWRING'S NOTIONS OF PATRONAGE; HIS BARGAINS WITH ME, AND THE CONSEQUENCES; SOLICITOR PARKES; SIR ROWLAND HILL; MR. BLACK, OF THE "MORNING CHRONICLE;" JOHN STUART MILL.

DEC. 14, 1868. — If you think it an easy matter to tell the truth, my friend, just try it for once: will you? I do not mean *substantial* truth, but *circumstantial* truth; for there is a great difference between the two. A man greatly given to bouncing, or to poetical embellishment, once consulted a friend about the best way of breaking off the habit. After due consideration, his friend advised him to begin with one truth a day. If you desire to be *circumstantially* exact, you cannot do better than to follow that man's example. No matter how conscientious you are, my life on it, you cannot tell the same story twice alike; and yet, it may be substantially true.

Two illustrations, within my experience — and I might give a thousand, I dare say, if I had the particulars reduced to writing — may serve to show what I understand to be the difference between substantial, and circumstantial truth.

Not long ago, eight or ten years perhaps, I wrote a magazine-article, which had something to do with coincidences; and, by the way, this reminds me, that on the twenty-eighth of November last, which was my son's birthday, some of us happened to mention it, in the presence of our two next-door neighbors — one, Mrs. D., on the right; and the other, Mrs. S., on the left — when, to our astonishment, we found that they also were born on the twenty-eighth of November; all three in a row, therefore. In the article referred to, I stated

that, on the first morning after my arrival in London, I stopped to look at some letters I had with me, near the bronze equestrian statue of Charles I., at Charing-Cross; that I selected one addressed to Mr. Charles Toppan, with Messrs. Perkins and Co., say No. 481, Fleet-Street, having business with Mr. P. about a newly-invented engine of prodigious power. As I looked up, a stranger was passing, of whom I inquired the way to Fleet-Street. "I am going that way," said he, "and will show you." After a while, he stopped, and said, "This is Fleet-Street; I am going no further. What number do you want?" — "Number 481." — "This is 481. Whom are you looking for?" — "Mr. Charles Toppan, the engraver," said I. "That is my name," said he. Now, when I wrote the article, I honestly believed I was telling the simple truth, as a part of my own experience. Judge of my amazement, when I heard from my daughter in New-York, that Mr. Toppan had mentioned the subject, and assured her that the strange coincidence happened not to me, but to Mr. John Dunn Hunter, the author of "Hunter's Captivity among the Indians!" How are we to explain this, supposing Mr. Toppan to be right, and I wrong? I did carry a letter to him at Mr. Perkins's, or to Mr. Perkins himself. I did take my letters out to look at them, the first morning after my arrival, and I did this near the statue of King Charles, at Charing-Cross; and I did personally deliver the letter to Mr. Toppan, or to Mr. Perkins, I forget which. Hunter had lodgings in the same house with me, in Warwick-Street, Pall-Mall. Of course, I must have had the story from one or both; and when I came to *illustrate*, like the fellow who got drunk for illustration, while his brother was lecturing on temperance, my whole attention was fixed on the main point, as a wonderful coincidence, that a stranger, among a population of more than a million, should accost another stranger at sight, to inquire the way, and find him to be the very man he wanted. If I had only Hunter's word to rely on, I should be ashamed to repeat the story; but Mr. Toppan, being the very man so accosted, confirms it as related. Here I had given the *substantial* truth, which was all I undertook to do; but how widely I had wandered from the circumstantial truth!

I know of nothing to be compared with it, except, perhaps,

the solemn declaration of Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, many times repeated, that he had never used the language ascribed to him, "*It is d—d hot,*" in the pulpit — it being an old story about Rowland Hill, which he remembered from his youth; while a cloud of witnesses declare *as* solemnly, that they heard him with their own ears; or his utter forgetfulness, and positive denial of what he had done a little time before, in his own pulpit, after employing *ten minutes* in a running commentary, line by line, of a hymn, as he gave it out — according to the testimony of a clergyman present.

But the second illustration is yet more perplexing, and shows, in a still stronger light, how dangerous it may be for a conscientious man to depend wholly upon his memory for particulars, after the lapse of a lifetime.

Not long ago, only a few months indeed, in giving an account of our painters, for the "Atlantic," I had occasion to relate a diverting incident, which occurred to the younger Sully, where he was called to account by a patron, for the ill-fitting of a coat he had painted. I had it from Sully's own mouth, immediately after his return from Somerset-House, "white with rage," and I thought I gave it circumstantially, and almost in his own language; for his patron said, as I distinctly remembered, "Everybody will naturally ask who made that coat?" "Well, sir, and what then?" said Sully. "Why, sir, I made that coat."

Judge of my astonishment, when, two or three weeks after writing this article, and after it was in type indeed, happening to be tumbling over some old magazines, I came upon what was meant for the same story, written by me in August, 1826, for a London monthly, while the circumstances were all fresh in my recollection. There it was the Duke of Gloucester, whose coat had been misrepresented by the painter; and the painter was not Mr. Robert M. Sully, but Sir William Beechy! And yet the story, as told then, and as I tell it now, was substantially the same, though circumstantially differing, in the narration. Let this be a warning to narrators, lest they become at last mere story-tellers, where they have no idea of embellishing, or misrepresenting the facts, for anybody's amusement.

As told in the "British Magazine," out of Sully's "own

mouth," it runs thus: "Mr. R. S. was employed to paint a portrait for a man, who, when it was done, declared himself delighted with every part of the picture, save and except one shoulder of the coat, which did not fit smoothly — I beg his pardon — wasn't 'a good fit.' 'Excuse me, sir,' said he, 'I never shall forget the mortification I felt on going to the Somerset-House Exhibition, some years ago. The first picture I saw was a picture of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Gloucester, by Sir William Beechy. It was a capital likeness — capital — never saw a better; but, sir — would you believe it? — there was a wrinkle in the coat, sir — just here, sir — just under the collar. I couldn't take my eyes off it, sir — a perfect eyesore. I would rather have given twenty guineas than see it in such a state.' 'Ah!' said Sully, 'ah! why so?' — 'Why, sir, everybody would naturally ask who made that coat.' — 'Well, and what then?" — 'Why, sir, I made that coat.' — 'You?' — 'Yes: I — I made that very coat, sir.'"

And now, if I had the article I wrote for the "Atlantic" before me, I would copy the passage purporting to give the same incident, as if under oath; but although it is in type, and the first part was printed two months ago, in the November issue, it will not appear till March next, and is therefore beyond my reach. I am sure it would go far to reconcile us to variations and discrepancies, if not to downright contradictions, in testimony; though, as I have said before, the main fact is never lost sight of, and the essentials are true, in both cases, according to the best of my knowledge and belief.

And now for another subject. Among the most remarkable men I met with about this time — remarkable in a small way — was Mr. John Bowring, afterward Dr. Bowring, and now Sir John Bowring, the busiest of busybodies, and the slipperiest. We met, I hardly know how, at the table of Jeremy Bentham, the philosopher of Queen-Square Place; and he being a poet, "bekase — he kivered his head with green baize," like Tom Moore's tailor, and chief editor of the "Westminster Review," Southern being the understrapper, and having charge of the "London Magazine," for which I also wrote, I took rather a fancy to him. He was a good deal of a chatterbox, to be sure; but then he had a refined, in-

tellectual face, a very pleasant manner, and just enough of modest pretension, to make him an agreeable companion. We got to be rather intimate, before the season of good-fellowship was over, and at the desire of Mr. Bentham — "at the special instance and request of Mr. Bentham," I might say, in the language of the law — I "undertook, and promised to" — *write* an article for the "Westminster." I did so, and it appeared January, 1826, upon the "United States of America." But after I had corrected the proof, my amiable friend interpolated two or three heterogeneous paragraphs, without consulting me, and without my knowledge, for a long time; one of which was not only insolent and offensive, but absurdly opposed to all my known views and opinions. In speaking of certain orations by Webster and Everett and Sprague, I had been careful not to overpraise; but the doctor, wishing to appear very familiar with Americans and American literature, chose to interpolate the following passage in this my vindication of American writers, where it should pass for the admission of a native American; in other words, to personate, and misrepresent the author. "Violent exaggeration," said Mr. John Bowring, "is the character of American literature at the present day, and, compared with the chaster and more rational style of our best writers, *the style of the North-American authors is usually the rant and unmeaning vehemence of a strolling Thespian, when placed beside the calm, appropriate, and expressive delivery of an accomplished actor.*" A pretty thing for me to say of my leading fellow-countrymen! — and a source of cruel misapprehension, to say nothing of misrepresentation, by a thousand or fifteen hundred newspapers, year after year; till, taking the matter in hand seriously, I put a stop to it, after my return to Portland. But, passing over the confusion of thought in the passage referred to, where the gentleman begins with American literature, and finishes with American oratory — now disparaging our writers, and now comparing the *delivery* of our strolling Thespians with that of accomplished actors, by way of illustration; for what knew Dr. John Bowring of the "rant" and "vehemence" he complains of, in our *writers*, and what of their *delivery*? — he had never been in America, and, probably had never heard even an after-dinner speech from an American.

Bear in mind that I had gone over to England to take up the gage of battle, offered by the arrogant and supercilious writers of England; to answer the "Edinburgh Review," face to face, where it ventured to say, "that eloquence and the power of fine writing were denied by nature to the American race, and that they have a little Latin whipped into them at school in their youth, and read Shakspeare, Pope, and Milton, as well as bad English novels" — that they do, and have always done; but there seems to be no help for it, until we have some respect for ourselves — "in the days of courtship and leisure."

And yet, such being my errand, or mission, if you will, this meddling, gossipping, sly, and treacherous man, had the audacity to put words into my mouth, not only in flat contradiction to what I said, but in direct confirmation of what his unprincipled countrymen had said of us! How could he do this, and "hope to be forgiven"?

Meanwhile, the gentleman had involved me in two other unpleasant scrapes, owing to my unreasonable confidence in his professions and assurances; but, before I enter into further details, allow me to give a sketch of his personal appearance, taken from life, and published in "Timothy Flint's Monthly," for November, 1833. "Dr. John Bowring is not far from forty-six"— under forty, therefore, when I knew him, and if now living, nearly fourscore — "about five feet nine inches high, of a slender make, with one of the most poetical faces you ever saw; a capital forehead, lofty, transparent, ample, and serene; a clear sharp nose, with a chin sufficiently characteristic, though not by any means remarkable; a pleasant mouth; and eyes, which, in spite of his golden spectacles, and the distortion caused by their long use, are capable of being lighted up, as with inward fire. Add to this, that his complexion is light, and his hair, if we may trust our memory, dark-brown, approaching black, and sprinkled with gray, and you have all that we can remember of the outward man"; with a general air of refinement and sensibility, though not of high-breeding, I might have added, to complete the likeness.

The first time I ever saw Dr. Bowring, though I had always known him by reputation, after his translations from

the Russ and Polish had appeared, and had long wished to see him, was at the Argyle-Rooms, London. We were both listening to a series of lectures in Spanish, French, German, and Italian, by expatriated natives, introductory to a course in the several languages mentioned, upon the literature of their respective countries. There were perhaps fifty other listeners, not more; though I believe the introductories were all gratuitous. And this happened in the huge metropolis of the British empire, at a time of great public sympathy for the sufferings and sacrifices of the many distinguished men — outcasts — who had been scattered by the convulsions of Europe over earth and sea; and after the *patronage of* John Bowring, Esq., had been secured; the chief linguist of the age, according to the newspapers — a laughable mistake, at the best, — and as these poor strangers had been made to believe, by certain publishers, of prodigious influence and elevated position, among the titled, the literary, and fashionable, if not in the commercial world; his position there, as a dealer in French wines, having been forfeited, by a questionable failure in business. One by one, they had arrived, like so many conspirators, at the place of meeting; and most of them were consigned to him, only to be disappointed, deceived, and betrayed. At the suggestion of Mr. Bowring, who meant well enough, but wanted the courage to deal honestly with them, they were induced to club together, and invest their little all — their pocket-money — in one foolish experiment after another, till they had nothing left, not even hope; and were finally rescued from absolute starvation, by a dress-ball, given at the Opera, House, under the patronage, not of John Bowring, Esq., but of the Duke of Sussex, and some others. With that, Mr. B. had nothing to do, beyond appearing, radical though he was, in a regular built *court-dress*, and dodging about hither and thither, like a will o' the wisp, and emphatically announcing the names of here and there a nobleman, to here and there a commoner, as he had done a little time before, at the Lord Mayor's ball. The tickets were a guinea, and there were probably four thousand persons present, without reckoning J. B., Esq., who, like the Irishman's spotted pig, kept running about, so that he couldn't well be counted.

The second scheme for the relief of such men as Prati,

an Italian advocate and fine *belles-lettres* scholar; the canon Riego, brother of the great Spanish general, Riego; Desprat, who gave up his pay to the Spanish Cortes; the aide-de-camp of Mina, Castellanos, if my memory serves me; Schnell, who furnished eloquent, profound, and most extraordinary papers for the "Westminster," on Greek literature and the Orations of Demosthenes, in English, worthy of Jeremy Taylor himself, though he spoke not a word of any language but German; Rey, the jurisconsult; Ugo Foscolo, whose papers for the "Edinburgh" were done into English by Mrs. Sarah Austin, afterward so greatly distinguished; Carl Völker, the gymnast, whom I sent to this country, and others — the second scheme was to set up a private institution, for the study of the European languages, laws, and literature, in copartnership, which turned out a miserable failure; though it led to the establishment of the London-University, after renewed loss, mortification, and discouragement, for the conspirators and refugees. Of all the schemes projected by John Bowring, Esq., only one prospered, and that only for a short season. Völker's Gymnasium, which cost — not John Bowring, Esq., but Jeremy Bentham — about *seven hundred pounds sterling*, or three thousand five hundred dollars. For a time, and so long as the gymnasium flourished, it was Bowring's plan, and sustained by Bowring's *patronage*. But when it fell through — alas for the kind-hearted, over-credulous Bentham! — he had to foot the bills.

Since the foregoing was written, I have lighted on a record which I had entirely forgotten, containing what follows, in substance, though greatly abridged. It gives a still more unsightly appearance to some of the transactions complained of.

In October, 1826, Mr. Bentham desired me to write a review for the "Westminster," of a work then just published in London, a presentation copy of which had been sent by Lord St. Helens to General Sir Samuel Bentham, for that purpose. I did not much like the job, having had enough to do with Mr. John Bowring and Mr. Henry Southern, the two editors, to know that neither was to be trusted. Nevertheless, as I could not well refuse any request of Mr. Bentham, I promised to read the book, and see Bowring, and let him understand my views before I put pen to paper; and, if we

agreed, to review the work. I did so. Mr. Bowring called on me, and we talked the matter all over. He assented to every thing, promised every thing; and I went cheerfully to work, laying out materials enough, and taking pains enough, to prepare a volume. Still, when completed, that there might be no after-claps, nor misunderstandings, instead of sending it to him in the usual way, as bargained for, I sent it with a note, saying, that unless it could be published as written, without *material alterations and omissions*, I should like to have it returned. Instead of replying by note, Mr. Bowring called on me in person, and expressed great satisfaction with the paper, though he could not agree with me in my view of Mr. Bentham. "Very well," said I, after a hurried recapitulation of the arguments I had used, no one of which he understood, or was capable of understanding, "leave out the whole of that passage." Here we were interrupted by the voice of Mr. Bentham at the door: "All I ask of you," I added, "is not to make me say, as you did in my last article, what is contrary to my opinion, and what I may have to contradict in some other journal." I alluded to the paper, an account of which you will find on page 274, and to the "Old Monthly." "Oh, no! certainly not," was the reply, and here we parted; the condition being that he should leave out all I had written about Mr. Bentham's view of a double legislative body. Before we parted, he proposed to pay for the paper; and I consented at last to receive about fifty dollars on account, being one-third of the amount promised.

Dinner over, and Mr. Bowring gone, Mr. Bentham, with whom we both dined that day, not having understood our conversation, asked what the matter was. I told him; and, after hearing all I had to say against his favorite theory, he replied that he should tell Bowring to put it in — and to put it in, too, in my own language, and just as I had written it. "All he wanted was fair-play," he said; "and what he wanted for himself, he was willing to grant another. If I was right, he would be glad to find himself in error," — a pretty thing to say, but never true; — "if otherwise, to publish what I said might lead to a change of opinion with me."

After this, I had another talk with Mr. Bowring, who agreed to preserve the passage with some such introductory

observation as this: "We have heard the subject stated so and so." Here the matter ended, and I heard nothing more of the review till I got the proof, *without copy*. Judge of my amazement, when I found that Mr. John Bowring had not only omitted whole paragraphs, which he had appeared much pleased with in conversation, together with all that related to the examination of Mr. Bentham's views of a legislative body, but that he had actually taken advantage of a remark made by me, to introduce an opinion directly in the teeth of my whole argument, and wholly at war with fact and history — an opinion that nothing but his extraordinary ignorance of the subject he had presumed to meddle with, could excuse for a moment.

I could not bear this, and I told Mr. Bowring so, in a brief and peremptory note, requiring him to publish the article as he had *promised*, or to return it forthwith. His reply was so altogether in character, that it would be doing both him and myself injustice not to publish it entire: —

"DEAR SIR, — I have not seen the proof of your article, so you must not *understand* that it has passed through my hands in the way it will have to stand. I meant to do this after you had seen it, and I had received your observations upon it. You do not *say* how I have made you *say* the contrary of what you did *say*. [Charming! *say, say, say.*] The W. R. must speak the opinions of the W. Reviewer, and not the opinions of any individuals, when those opinions differ from those of the W. R." [But who the plague was W. R.? Had the W. R. any opinions upon any subject apart from J. B. or H. W.? said I to myself.]

"I shall be happy to hear any observations of yours *in writing;* but should your opinion differ from mine, and you be unable to convince me that mine is wrong, it must be my opinion (which, in all doubtful cases, I wish to fortify by the best warrant), that must stand — at least in the W. R.

"Yours ever, J. BOWRING."

All very well, if he had not *promised* beforehand, after reading the article in manuscript.

To this I replied at length; for it was really high time to

teach these Quarterly reviewers that I, for one, was not in the humor to be trifled with. To show something of the temper in which it was written, I give a part:—

"I do not wish the 'Westminster Review,' nor the editor of the 'Westminster Review,' to be answerable for my opinions. Nor will I be answerable for the opinions of the 'Westminster Review,' or its editor, when they disagree with mine, especially after stipulating, with due care, that, if the article I wrote for the W. R. could not be published without material alterations or omissions, it should be returned to me; and yet, more especially, after being assured that if a few paragraphs, about which we could not agree, were not published in the shape I gave them, they should be omitted altogether, and not published in a contrary shape.

"You cannot be surprised, I think, at what I have said to you on receiving the proof, *without copy*, (see P.S.), of an article prepared under such circumstances, when I find, that, after all my care in stipulating beforehand, many alterations and omissions *have* occurred — some that are unintelligible to me, and some that would be unintelligible to anybody, who knows much about America, or who had ever read the book under review; and not only this, but that an opinion, *directly the reverse of mine* upon the subject, and the *only* subject, upon which you appeared to disagree with me, has been substituted for my opinion.

"You say, to be sure, that you had not read the proof, and that I must not understand that it has passed through your hands in the way it will have to stand; you meant to do this, after I had read it, and after you had received my observations — *in writing* — upon it: by all which it would appear, that, after I have written a paper for the W. R., which has been accepted *on my conditions*, and after the editor and I have agreed together concerning it, I am to write another paper of *observations* upon it, if I receive such a proof that I am hardly able to recognize a part of my own writing, on account of the changes that are made, not in words or phraseology, but in serious thoughtful opinions. Thank God, I have something else to do."

Postscript referred to above. My note ran thus:—

"Q. S. P. 24th Nov., 1826.

"DEAR SIR,—After all my guardedness in stipulating with you beforehand, you have not only left out the passage I had agreed to have eliminated, but you have left out one or two more upon which my conclusions were founded — conclusions which would appear absurd, or not intelligible, to those who know any thing about the matter, if they were unaccompanied with the process of proof; and you have not only done this, but you have actually made me say the very reverse of what I did say.

"Really, I cannot bear this. Will you send me the copy? It would be quite impossible for me to correct such a proof, were it otherwise what it should be, without a copy.

"Yours, &c., J. N."

But I must defer the rest of my story, till I have to do with Mr. Jeffrey, of the "Edinburgh Review," on the same subject. See Chapter XVII.

Another example of the gentleman's adroit and plausible management occurred in the getting up of the "Westminster Review." That was a plan of John Bowring, Esq., to insure himself a respectable maintenance for life; and to Mr. Bentham, the pleasure of providing for it. After it had been flourishing several years, instead of there being a balance to the credit of the philosopher of Queen-Square Place, he found himself out of pocket nearly twenty thousand dollars. Yet Mr. Bowring still persisted in carrying it on, for the welfare of the great human family, the "greatest good of the greatest number," and the glory of Jeremy Bentham, till he or it should give up the ghost.

Since then, he has appeared as the biographer of Jeremy Bentham; and among the pleasant reminiscences therein recorded, I find two or three, in which he has done me the honor to misrepresent, or falsify, two or three trivial matters, not worth mentioning, if they did not go to show the man's littleness and spitefulness. He makes Mr. Bentham say of me, that he would as lief have a rattlesnake in his house; and yet we were always on the most friendly terms. I kept a journal of his sayings and doings, at his own request, which was published in 1830, by Wells and Lilly, under the title of

"Bentham's Morals and Legislation;" and not long before his death, I had, and still have, what I have good reason for believing was the last private letter he ever wrote, full of kindness, and eminently characteristic of the philosopher. Again, Bowring says of my novel, "Brother Jonathan," that Bentham declared it to be both extravagant and improbable — in which, he was not far out of the way — if he had said preposterous, I should have enjoyed the joke, for I had called it so myself, though I am far from being ashamed of it, as a whole, even at the age of nearly fourscore — and that the characters were such as never existed. Yet Mr. Bentham, who used to doat upon "Clarissa Harlowe," and "Pamela," and "Sir Charles Grandison," the novels of Richardson in from six to eight volumes apiece, actually had read to him by his two secretaries in turn, night after night, and without intermission, all three of the volumes which I had entitled "Brother Jonathan." I give the language of Mr. Bentham's biographer from recollection only, not having the book itself to refer to, and never having seen it but once, and then for a few minutes only, in the Astor-Library. Of course, therefore, I do not believe the story, as told by Dr. Bowring; the last letter of Mr. Bentham, straightforward and affectionate as it was, being of itself a flat contradiction. But one thing which the philosopher said of me, according to Dr. Bowring, *may* be true; namely, that I "talked upon all subjects alike, and with equal confidence." This sounds like Bentham, and certainly, with some qualifications, might be taken for truth; for, although I never chose a subject for discussion with Mr. Bentham, except on one occasion, when I undertook to show that he was no atheist, whatever he might suppose to the contrary, and whatever his followers, J. S. Mill and others, might be, and all our talking was within a very limited range, I felt bound to maintain my opinions with confidence, if for no other reason, certainly for this: that he was surrounded with flatterers, among whom John Bowring, Esq., was chief, and would not bear contradiction from anybody but me, and not always from me; and, by contradiction, I mean not contradiction in terms, but a decided difference of opinion, with opposition in argument. More than once, however, we succeeded in convincing each other; so that we ended the discussion by changing sides!

But to return. It happened one day, that I was dining with the philosopher, when a letter was handed in, urging him to *dictate his own life* to one of his two secretaries, who should be enjoined to take it down, faithfully and accurately, as it fell from their great master's lips. I seconded the prayer of the writer, who, if I am not greatly mistaken, was Mr. Solicitor Parkes, of Birmingham, author of the "History of the Court of Chancery," already mentioned; and so highly complimented by Lord Chancellor Brougham — or *Hairy Broom*, as they used to call him, after the Queen's trial — in his great speech on the abuses of English law (all a rehash of Bentham, by the way). Mr. Bentham refused, saying he had no *time*, though he did nothing after dinner, beyond listening to "Brother Jonathan," which he professed to like very much; and Mr. Doane, the favorite secretary, assured me, that, for amusement, he would often read the same page over and over again, till he found the philosopher sound asleep in his bag; for he always slept in a bag, which fitted him, as the tailors say, "like a sack." But soon after this, I understood from both secretaries that Mr. Bowring had undertaken to devote two whole evenings a week to the duty, and right glad were we all to find it true. Given faithfully, in the very words of Jeremy Bentham, *unclassicalized* and unimbellished, it would be one of the most captivating and instructive books ever written; but given as it was by his biographer, it became not only worthless, but pitiable; having hardly enough of Benthamism to distinguish it from Bowringism, except the rattlesnake story, which was altogether Bowring.

And here a little anecdote occurs to me; one of a score I might mention about Bowring, to show the *warm-hearted, obliging temper* of the man, preparatory for what I have to say of my own experience with him. A gentleman — Mr White, of Battersea-Priory — happened to be in Paris at a time when Mr Bowring was there, who had managed, by his meddling, to get himself arrested and imprisoned, for a conspirator. A *conspirator!* — John Bowring, Esq., the inoffensive translator of *Northern* Barbarisms into *English*, a conspirator against the peace and dignity of the French empire! Really, it was too good a joke, and quite of a piece with the fright of Dennis the critic, when he fancied every sail that appeared, a French

government-ship, hovering on the coast, till he might be kidnapped and carried off; or with the nightmare terrors of J. J. Rousseau, when he believed all Northern-Europe to be up in arms for his capture. But so it was. By intermeddling and chattering, by looking mysterious and significant, and by letting drop now and then, as if by accident, the name of certain revolutionary outcasts in England, he contrived to get himself into limbo, or *captivated*, and shut up in prison; where he was confoundedly frightened, and out of which he was delivered only by the interposition of Mr. Canning, to whom Mr. Bentham applied for the purpose; declaring at the time, that poor Bowring meant no harm; and that, if they would only let him off, he would never do so again, and the Bourbons might stay where they were, and be hanged to them!

Mr. White had employed himself in collecting pictures, and was anxious to get rid of them, as Bowring would of his parodies, for *originals*. Bowring called to see them; saying that he knew the Duc d'Orleans *intimately*, and saw him every day; that his *hôtel* was like a home for him, that he would have a talk with "*the duc*," about these paintings, and that as "*the duc*" was building *a picture-gallery back of his hôtel at the time*, he had no doubt "*the duc*" would be of great service to Mr. W., in disposing of the collection, if he wished to do so. A week or two went by, day after day, and no Mr Bowring appeared. Mr W., after this, met the Count ——, aide-de-camp of the duc — and, in the course of conversation, made some inquiries about Mr Bowring. The count knew no such person; and as he was always about the duc, he thought the duc did not. Not to be too certain, however, he would inquire. He did so; and it turned out that the duc had never heard the name of Mr. Bowring! This I had from the younger Sully, who had it directly from Mr. White himself. But the best of the joke was the idea of fastening a *picture-gallery* upon the Duc d'Orleans — the very last of the whole Bourbon race to indulge in a thing of the sort; a man who went about the streets of Paris at the time referred to, as a private citizen, quiet, inobtrusive, and evidently averse to all show.

And now for a word or two of my own experience with John Bowring, Esq., LL.D., and baronet. Not long after I took

up my residence with Mr. Bentham, he wanted me to undertake what half a dozen others had severally attempted, and abandoned in despair, after a brief apprenticeship; that is, to prepare for publication a small work on "Judicial Evidence," in one volume, preparatory to the appearance of the great work in five volumes, royal octavo, from the unreadable, ten-times-culled, and refuse notes and memoranda of Mr. Bentham, since moulded into shape by Mr. John Stuart Mill, and published, almost without change or substitution, as the "Rationale of Judicial Evidence."

Not liking to spend months in deciphering the terrible manuscript of Jeremy Bentham, and quite unwilling to sacrifice my eye-sight for such an object, I refused, until assured that one of the secretaries would copy the whole in a fair hand, without delay; that I should be at liberty to abridge, amend, transpose, and interpret whatever was unintelligible, at my pleasure; and that with my habits of steady application, and fast writing, I should be able to finish it in six or eight weeks, laboring no more than twelve hours a day, instead of sixteen.

But long before that time had expired, and before I had been able to decipher a tenth part of the manuscript, even by the help of the translation, or copy, which was never completed, the philosopher took me off to furnish a paper for the "Westminster Review," about the United States. And before that was finished, Mr. Bowring applied to me to undertake a translation of Mr. Bentham's great work on "Morals and Legislation," promising me two hundred guineas for the job, and apologizing at the same time, for the inadequacy of the proffered compensation, by stating that, little as it was, it would be a dead loss, in a pecuniary view; the object being merely to give Mr. Bentham an opportunity of appearing before the British public, in a language they were acquainted with. To all this I agreed, without hesitation, and went to work forthwith; but, before the job was completed, the blowing-up of another project, suggested by the amiable and ingenious John Bowring, whose liberal *patronage* and philanthropy were not so well understood at the time, arising out of the Greek loan, and the exposure that followed in the House-of-Commons, led me to announce that one volume was completed, and that, if

agreeable to others, it would be very pleasant for me to touch a portion of the *quid pro quo*.

To this very natural proposition, what think you was the reply of Mr. John Bowring, the contriver and instigator of so many plans for the encouragement of the industrious, and the gifted, and for the help of the troubled and impoverished? A stare of unqualified astonishment; a brief, anxious, and hurried look into my eyes; a slight trembling of the under lip; and then — would you believe it? — a reluctant avowal that all he had done was without authority; and that, in short, he would apply forthwith to Sir Francis Burdett, and Mr. John Smith, M.P., the banker, and two or three more honest and hearty admirers of Mr. Bentham; and if they would furnish the wherewhithal, he should be happy — very happy — nothing would give him more pleasure than, — to keep his engagement! There was but one reply to a proposition of this nature. That reply was instantly made, and there the negotiation was finished, for ever. On my return to America, I published a part of this very translation in the "Yankee," and then, with it, a biographical sketch of Mr. Bentham, in a volume already mentioned.

And how about the Greek loan? Well, Mr. Bowring was the secretary of a large and influential body of men, called the Greek Committee. He labored night and day to run up the stock; *bullying* it, and the public, through the journals and newspapers, and purchasing to the full extent of all his means, capital, and credit, which, of course, with the Greek Commissioners, was not to be questioned or disparaged; talking on 'Change, by the half-hour, his philhellenism, and prating everywhere about Lord Byron, Colonel Stanhope, and Trelawney; and blazing forth at public dinners and meetings in a sort of India-cracker style— fizz, fizz! flash and whirr! — about a free press, and the sacrifices due to that country of "gods and godlike men." Meanwhile, he withheld information, which, as Secretary of the Greek Committee, he was constantly receiving, and which, if communicated, would have sent the stock down to zero — if not something lower. Had he *realized*, as we say in America, when it stood highest, he would have made a fortune; but he held on, till it began to tumble, after the fashion of other stocks — the Mississippi-Scheme, the South-

Sea-bubble, and the French assignats, "Erie preferred," and continental money; and then, off he posted to the Greek deputies — of whom he had purchased, not long before, at a much lower figure than the market price, on account of his philanthropy and philhellenism, and the services he had rendered, by puffing the stock — and insisted on their taking it off his hands, lest he and the munificent Joseph Hume, M.P., another large speculator, should be under the disagreeable necessity of abandoning the cause of Grecian liberty for ever. He was a husband and a father — he had ruined himself, pledged all his resources, and exhausted the patience, if not the purses, of his best friends — and must be indemnified for all the sacrifices he had made, or was ever likely to make — *in cash*. What could the poor Greek deputies do, in such a case? Mr. Bowring was *their* Secretary, under pretence of being Secretary of the Greek Committee; while Mr. Hume was not only a member of the board, but a penny-wise and pound-foolish member of the House-of-Commons.

They submitted, of course; and what followed? The doctor — he was a doctor before he got through with the business, I believe — went on doctoring the stock by dilution, if not by downright watering, as we do here, till it went up — up — up — up — and finally reached so high a figure, that he began to have his misgivings, and then to believe that he had overreached himself; and then he sat down and wrote another long letter to the Greek deputies, mentioning his wife and children once more, and recapitulating the sacrifices he had made, and the *disinterested* services he had rendered; got the whole of it back again at the old price, and thereby cleared something more than ten thousand pounds, or fifty thousand dollars, by his philanthropy and disinterestedness.

For these transactions he was called to account by the "Times" and "Morning Chronicle," which was then edited by a personal friend of his, a thorough-going Benthamite and radical, Mr. Black; by the former, as a political firebrand pitched into the radical camp, alongside of their great powder-magazine, the "Westminster Review;" and by the latter, because the question had to be answered, and could not be shirked.

Had the doctor come out manfully, and acknowledged the

truth, like a shrewd, calculating merchant, justifying the whole as a fair business transaction, and not as a quibbler and shuffler, nor as a philanthropist, there the matter would have ended, as it did with Mr. Hume, who, when he was called to account in the House-of-Commons, for his share in the transaction, owned up at once; and, by way of justification, proposed to refer it to a committee of the House, who were to decide, in substance, whether the watch he carried was honestly come by or not. And there the matter was dropped; and the Scotch member went *scot-free* with his depredations.

But Bowring wanted manliness; and, after denying the whole story in a series of proverbs and apothegms, which appeared in the papers, and to me personally — so that I was prevented from examining the charge, till it was too late — and after I had undertaken his defence, with a feeling of righteous indignation, relying wholly upon his solemn assurance that there was no foundation whatever for the charge, and no truth in the several specifications, I had to give up, at last, and acknowledge that they had all been substantiated by unquestionable evidence. Judge of my mortification!

So much for the short-sightedness of genius. For the sake of a few paltry hundreds a year to himself, he puts Jeremy Bentham, his best friend and most unwearied benefactor, to the charge of thousands for the "Westminster Review;" for the sake of appearing as a patron of Carl Völker, he gets up a gymnasium, which, in less than a twelvemonth I should say, cost poor Bentham, at a time when he could ill afford it, over thirty-five hundred dollars; and, for the sake of a few thousands to himself, he leads his countrymen into a disastrous, and almost ruinous speculation in the Greek loans, where hundreds of thousands were lost, in consequence of misrepresentation and concealment.

Of his translations — or paraphrases — I am inclined to think highly. He has a delicate ear, and the music is preserved; the rhythmical beat of the original, and the thoughts, where they are on a level with the higher efforts of the translator's imagination. But, beyond this, they are of necessity both feeble and false; and we may easily measure the altitude, as well as the length and breadth, of Dr. John Bow-

ring's imagination, as a translator, by his own original pieces. The burning passion, the overflowing pathos and tenderness, the terrible sublimity of the great northern bards, were untranslatable *by* him, and, I might say, *for* him: though he had always a native to do the *rendering* into prose of what he translated into verse. The way he managed was this. He would take the original, work it over in his own mind, get full of his author, and then sit down and consult dictionaries and natives, and give, not line for line, nor even page for page, but the whole in a lump, as it were, in his own language, observing every peculiarity of measure, with a good degree of success. Having allowed him this merit, I am obliged to stop: human charity can go no further; for, as to the merit of authorship, if authorship means originality of thought or expression, I hold him to be about on a par with those who take watches to pieces and put them together again for smoke-jacks. Just now I see that he is bringing out a Chinese novel, "translated by Sir John Bowring."

But stay: I must give a sample of this man's original poetry, if only to show how desperate and hopeless an undertaking it was for him, to think of representing worthily — of *personating* indeed, in the face of heaven and earth, and before all the nations — the giants of the stormy and illustrious North. I take it from his "Lines written at Sea:" —

> "When the bark by a *gentle* wind is *driven*,
> And the bright sun dances in the heaven,
> Up and down as the rocking boat,
> Upon the ridgy waves *doth* float
> . . . . *'tis sweet to move*
> Gladly from one to another strand,
> Guided by some invisible hand."

His "Matins and Vespers" — a wishy-washy rendering of Dr. Witschel's "Morgen und Abend," faintly acknowledged to be not altogether his own — is, on the whole, the largest outlay of originality he has ever indulged in.

Two or three more illustrations of the gentleman's versatility, as an editor and reviewer will finish the picture I have been sketching *from life*.

A stranger and a scholar, whose translations from the German were unequalled, being applied to by Mr. Henry

Southern, assistant editor of the "Radical," or at least very liberal "Westminster," for a paper, sent him one which Bowring and Southern were delighted with. After a while, and before it got into type, further consideration led these great champions of reform to think it a little too bold, and likely to be unpalatable to his Majesty of Prussia; and so it was returned to the writer, with a suggestion, that, on the whole, *perhaps*, it was a little too *liberal* even for the "Westminster Review." And yet, that very paper, after a touch or two of the scissors, and the alteration of a single paragraph or so, was then offered to the "Quarterly," the great, *illiberal* "Quarterly," accepted, and published! So much for editorial courage and professional editorship over sea; and so much for *profession* itself!

Another case, and I have done. Mr. Solicitor Parkes, of Birmingham, already referred to more than once, wrote an article for the "Westminster Review," which was accepted by Southern, who, after consultation with others, notified Mr. Parkes that the paper was a *little* too strong, and would have to be *boned*. Not long after, Mr. Parkes was asked if he had any objection to let so much as did not appear in the "Westminster" go into the "London Magazine," of which Mr. Southern was the *managing* editor and co-proprietor. Mr. Parkes said, "No." Whereupon, the next "London Magazine" came out with the best part of the whole article — the plums and the flavoring — but so unhappily divided, that a note which Mr. Parkes had written, and put Dr. Kitchener's name to, just for fun, as a recipe for making *Tory-History*, was actually dislocated from the text, and put into the last part of that very number, as a *bonâ fide* recipe by Dr. Kitchener! "The remainder of the article, reduced to one and a half sheets, will appear," said Mr. Southern, "in the 'Westminster Review;'" "And as Dr. Lingard has been replied to, since the article was prepared, that reply to Dr. Lingard," said a friend, "will probably be annexed to something else, for the 'Westminster Review,' and worked up with the balance of your paper." Two or three personal sketches here, if you please.

About this time, I became acquainted with Mr. Rowland Hill, now Sir Rowland, and his brother, in consequence of

their labors in the cause of education at "Hazlewood-School" — imitated here, with great success, at Round-Hill, Northampton, where the system of self-government was faithfully tried for a season. Both were sons of Rowland Hill, the preacher — so famous for eccentricity, boldness, faithfulness, and sterling good-sense, anticipating Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. Beecher by half-a-hundred years. To the elder, we are indebted for the penny-postage in England, as well as for the penny ha'penny postage here. His notions were large and wholesome, and of such a character for good sense and adaptability, as to be carried out all the sooner for being universally decried or laughed at, from the first. And now, as a natural off-shoot from the original idea of this honest-hearted, sober-minded man, we are to have cheap ocean-postage and a cheap telegraph. In this way, and out of such apparently trivial changes, the greatest benefactors of the human race are made. Long before I left England, Mr. Hill presented me with a hundred copies of his book, on the Hazlewood system, for distribution here; and I foresaw then, much of what has happened since, in the large and liberal, and comprehensive purposes of the man. In his view, we were all God's children; and if not all members of the great household of faith, at least brethren.

He was about the average size and weight of well-to-do Englishmen, with a fine, large head, a pleasant countenance, and agreeable, unpretending manner, hearty and sincere, but no talker.

Another person I knew of the same type, Mr. Black, editor of the "Morning Chronicle." He reminded me not only of Mr. Hill, but of Oliver Goldsmith and of Paul Allen, in his plainness of speech, good sense, and simplicity; while, in shrewdness, foresight, and the unrelenting grasp of a mind that feels its strength, and knows how to employ it, and what it is capable of, and what it was intended for, two out of the three, Oliver and Paul, were the merest children, in comparison.

Another was Mr. George Grote, the banker, and historian of Greece, a somewhat heavy-moulded, benevolent-looking man, of dignified, quiet, and agreeable manners, and great good sense, but slow of speech; and, but for his wife, a woman of

fine talents and ambitious temper, who used to write for the "Westminster Review," utterly incapable of what he has at last accomplished in the world of literature; not far from forty when I knew him, with a large head, fine dark thoughtful eyes, a capacious forehead, and the bearing, not so much of a high-bred gentleman as of a man, who, while he respects himself, in a quiet way, respects others yet more, and, sometimes, whether they deserve it or not. He belonged to a club of debaters, which met in Mr. Bentham's roof, and, after a while, at the Free Mason's Tavern; yet I never heard him open his mouth but once in debate, and then only for two or three minutes, in a conversational tone. He was a sincere Benthamite, nevertheless, and actually prepared from the manuscript hieroglyphics of that philosopher a work entitled "Analysis of the Influence of Natural Religion on the Temporal Happiness of Mankind," which appeared in 1822, under the name of Philip Beauchamp, and was published by that hugest blasphemer of the day, R. Carlyle.

But by far the most remarkable man I met with over sea, often enough and intimately enough to understand him in all his bearings, was the individual who has since become the political economist, the metaphysician, the logician — I had almost said the statesman — John Stuart Mill. Cunning, timid, politic, without originality, wholly destitute of imagination, enthusiasm, and warmth, all which he stigmatized as different degrees of *sentimentality*, and, but for his wife, a man who would have lived and died with no more heart than a sphynx or a syllogism, he has managed, nevertheless, by borrowing largely from others, and especially from Bentham, as did his father before him in his "British-India," where the account of Warren Hastings's trial is taken altogether from Bentham, even to the language — to establish for himself a reputation well worth living for.

His logic was the logic of Jeremy Bentham, and of nobody else, with a few unimportant changes; and so were his metaphysics. Of Bentham, he learned to question the attributes, and being of God, though never willing to be called an atheist, but only, at the worst, a free-thinker and philosopher. But his want of moral courage I foresaw, while he was yet a beardless boy in appearance — hardly out of his teens —

and, if really over two and twenty, looking as if not more than eighteen, with a small head, light-brown hair, a girlish face, and a boyish manner — would lead him into some dreadful scrape at last, notwithstanding his uncommon talent of a certain kind — that of a drudge and assayer, and his excessive caution and craft; and so it turned out. Having satisfied himself that *breeding* of any kind was to be discouraged — as Tom Moore said of him in other and better language — he went to work and prepared for circulation, and then circulated, far and wide, through the rural districts and among the *shifting* population of London, a little paper which represented as perfectly safe a certain cheap contrivance for preventing conception, both before and after marriage; and had a narrow escape from a disgraceful prosecution, which Moore availed himself of, by an epigram, that must have burned into the man's flesh, if he had any, like a red-hot iron.

Before this, however, although his finger-prints were on the margin of the proof, he had positively denied to me all agency, and all participation in the dastardly and treacherous manœuvre which I have already mentioned as the work chiefly of John Bowring, Esquire, LL.D. — by virtue of a Dutch diploma, for translating a few Dutch verses into what passed in Holland, not only for English, but for English poetry.

Long after this, and within the last two or three years, we find the gentleman getting ambitious, or, as Robert Walsh, Junior, the "American gentleman," thought proper to say of President Madison, "presuming to be ambitious," and soon after successful, so far as to become a member of parliament, without contributing a penny — from principle, of course — to the cost of his own election; and, again, we hear of him as a candidate, and trying to make speeches, and failing, of course, as he always must, notwithstanding his acknowledged talents as a writer and as a reasoner, for lack of natural, and even of artificial, warmth and earnestness. Demonstrations, axioms, and syllogisms are not speeches, and are never listened to with patience, nor ever understood by the people, when they are announced from the platform, and without even a show of earnestness.

In the heat and hurry of the late canvass, we find him seriously questioned about his religious belief; but instead of

answering, "That is none of your business," and stopping there, as he might well have done, without losing caste, or his own self-respect, or the respect of others; instead of owning up to what he made no secret of, when I knew him, he answered with a special plea, just as Bowring did, when called to account for his dealing with the Greek-Commissioners about the Greek loan, and refused to answer, lest he should make a precedent for all eternity. As if any man who believes any thing, has a right to withhold the acknowledgment of his belief, when seriously questioned! As if, in a matter of so much consequence to himself, he has a right to shuffle or evade the inquiry; or refuse to answer even an impertinent question, for such a reason! How much better to say, "Hands off! I do not choose to answer; nor will I condescend to give my reasons for not answering. Let us do as we like, and, when the pinch comes, take the consequences." But no! such plain-dealing is not in Mr. Mill's way. He would call it *sentimentality*, and being of those who "never take their tea without a stratagem," and who prefer to gain their ends, by overreaching or outwitting others, he has succeeded at last in cutting his own throat from ear to ear, with a dull *pocket-knife*, and will most likely never be heard of more, in public life.

In his book on liberty, which, instead of being a diluted tincture, like portions of the "Rationale of Judicial Evidence," is but another decoction of concentrated Benthamism, he acknowledges the inspiration of his wife. When I knew him, he was not only incapable of acknowledging, but even of feeling, obligation to anybody. Hence I infer that she was really a woman of great power, and of uncommon worth; and although I do not believe what he says of her judgment and sweet influence, taking the whole of that dedication for a sentimental flourish, still I must say that she appears to have humanized him; and that, on the whole, having satisfied him that he was a creature of flesh and blood, and not an icicle, nor an abstraction, inert and lifeless, I am sorry she did not live long enough to prevent his making a fool of himself, by such a pitiful subterfuge as I have mentioned.

But enough on this head, or these heads; too much perhaps — now that we are all so near the end of our pilgrimage.

And yet, why should we not be allowed to know the truth of such men as I have sketched? No matter how greatly they may have been misunderstood, or undervalued, or overvalued, truth is always better and safer than falsehood, in the long-run. I do not say in religion or morals only, but in every thing — in politics and state-craft, as well as in controversy, diplomacy, and negotiation. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, if *you* please!

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. JEFFREY AND THE "EDINBURGH REVIEW."

OUR CORRESPONDENCE; AND WHAT FOLLOWED; MR. JOHN AUSTIN; HIS WIFE; HER FIRST LITERARY ADVENTURE; JEREMY BENTHAM, A GIGANTIC MYTH; HIS EDITOR DUMONT; DUMONT'S CONNECTION WITH MIRABEAU; SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY; BENTHAM'S HOUSEKEEPER; HE BRINGS HER TO TERMS; CHANGES EVERYWHERE IN LEGISLATION AND JURISPRUDENCE; CIVIL AND CRIMINAL PROCEDURE; ALL OWING TO BENTHAM; AARON BURR; SUMNER LINCOLN STARFIELD; MR. PELBY THE ACTOR; MR COKE OF NORFOLK, AFTERWARD EARL OF LEICESTER; JOHN DUNN HUNTER; CHESTER HARDING AND HIS FIRST PORTRAITS.

DEC. 30, '68. — Before I leave England, let me finish with the reviewers, who would have finished me, if I had not withstood them to the face; and gather up the ravellings I have left on my way, while thinking only of the warp and woof, as I sent the flying shuttles hither and thither, across the ocean, like so many ships, weaving a tissue that should bind both hemispheres, even closer than the Atlantic telegraph itself.

I was now very pleasantly situated with Mr. Bentham, who prevailed upon me to stay over till the next year, 1827, when he promised to go with me to the German Spa, though I was anxious to begin what I intended to be, at last, a pretty thorough sort of a grand tour, afoot and alone, if nothing happened to change my views. I had now enough to do for the monthlies and quarterlies, and was well paid for my work.

Just then it was, that I had the misunderstanding with the "Westminster Review," and its editors, the result of which was, that, as I would not consent to the alterations, and changes, and insolent substitutions of the editor, my last article did not appear. I got possession of it, however, and kept it until a few weeks before my departure for Paris, very unexpectedly, I must acknowledge, as will appear in detail hereafter, when it occurred to me that I would send it, unchanged, to the "Edinburgh." I knew, of course, that, if

I had the time, I could make it more acceptable to Mr. Jeffrey; but I was hurried to death by business-affairs, and tired to death of reviewers and editors. They were, with a few exceptions, a set of prevaricating, shuffling, heartless blockheads, or knaves, and sometimes both. Mr. Jeffrey *kept* the paper, as he had some others, which had been sent him by a very dear friend of mine (Mrs. Sarah Austin), without either publishing it, or paying for it. In the mean time, the "North-American Review" arrived, with an article on this very book, which, though little to the purpose, on some accounts, gave to a part of what I said, especially of Roger Williams and Lord Baltimore, the appearance of having been prepared by the same writer. I was vexed by the delay, and wrote Mr. Jeffrey to return the article; and I was the more in earnest, being about to leave the country, and having a right to expect from one to two hundred dollars for it. But I received no answer. I wrote again: still no answer. At last, being ready to go, and having lost all patience with the gentleman — afterward Lord Jeffrey — I sent him the following very respectful note, as you must acknowledge, remembering, as I did so, that he had once treated Mr. Mill, author of "British-India," in the same way, *keeping* a paper that Mr. Mill had sent him, and neither paying him for it, nor publishing it. Of course, representing the brotherhood — and I might say my country — for every man who goes abroad represents his country, whether he will or no — he cannot help it, and his country is judged of by such representation — I was not in the humor to be trifled with, and wrote as follows: —

"Q. S. P., 14th April, 1827.

"To Francis Jeffrey, Esquire, &c., &c.

"Sir, —You are reputedly the editor of the 'Edinburgh Review.' If so, I look upon you as answerable to me for the parcel I sent you some months ago. I have paid postage enough about this matter, and others in which I had no interest; and as I have now given up the idea of going to Scotland, where I should have taken the trouble to say to you what I am now obliged to write, I must beg, not as a matter of favor, but of common decency and common honesty, that you will return the article I sent you.

"Whatever other people may do, I choose to hold an editor answerable, as I do other men, for a breach, either of courtesy or good faith.

"I shall soon be in America. I leave this country for the continent, to-morrow; and, in America, I shall expect to receive the article in question.

"Yours with respect, J. N.

"Address to care of ———, Baltimore, Md."

This brought my gentleman to his senses, and two or three months after my arrival in America, I received, with the manuscript, the following answer: —

"Edinburgh, 18th April, 1827.

"Sir, — The printed paper prepared for the 'Westminster Review,' with the manuscript additions, to which I understand your letter of the 14th refers, were this day despatched for Liverpool, to be forwarded to your address at Baltimore, Md.

"I must confess, I see but slender grounds for the tone of impatience and resentment you assume in the letter. That an article withdrawn from one journal should not be instantly inserted in another, really does not appear to me to be a very reasonable cause, either of surprise or complaint. [Here the Lord-Advocate betrays himself: my complaint was not that the paper had not been instantly inserted, but that he did not answer my letters, nor return the paper; but he continues.]

"The truth is, that I thought favorably, on the whole, of the paper, and was inclined to admit it, though only with some retrenchments and variations, upon which my recent ill health and many avocations prevented me from consulting you. I am not aware that, till the letter I am now answering, I have received any request of yours to have the paper returned, or indeed any inquiry with regard to it. How common decency, or common honesty, are concerned in all this, I really am unable to comprehend.

"I understand as little what you refer to, as to expense of postage. But as I never dispute in pecuniary matters, I beg

leave to say, that whatever you please to claim upon this head shall be instantly paid to any person you appoint.

"I have the honor to be, sir,

"Your very obd't servant, &c.,

"FRANCIS JEFFREY."

All so gentlemanly and proper, notwithstanding the false issue tendered, that, as I had never heard of his illness, and had no idea that my letters had miscarried — for why should they? — I wrote him a handsome apology; and there the affair ended, somewhat like the duel between Mr. Jeffrey and Tom Moore, when it was found, according to Byron, that the pistols were without balls — the lead having gone to their brains; a foolish joke, for nobody questioned the courage of either. But then "poor dear Byron" had still something to forgive, notwithstanding his "British Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

Let me add here, that the article in question appeared in the "Yankee," September, 1828, just as it was written, word for word.

Another case referred to by me in the foregoing correspondence with Mr. Jeffrey, was that of Mrs. Sarah Austin, wife of John Austin, the barrister, author of sundry articles on Jurisprudence, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which, though on several accounts, little better than a re-arrangement of Bentham, was received by the best thinkers of the day with a shout of welcome.

Mrs. Austin, whose delightful work on Germany our people are but just beginning to get acquainted with, said to me one day, with tears in her eyes, before she was known as a writer, that she must do something with her pen, to earn a little money; all that her husband could earn, together with the allowance made by her father, Mr. Taylor, of Norwich, and by Mr. Austin's father, not being enough to make them comfortable. They had only one child — now Lady Duff Gorton, whose beautiful translations of the "Amber Witch," and of the "French in Algiers," we are all acquainted with — a tall, spirited, slender girl, with wonderful eyes, of thirteen or so; but so straitened were they in their circumstances, that they should look upon the advent of another as quite a serious calamity.

But what should she do? A woman of acknowledged talent, highly accomplished, and in perfect health — was it to be endured that she should be dependent on such precarious contingencies? I said no, with great emphasis; and then she showed me a manuscript of Spanish phrases, prepared by her, for publication. Of course, having gone so far, it was no time to disparage the undertaking; but I counselled her to write for the magazines and quarterlies. My proposition frightened her. She actually trembled; such a thing was not to be thought of. She had no confidence in herself, she said. I knew better: nevertheless, I proposed translations; and after a while, an opportunity occurred for translating some of Ugo Foscolo's admirable essays, for the "Edinburgh." I wrote Mr. Jeffrey, and sent her papers. He took no notice of them, and neglected to answer my letters of inquiry, for a long time; though, if I remember aright, her articles were afterward published in that journal, or in some other, and opened a way for her to the distinction she soon after obtained. It was to this I referred, after speaking of Mill's case, in the last chapter.

Having so often mentioned Jeremy Bentham in the progress of my story, perhaps it would be well to give some account of that extraordinary man, though it may be for the hundredth time, taking care not to resay what I have said before.

Before I went abroad, I was familiar with Mr. Bentham's published works, but supposed him to be a Frenchman, as all I had met with, except his "Morals and Legislation," and the "Defence of Usury," were written in French. Nobody to whom I applied, not even Professor Hoffman, of the Maryland University, nor John Pierpont, who were among his most enthusiastic admirers, could give me any information worth having, about the man himself, or his works.

After my arrival in England, I continued my inquiries, but found the "Philosopher of Queen-Square Place" little better than a myth. Nobody knew him, nobody had seen him, and nobody knew where to find him; nobody, that is, of whom I inquired. Judge of my surprise, therefore, when I received an invitation from Mr. R. Doane, his secretary, to a dinner at the "Hermitage," as they called it, on Queen-Square Place, Westminster, opening into St. James's Park.

I went; and the consequence was, after two or three capital dinners had been digested, that I was installed, without ceremony, though with decided emphasis, in the apartments occupied not long before by Aaron Burr, and then by Fanny Wright.

"Why are most of your works" — all I had been acquainted with in America, except the earliest issue of his Morals and Legislation, and the Defence of Usury — "published in French?" I asked, one day, when we were talking about his Théorie des Peines et des Récompenses, taken from the manuscripts of Jeremy Bentham, by Et. Dumont, which I had proposed to translate into English before I left America, but could find no publisher willing to pay even two hundred dollars for the job — all I asked — though there were two large octavos, containing 942 pages of close print, with notes.

"Because," he answered, "I wrote most of them in French."

"But why in French?"

"Because, in writing French, I was not so painfully sensible of the inadequacy of language, as when writing English." And this, from the man who had written a "Defence of Usury," so wonderful for its clearness, beauty, and precision, that it was attributed to Lord Mansfield himself, when it first appeared; and a "Fragment on Government," wherein he took not a few of the Law-Magnates by the ears, and fairly *boned* Blackstone, till there was little or nothing left of him, but the stuffing.

But who was Dumont? And how came he to be rummaging Bentham's manuscripts and other treasures, until he had produced no fewer than eight large octavos, of the highest authority over all Europe, in the most beautiful French, and so logically arranged, that every new volume seemed to be naturally evolved from the foregoing, like the banyan tree, which no sooner touches the soil, than it takes root and springs up anew. In the "Life of Sir Samuel Romilly," written by himself, part II., he says, while speaking of Mirabeau, "The address of the National Assembly to the King for the removal of the troops — an address which was adopted the moment that Mirabeau proposed it, and which produced so great an effect — was entirely written by Dumont."

And again, "The last of Mirabeau's letters to his constituents, one of the most eloquent compositions in the French language, was also Dumont's. Its extraordinary success suggested the idea of publishing a regular journal, and not under Mirabeau's name; but which, from the great talents displayed in it, was generally supposed to be written by him, and he was too proud of the performance to deny it."

Sir Samuel gives other anecdotes of Mirabeau's unprincipled plagiarism and piracy, which he seems rather disposed to forgive, or at least overlook, though by no means to justify. And among others, one, where a retort by Dumont, "Membre du conseil représentant et souverain de Genève," so struck Mirabeau, that he transferred it to a session of the National Assembly; and putting the remark into the mouth of Mounier, and claiming the retort for himself, in debate, as instantaneous and overwhelming, actually published it in the journal referred to, "Le Courrier de Provence," as a matter of fact, though nothing of the sort had ever happened in the Assembly, and there were half a dozen persons alive, who knew when, where, and how it did happen. But what did he care? It was believed, notwithstanding the testimony of M. Mounier himself.

"Mirabeau represents Mounier as saying, in the National Assembly, that it was corruption which had destroyed England; and himself, as very happily turning that extravagant hyperbole into ridicule, by exclaiming, upon the important news so unexpectedly communicated to the Assembly, of the destruction of England, by asking when, and in what form, that remarkable event had happened." Sismondi confirms most of all this.

Dumont was born and educated at Geneva. He was also, in process of time, pastor of a Protestant Church at St. Petersburgh. Lord Lansdowne applied to Romilly, a stranger at the time, about sending for Dumont to become the tutor of his son, Henry, the youngest, afterward Marquis of Lansdowne, says Sir Samuel; and the late Dr. Vaughan, of Hallowell, Me., corroborated the substance of what Sir Samuel testified to, and from his own personal knowledge.

Such was Dumont; the man, above all others, to whom the great and good Bentham is chiefly indebted for the prodigious

reputation he now enjoys, throughout the world, among rulers, philanthropists, statesmen, lawgivers, and lawyers. "Nothing." Dr. Parr used to say, "nothing since the appearance of Bacon's 'Novum Organum,' is to be compared with Bentham's 'Morals and Legislation.'" And Dr. Parr was right; although even his "Morals and Legislation," as it first appeared in English, would never have been studied or cared for, but for Dumont's admirable translation into French, and his rearrangement of the whole in three large octavos, whereby the system, and the laws of mind regulating that system, as first announced by Bentham, in language not easily understood by the common reader, became as clear as crystal, and compact as adamant.

The jokes of Sydney Smith, the fibs and laughable exaggerations of Captain Parry, and the wicked fun of Christopher North, had got such possession of the public mind, that nothing was too strange for belief, when told of the "white-haired Sage," as Bowring called him. That he did much, and said more, to justify some of the notions that prevail, cannot be denied. His whimsies and extravagances were so out of the common way, that, really, it is no wonder sometimes, that he passed for a "gray-haired lunatic," out for exercise, or trying to escape from his keepers, when the simple truth was, that instead of taking his "post-prandial vibration," as he called it, in his "work-shop," or up and down, and hither and thither in his garden, which was the largest that opened into the Park, he cantered off, with his white hair flying in the wind, and his secretary following, on his way through Charing-Cross and Fleet-Street, to the annuity-office, where he had to report himself, in person, and account for having outlived all their calculations. He was now in his seventy-eighth year, and lived till June 6, 1832; being past eighty-five at the time of his death.

We were always on the best of terms, notwithstanding a sore trial he was subjected to by no fault of mine, just before he gave up the idea of going to Germany with me, and I went over to Paris, without him, in 1826.

He had a fat, elderly woman, for housekeeper, who knew all his humors and fancies, and for thirty years had ministered to both. But she was absolute and tyrannical. The secre-

taries were constantly complaining of her behavior to them and others, and Mrs. Sarah Austin told me that she was almost afraid to come to the house; that Miss Fanny Wright, and Mrs. George Grote, and others, had been actually driven away; and that nobody had the courage to tell Mr. Bentham how his friends were treated by this virago. What should I do? I had made all my preparations for going to Paris, within a month; but so much of his comfort depended upon the few friends he had left, and they were so unwilling to have me go without first enlightening him on the subject, that, one day, I took advantage of something which had just occurred between her and the two secretaries, and after telling him that I should soon be off to Paris, and, though he remonstrated, that nothing could induce me to change my determination, I went into the subject, and stated, not only what I had been told by others, but what I myself had been a witness of, in her behavior to his secretaries, who had grown up under his roof. I made no complaint for myself, though I might have done so, with propriety; for she had amused herself one day, in bawling at me, with the windows wide open, across a long court-yard, calling me a nasty Yankee, by innuendo, and insinuating that I had the philosopher under my thumb, and was managing to get possession of all his property — after death, I inferred, though she did not say so. Of course, I said nothing of all this, though it was what had determined me to "clear out" immediately, without so much as saying, "by your leave."

He grew thoughtful, when I mentioned what had happened in my presence to the two secretaries, and seemed to think there must be something else at bottom; but I evaded the inquiry, as he had over and over again begged me to keep him informed, if the servants were guilty of any misbehavior, or any neglect, or if they did not do whatever I desired, promptly and respectfully. But why say this to me, unless he had been troubled before with such complaints, from guests or visitors? For myself, I must acknowledge, that, with the single exception I have mentioned, I had nothing to complain of, and *that* I kept to myself. Yet, such was the general neglect of the servants, that I should have left him, long before, but for my unwillingness to give such a reason; and

really, I had no other to give, until I found his health so much better, that the idea of going to the German Spa was abandoned.

At this time, I was employed on an abridgment, or synopsis, of all the cases in Comyns's Digest, relating to the subject-matter of his code, suspending, at his urgent desire, my labors on "Judicial Evidence." Having completed this, and mentioned all that appeared to me necessary, about the misbehavior of his servants, I found, that, unless I told the whole truth, it would be likely to do little or no good. But why should I do this, at the risk of bringing about a breach between the dear old master and a favorite housekeeper, of thirty years' standing — when he, pay what he might, would never be likely to find another to fill her place. And yet, his friends — his real friends — expected it of me. They were treated with rudeness, the women especially, and they knew that nobody would ever be his guest a second time, unless there should be a change. He ought to know it: that seemed clear. But who should tell him? They were afraid of the unthankful office; but I was going away, and for ever. On me, therefore, the ungracious duty seemed to devolve. Soon after I had reached this conclusion, a good opportunity occurred.

The old woman, not satisfied with letting us — the two secretaries and myself — ring for breakfast, or for any thing else we wanted, till our arms ached, had taught the other servants to disregard the bell. This, I could not and would not bear; so, the very first time I had occasion to ring a second time, I rang without stopping, till they came. This brought up, first, a girl, who played a trick with our tea; and then the housekeeper, who berated not only the secretaries, but myself, in the rudest manner. You would have thought her the mistress of some low, country ale-house. I desired her to leave the room. She refused. I repeated my desire in the shape of a peremptory order; but instead of obeying, she set her arms akimbo, and plumped into a chair; whereupon I told her, that if she did not instantly get up and walk out of the room, as I bade her, I would pitch her down the cellar-stairs, head-first, chair and all. She was a large, robust, vulgar woman; but I took hold of the chair in earnest, and she

heard it creak. She was frightened, most likely, at what she had seen me do at our garden gymnasium, from her windows, and jumped up; and I succeeded, by putting my hand first on one shoulder, and then on the other, in waltzing her out of the room, without any further trouble. But my mind was now made up. I went straightway to Mr. Bentham, and told him that I was obliged to leave him at once, and why; that after I was gone, she might be managed perhaps; at any rate, I must go. He begged me to delay, till he had some alternative to offer. I could not refuse; and the result satisfied me that, if he lacked energy in trifles, he certainly did not in serious matters; for to him, at his great age, and with his peculiar habits, what could be more trying than the departure of an old, and, I dare say, faithful, housekeeper? But he was firm. Having inquired of the two secretaries, who were present all the time, and who were able to say much more than I did, he gave her and the other immediately concerned the choice of making a satisfactory apology to me, or of leaving his service that very day at four o'clock. I remonstrated, but in vain. The waiter-girl submitted, and was retained. The housekeeper said no; and she was packed off, bag and baggage, though she told him to his face, that, if she went, all the others were determined to follow. But none did follow; and the immediate consequence was such a thorough and satisfactory household reform, that he used to thank me for the stand I took, with a heartiness, which one who did not know the value of an old servant to such a master, would have thought greatly disproportioned to the favor he acknowledged. A sister of the old housekeeper succeeded her; and, after two years, the first re-appeared in her place, much to my relief, when I heard of it, not long before the great man's death.

People who have heard of Jeremy Bentham, only through "Blackwood," the "Edinburgh," Francis Jeffrey, Professor Wilson, and that wittiest of reviewers, Sydney Smith, can have no idea of the wonderful changes in legislation and jurisprudence and in the administration of justice, throughout the world, of which he was the originator. Lord Brougham's labors, and the labors of Mill the father, Mill the son; of Sir Samuel Romilly, of Solicitor Parkes, of Robert Owen, of Rowland Hill, now Sir Rowland; of the two Austins, especially of the

elder on Jurisprudence, in the Encyclopædia Britannica; of Grote, the historian; of Roebuck, the —— what shall I call him? — for he is unlike everybody else, so that "none but himself can be his parallel;" of all our reformers in this country, on the subject of universal suffrage, the law of evidence, and the admission of parties, on usury, on women's rights, &c., &c.; to say nothing of such men as Aaron Burr, John Pierpont, David Hoffman, and Chief-Justice Appleton, of Maine — have all been after the plans, promptings, and suggestions of Jeremy Bentham. Since the times of Aristotle and Lord Bacon, it may be said with truth, and here I have the opinion of Dr. Parr to strengthen me, there has been no such reforms brought by any mortal man in logic, in morals and legislation, in civil and criminal jurisprudence, in the administration of justice, or in the treatment of criminals, as by this extraordinary man, and his disciples and followers. The legislation of the world — it is not saying too much, of the whole world — has been modified, or completely revolutionized, by the tremendous, though quiet energy of that old man's mind.

Look at the law of evidence, for example. If any part of that law which is called "the perfection of reason," deserved to be so regarded by the profession, it was the law of evidence. Upon this point, we were all of one mind. Whatever might be said of the Lex Mercatoria, of Coke's Institutes, or Shepard's Touchstone, or Fearne's Contingent Remainders and Executory Devises — the adjudications of Lord Mansfield, with the Commentaries of Blackstone, of Gould, of Chitty, of Peake, of Greenleaf, Starkey, Story, Powell, and others, on the law of evidence, left nothing to be desired. But how is it now? Since Bentham appeared, and his labors have come to be understood, what is there left of the whole system, worth remembering? The wisest maxims of our fathers have been set aside without ceremony; and common-sense, everywhere, is taking the place of precedents and technicalities.

But how came this man to undertake so much, and to persevere so long, against all combinations and misrepresentations, for a lifetime?

"I am naturally a weak mind," said he to me, one day, as we sat over our tea, talking this matter over. "All that can be said of me is, that I have made the most of it."

"I have sometimes thought," said he, at another time, with a look of great solemnity, "whether or no I was not mad. If I am not — such things will come across our thoughts, now and then — all the rest of the world must be so." — "No, no," said I: "their not believing as you do, in cases which are abundantly clear to you, proves, not that they are mad, but that they have not considered the matter as you have." — "True, true," he said; "yes, yes, to be sure; besides, for forty years there was nobody to attack me, except with ridicule and misrepresentation."

"What did your father think of these works?" I inquired, as he took down the "Defence of Usury," from a shelf, and mentioned that the copy had belonged to his father. It was crammed with letters, and a review from the "Old Monthly" was wafered into it. "I'll tell you," said he, with great eagerness. "'Jerry,'" said he, on his death-bed, 'Jerry, you have made a philosopher of me.'" I suppose I smiled; for the idea of that old white-haired man before me, nearly "fourscore and upwards," like Lear — and like Lear, too, "mightily abused" — ever having been called *Jerry* — *Jerry* — after he had written "Morals and Legislation," the "Defence of Usury," and other works of a similar character, tickled me prodigiously, though Dr. Parr always called him not only *Jerry*, *but Master Jerry*, to his dying day. "He made another will," added Mr. Bentham, "and left out the name of Christ." I did more than smile now; I laughed outright. The idea of taking that for a measure of improvement in philosophy was yet more diverting than the other. But he was perfectly serious. And, by the way, this reminds me that Mr. Solicitor Parkes, author of the "History of Chancery," who married an American wife, the daughter of Dr. Priestley, told me, one day, when we were canvassing the past of Benthamism, and casting his horoscope for the future, that, when he was a boy, Dr. Parr told him to read the works of Bentham, as the greatest man that ever lived; and that, not long before, a clergyman, a very clever fellow, and a fine scholar, who was not suspected by Mr. P. to know any thing of Benthamism, in reply to some question as to what book, for the last hundred years, had done most for the mind, and showed most power and originality, answered, without hesitation, "Bentham's Morals and Legis-

lation;" adding that Dr. Parr had told him to read it many years before; that he read it accordingly, and never had but one opinion of it since.

Said Brougham, June 2d, 1818, in the House of Commons, "I agree with my honorable friend, the member for Arundel, Sir Samuel Romilly, who *looked up to Mr. Bentham with the almost filial reverence of a pupil for his tutor.*"

The following memorandum, in this connection, may be worth preserving:—

"*March* 27, 1827.—To-day, Mr. Gallatin, who is a native, as everybody knows, of Geneva, spoke to me of his townsman and old associate, Dumont. Burr, whom he called an *ambitious man*, with a shrug and a smile, gave him, in 1793, the first work of Bentham's he had ever met with, to read. It was the English quarto on "Morals and Legislation," saying "here—this will please *you;* it is too dry for me." Since which, Mr. Gallatin had read every thing of Bentham's, except some of his last works, which he could not get hold of, he said.

A striking incident, on the whole; for Bentham's acquaintance with Burr grew out of the fact, that a stranger had left orders with Mr. Bentham's bookseller to send him every thing of Bentham's that was to be had. The stranger was Aaron Burr, then shipwrecked, impoverished, and almost suffering from want; and yet, having reached maturity, unable to forego the strongest and driest Benthamism, which, in 1793, twenty years before, had been too much for him. Mr. Bentham, having heard that he was an American, and exceedingly clever, though he had no idea it was Burr, invited him to Queen-Square Place, and gave him apartments, the same he afterward gave me, where he stayed till he left England for ever.

Bentham's unrelenting hostility, to what he called judge-made law and lawyers, which resulted in the great changes we are all profiting by, grew out of a little incident, which occurred in the very first case he ever undertook; and he never meddled with another. "All reports were in manuscript then," said he. "On a particular occasion, I was applied to in a matter of consequence. I gave a legal opinion, which turned out not to be law, at the time, though not long before it was law; the law having been changed, by judicial

decisions, without my knowledge or consent! I refused to give any opinion after this. The case was then put into the hands of Lord Kenyon, who also gave an opinion. I lost: he gained. He could make nothing of it, and was paid for proving as much, at the party's cost. I acknowledged, at once, that I could make nothing of it, and suffered by proving the wherefore, at my own cost."

And here, by way of a snapper, let me mention two or three little incidents, which have just occurred to me, before I am off to Paris.

One day, a young, bilious-looking, bony, dark-eyed, young man, with stiff black hair, introduced himself to me as Sumner Lincoln Fairfield, just out. He had no letters; but had somewhere met my sister. He was in a terrible condition, friendless and helpless; having been obliged to pawn his cloak, a miserable Scotch-plaid, as I had occasion to know, after it was redeemed. He had come to London to seek his fortune, as a literary man — without a shilling in his pocket, at the end of two or three days; and, worse than all, he had brought his mother with him, and both were on their way to La Grange, on a visit to Lafayette; General Lincoln, the grandfather of our poet, being an old friend of our second Washington. Having heard his story, and told him there was no opening for a friendless and penniless author, and that the best thing he and his mother could do, would be to go back, on any terms, by the first vessel, I emptied my pockets into his — literally — for I was left without a guinea — took some of his poetry to read, which was really very fine — very — though rather gloomy and melo-dramatic, and then set off with him to see his mother. I found them in cheap lodgings — the cheapest, I might say — the mother at a wash-tub in their sitting-room; but cheerful, and I thought hopeful, having such a son to boast off. The next I knew of my gentleman, he had called on Mr. Thomas Campbell, of the "New Monthly," and offered him a set of newspaper-sketches and personalities, which had already appeared in a Wiscasset paper; and when I remonstrated with him for offering what was not original, he answered, "Not original! Certainly they are original: I wrote them myself."— "Yes; but they have been published already." — "Well, what difference does

that make? He never saw them, and I have copied them with the greatest care." They were utterly worthless, even if new, and wholly unfitted for a magazine, I took the liberty of telling him, as plainly as I durst, under the circumstances; though I did not say what was true enough — that they were not worthy of a village-newspaper. A poet he certainly was; but a wretched prose-writer, being always on stilts, or trying to be severe and funny.

One day, when he was with me, gloating over his prospects with the "New Monthly," and attributing my advice to sheer envy, or jealousy, I have no doubt, Mr. Bowring happened to drop in, and I introduced Fairfield to him, as a literary brother from over sea. This led to a dinner-invitation for both, where Mr. F. took the liberty of so bepraising me before a number of distinguished men — Buckingham, the Oriental Traveller, who had been in America, and, at one time, had commanded a ship out of Norfolk, Va., among the rest — that I felt ashamed of him, and was obliged to shut him up, by pretending to take it all as a joke. Among other pleasant things, he told the company that he had always regarded me as "grand, gloomy, and peculiar," and loved to imagine me riding alone at midnight on a coal-black steed, &c., &c., till he had learned to know me better.

Soon after this, I had a lamentable cry from him — a wail in writing, such as I had never seen before — saying that he was utterly destitute, hopeless, and sick, at a village six or eight miles out of London. I took a carriage, and went out to see him at once, and found him perfectly well, in pretty lodgings, with his slippered feet on the fender, and every thing comfortable about him. This, I acknowledge, was a little too much; and so I left him for ever, slipping into his hand, as I bade him good-by, what might have passed for a physician's fee.

Soon after this, understanding that he was quite serious in his determination to visit La Grange, with his mother, I wrote the general, to put him on his guard, and authorizing him to give up my name at his discretion. This, I managed to let Mr. Fairfield know, in season to spare him the mortification, which I foresaw was inevitable; for, at the time, La Grange was literally overrun with visitors from America, who were eating the proprietor out of house and home, on the strength

of a Congressional grant. But — would you believe it? — Mr. Fairfield went, nevertheless; and took his mother with him, and for the sake of his grandfather, General Lincoln, Lafayette's old companion in arms, was kindly received, and, after a while, sent home, by subscription, among the friends of Lafayette, in a vessel from Havre.

Another case, I cannot resist the temptation of relating just here, since it involved me, somewhat as my championship of Bowring had, when he was called to account in the House-of-Commons, and by the leading newspapers, for his management of the Greek loan.

One day, Mr. Pelby, the actor, whom I had known in Baltimore, and on whose account I had a flare-up with Wood, the manager, called upon me, without notice, to say that he had come over to play Hamlet on the very stage where John Kemble, and Kean, and Young had achieved their greatest triumphs. Having seen him out of the Baltimore scrape, where he was not well treated, though Wood gave me all I asked for, in his behalf, and he played Hamlet with success, I undertook to obtain a hearing for him at Drury-Lane, or Covent-Garden, I forget which. I succeeded: he played this part, and played it well, and was handsomely treated by the newspaper critics, one of whom, by the way, mistook the night, and showed he was not there. But this did not satisfy the ambitious Mr. Pelby. He wanted an engagement, which, of course, I could not help him in obtaining, or at least the run of the kitchen, so that he might have full swing, "like a bull in a china-shop." While I was negotiating for another appearance, with a reasonable prospect, in addition, of at least a short engagement, he called to tell me how shamefully he had been treated by some of the committee. I was in a rage, of course, and lost no time in ascertaining the truth. To my unspeakable amazement and vexation, I found that he had been making use of me in a way I had never dreamed of, and that, in a word, I had been grossly deceived. From that moment, I refused to have any thing more to do with the fellow. Yet he persisted in calling — only to be refused admission — until one day I met him in the Park, and he had the kindness to say that he had just left my lodgings, in Queen-Square Place; that he had called a number of times, but could never find me

at home, and that he had ever so much to tell me, of the ill-treatment he had received from the managers and committee. I stopped him in the midst of his voluminous out-pourings; and told him, if he had any thing to say to me, it must be in writing. He stared; and then said, with a lordly air I never can think of, without laughing, that "he had no idea of *committing himself.*"

But enough. These are but samples of what I had to endure from several of my bashful, enterprising countrymen, while abroad; though not a few, like Sully, and Hackett, and Harding, and West, of Kentucky, I had not only the pleasure of helping, when they most needed help, in one way or another, but a pride in helping, to the utmost of my ability.

At this moment, my attention has been called to the signature of Robert Owen, of Lanark and New-Harmony, father of Robert Dale Owen, and the most thorough-bred Yankee, in appearance, language, and general character, I ever met with, out of New-England. Resembling Henry Clay in countenance and person, overflowing with benevolence, a quiet, unrelenting enthusiast, he went into his grave, thoroughly persuaded that, long before this time, the streets of London would be overgrown with grass, and the Royal-Exchange, the palaces, the cathedrals, and churches, the piles of architecture, and monuments, and squares, would have to be dug out, or hunted for, as in Babylon the Great.

One more hurried sketch of a fellow sufficiently notorious, and associated with Mr. Owen, as a philanthropist for the restoration of our Indian tribes, and I am off to Paris. John Dunn Hunter, the inventor of "Hunter's Narrative"—and, for a time, the wonder of the day—is the man. He had lodgings in the same house with me, occupying an apartment over me, in the third story, and was on familiar terms with the Duke of Sussex, Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, Earl of Leicester before he died, and others; all owing to the fact, that, on his arrival in London, he happened to secure lodgings in Warwick-Street, Pall-Mall, where Washington Irving had written the "Sketch-Book," and where he met with a credulous, warm-hearted young fellow from Norfolk, near Holkham, by the name of Norgate. Having been a neighbor and constituent of Mr. Coke, and being on the best of terms with the family, where

he had met with the Duke of Sussex, and others of the highest rank, he invited Hunter to go down with him to his father's, and soon after introduced him to that princely establishment. While there, he saw the Duke of Sussex, who believed the story he told, in his new "Robinson Crusoe," and encouraged him to visit Kensington-Palace. Out of this, grew Chester Harding's acquaintance with the duke, and, in time, with Mr. Coke; and then followed their portraits, which gave Harding a position he never lost. Out of such trivial incidents, what strange results may issue! Had not Hunter accidentally met with Norgate, and had not Norgate been from the immediate neighborhood of Holkham, he would never have had access to Mr. Coke, nor to the Duke of Sussex, nor to the Duke of Hamilton; and Chester Harding would never have painted either, and might have been obliged to go home, without having been heard of, among the magnates of the British empire.

Let me add here, that, before I left England, I took care to expose the wicked and foolish imposture of Mr. John Dunn Hunter, and to disabuse many of his best friends, and, among others, the Duke of Sussex, Mr. Coke, of Norfolk (Lord Leicester), Mr. Joshua Bates, the banker, Robert Owen, of Lanark, and Mr. Norgate, in the "London Magazine." This was followed by a similar exposure, in a more serious vein, by the late Dr. Sparks, in the "North-American Review," on the authority of no less a personage than General Cass, our Secretary of War, or Indian Agent, I forget which, at the time, who declared that no such Indians had ever lived, to his knowledge, and no man had ever such opportunities of knowing, as Hunter had pictured in his "Narrative," and talked about, up to the time when he so suddenly disappeared from London society, freighted with highly finished, complicated, and costly agricultural implements, furnished by Mr. Coke, for the savage tribes Hunter was going to humanize, and bring into a great Indian Confederacy; together with a gold watch and platina guard, from the Duke of Sussex, and various contributions in cash, to be deposited with his "*banker*," in Wall-Street, New-York!

CHAPTER XVIII.

PARIS.

PISTOL-SHOOTING; GREAT DISCOVERY; "NIGGER" SHOOTING BY A CAREFUL MAN; ADVENTURE WITH A FRENCH BRAGGART; HOW THE CONCEIT WAS TAKEN OUT OF ME AT ANGELO'S ROOMS, LONDON; AND HOW THE CONQUEROR GOT HIS "COME UPS;" PROPOSITIONS OF MAJOR NOAH; POOR GRAHAM; LAW LIBRARY ORDERED TO NEW-YORK; COMBINATION TO DRIVE ME OUT OF PORTLAND; STREET SQUABBLES; HANDBILLS; THE HON. STEPHEN JONES, M.D.; DEADLY PREJUDICE; ORIGIN THEREOF; DECLARED A LUNATIC BY PROCLAMATION; ESTABLISH GYMNASIA; TEACH BOXING AND FENCING; ABOLITIONISTS PUT TO THEIR TRUMPS.

HAVING left England, not for ever, as I then believed, but only for a season, and having entered France, with a determination to see for myself, and judge for myself, by studying the pulsations of Paris, at my leisure, I lost no time in visiting the palaces and monuments, the Louvre, the courts, the halls of legislation, and whatever else might be found typical of the nation; but, excuse me, I have no idea of telling what I saw, nor of dribbling out my experiences and opinions, after the fashion of those who go about *doing* the world by Kingdoms and States — to say nothing of landlords, or lodging-houses — as you would photograph all Europe, while drifting over it in a balloon, before a hurricane.

Of all that I saw, and suffered, or enjoyed, while in Paris, I have nothing to say. I am not writing for the newspapers, I am only talking about myself — to myself; and yet there are two or three little incidents, I would not wholly overlook, as they go, the one to illustrate, and the other to explain, much that I have said already, or shall have to say hereafter.

It may be remembered, that, although I had been addicted to pistol-firing, when a boy, I was always a bungler, not being sure of hitting a barn-door — I might say, of *fetching* a two-story house, at any reasonable distance. But one day, when I was practising in a pistol-gallery on Montmartre,

one of the fortified heights overlooking that Paris which the citizen King, not long afterward, was believed to hold in subjection by these batteries alone, I had what was indeed a revelation — a flash only — but just what I wanted for a proper understanding of myself, and of the possibilities in my way, as a marksman. I saw a number of military men, and half a dozen civilians, firing at a mark, thirty paces off, with such uniform success, that, although I saw nothing to be compared with the stories which I had been told by others, or had met with in print, I was both astonished and perplexed. A large iron target was set up, with a spot in the centre, which might have passed for the bull's eye. When fairly struck, a little figure, with a trumpet, appeared on the top of the target, as if to announce the result. Many wild shots, reminding me of my own, while a boy, were made; but again and again the bull's eye was fairly struck, and the little figure started up to proclaim the fact. A young man was with me, from Philadelphia, by the name of Barrabino, who had seen a good deal of practice in this way. He was far from being a good shot; and two or three times, by the merest accident however, I beat him. At last, while I was levelling my pistol with great deliberation at the mark, something — I know not what — led me to shut up the left eye, instead of the right, which I had been exercising with, and I fairly hit the centre. Could it be! Had I always been shutting up the wrong eye? the right eye, instead of the left? Even so: the right being the stronger, and always the more manageable, I had probably closed it, in my boyhood, when firing at a mark, and not having had an opportunity, till now, of trying any experiments, might have gone to my grave without understanding why it was, that, with good eye-sight and steady nerves, I could not *fetch* a barn-door; just as, in learning to swim, I had come to believe, at one time, that it wasn't in me, that there was some natural impediment in the way, till I threw myself head-first into the sea at Robinson's-Wharf, on a dark night, with no companion, and nobody near enough to help me, if I sank or floundered. From that time forward, although I never practised much — not more than half a dozen times, and then, only at long intervals — I found no difficulty in hitting an object of a reasonable size, within a reasonable distance; in short,

although far from being a crack shot, I was undoubtedly a fair average shot, even with old stagers, and military men, and might have become a proficient, if I had believed it worth while, or if circumstances had made it necessary. The last practice I had was on my way home. We used to rig an oar to the studdin'-sail boom, tie a shingle to the end of the oar, let it swing in the wind, and blaze away, at the greatest possible distance. We had two passengers, Barrabino, and a young New-Yorker, named Lawrence, a newly fledged diplomatist, who valued themselves on their pistol-firing. With them, I practised, until I got frightened off, by the careless handling of a hair-trigger, with Lawrence; but I cannot say that we ever made any remarkable shots, or that we ever hit the shingle. A decided enthusiast was our friend Lawrence; a kind-hearted, refined, gentlemanly fellow, always popping astern at Mother Carey's chickens, or letting drive at the porpoises under our bow, with a capital fowling-piece, which he had brought with him, I do believe, for no other purpose. On remonstrating with him one day about his carelessness with a hair-trigger, while the passengers and sailors were moving about, he said, "I am very careful, *very;* and have good reason to be so, for I shot a poor 'nigger' one day, at my father's. I was doing something to the lock of that very fowling-piece, and it went off, and the charge — there happened to be a ball in it — went through the ceiling, and hit a poor fellow in the room overhead."— "With what result?"— "I do not now remember: it was when I was quite a boy." Within three days after this, he went below, after popping, till he was tired, at a flock of Mother Carey's chickens; and, after a few minutes, I heard an explosion, followed by outcries, and a smothered scream. But for the strangest providence, he would have blown the captain's head off his shoulders. It seems that he sat down in the cabin, to tinker the lock of his fowling-piece: it went off; and blew a hole through a board partition, against which Captain Clarke had been leaning, half-asleep, a few minutes before, with his ear just opposite the hole it made; tore through a looking-glass, and sent the charge ploughing along the top of the captain's berth, into which he had just thrown himself, to finish his nap. Two or three minutes earlier, and the poor fellow's brains would have been spattered

over the same place. The captain, a tough old Scotchman, was terribly frightened, though unhurt; a single drop of blood, caused by a single shot, which I took out of his hair, being all that we could find. It had evidently rebounded from the ceiling of his berth. So much for being made careful by shooting "niggers" in boyhood.

The other incident, I have thought worth mentioning, before I come back to my native land, was the following. One day, this very Barrabino, who had often heard me speak of my small-sword playing, called upon me at Havre, where we were waiting for the ship to sail, and showed me a challenge to all the world, from a *maître d'armes en fait*, who had just opened a fencing-school, in a neighboring street. "Here's your chance! — just what you want," said Barrabino. "What say you to calling on the gentleman, at his *salle d'armes*, and taking up the glove?" — "With all my heart," said I, "and the sooner, the better."—"Capital fun!" he replied: "we couldn't spend an hour more agreeably; and I want to see your play." — "You will take a foil with the blusterer?" said I. — "Oh, no! excuse me: I was never good for much with the foils, and just now am all out of practice."— "Very well: be it so; but you can go with me and see fair play." — "Certainly." And we went.

We found the gentleman armed and equipped, as the law directs, and pacing the stone-floor of his apartment, with quite a military air. He was alone, and evidently out of temper. I didn't half like his looks, and after a little conversation with him, which failed to re-assure me, I said to Barrabino, "That fellow means mischief: his eyes are constantly wandering to the wall, where you see the *chasse-coquins* arranged — stiff clumsy foils, which these fencing-masters often use with the inexperienced and presumptuous; punching them in the ribs to their heart's content, and to the unspeakable amusement of bystanders and amateurs. If he dares to engage me with one of those iron pokers, you will see some rough play." — "What do you propose to do?" — "Teach him better manners, or run him through the body," said I. — "But how, if the foils are buttoned?"— "Wait and see."

And, sure enough, the scoundrel did engage me with a *chasse-coquin*, the stiffest he could find, I dare say, and without a

plastron. After we had interchanged a few thrusts and parries, I gave a *coupé*, and lunged out with all my strength, hitting him on the breast, and bending my foil, within a few inches of the point, so that, if I had persisted, I might have snapped it off, and finished the business, in a way he was little prepared for, much as he deserved it.

The fellow seemed quite surprised, but still persisted. Whereupon, after a little bantering, I lunged again, with all my strength, and broke my foil, yet nearer the point, and pricked him slightly, just under the sword-arm. Barrabino looked frightened, and the man himself not a little astonished. He dropped his point, and I mine. "*Hé bien! Monsieur,*" said he. "*Hé bien!*" I replied, "*courage! allez toujours!*" But no. He began to have his misgivings, and a parley ensued. He desired to know if I was a *professeur.* No, indeed! I was only an amateur. He shook his head: I smiled. "Do you know," said I, "what a narrow escape you have had?" And then I "up and told him." His countenance changed. "And now," said I, "do you know why you have not been able to touch me, *ferrailleur* that you are?" — "Would Monsieur be so obliging as to explain?" He looked so ashamed and mortified, that I could not help explaining. "You lunge too short, sir: yours are half-lunges only." — "Very true," said the poor fellow; "but the fact is, I have had a ball in my knee, and cannot lunge out." — "Zounds and death! And yet you have the impudence to challenge the world!" — "Ah! Monsieur, *il faut vivre.*" I was strongly tempted to say, as the magistrate did to the highway-robber, who urged the same plea, "*Je ne vois pas la nécessité,*" and ordered him for execution forthwith; but I forebore. The blockhead being, at best, but a fourth-rate player, and wishing to create a sensation, had issued the handbill, I saw, determined to run for luck, and either "mak' a spoon or spoil a horn," as the Scotch have it. *Une levée de boucliers,* indeed, was it not?

But stay: I must give another adventure that occurred to me in London, though rather out of place here.

"Perhaps you would like to try the foil, sir," said Angelo, to whom I had just been introduced by Leslie, the painter, who visited his rooms occasionally, under pretence of taking

lessons, and went through the motions; nothing more. He was no swordsman; though he made believe very hard, like the Marchioness, when trying to make lemon-peel and water pass for punch.

"With all my heart," said I, having, on the whole, a pretty good opinion of myself, and supposing he had invited me to a regular set-to. But no: he did not offer me a mask; and I saw, therefore, that he only meant to put me through my paces. After I had taken the *mur*, and gone through with a series of lunges and passes, at the word of command, he dropped the point of his foil, and complimented me handsomely on my carriage, bearing, quickness of eye, and precision of touch; and then added, "Perhaps you would like to take a foil with some of these gentlemen?" I bowed. And after looking about, as if to find some player disengaged — for it was a sort of field-day with him, as I had reason to know before I had finished — he beckoned to a small, pleasant looking, snugly built young man, whom he introduced to me as Mr. Wood. Preliminaries were soon adjusted, though I declined *peeling*, and would not even exchange my boots for sandals; and we went to work. And the result was — to my unspeakable mortification — that, before ten minutes were over, he had given me such a confounded *licking*, that I was almost ready to question my own identity; and that, too, in the very style I had planned for taking the conceit out of him, as I had before, out of twenty others, at least, by making all my home-thrusts with *one-two*. But, hang the fellow! I had no chance with him. His *one-two* was like a flash of lightning, and he hit me almost as often as he tried; while I do not believe that I hit him once, fairly and plumply. He was kind enough to attribute my failure to my boots, and again urged me to try the sandals. But no! I had got my money's worth, and more than I had bargained for; and, being determined "to see it out," I entered at once with Angelo as a pupil, and on the spot, engaged Mr. Wood for my partner on all future occasions.

Not long after this — within a week or two, at farthest, I should say — in passing through a broad, handsome street, I saw the sign of "Roland — Fencing," and dropped in, to ask what he had to say for himself, and was invited, in the same way as at Angelo's, to take a foil with somebody; and when I

consented, and that somebody was called out, who should appear — bless you — but the very same Mr. Wood! At first, I felt puzzled, and somewhat "flabbergasted," as they say in the national cock-pit, when a member cannot manage to count the speaker; but, upon further acquaintance, I found that our Mr. Wood was the pet of the "fancy," one of the best swordsmen to be found, and a painter in water-colors, who passed alternate afternoons with Angelo's and Roland's best men, keeping the field against all strangers.

"Very well," said I to myself. "There is something worth living for, even yet: all my experience heretofore may not be entirely worthless; and I must persevere with Mr. Wood, until I can deal with him, as he has dealt with me." We had another set-to, and though I was rather more successful than before, still he beat me cruelly, and, what was harder to bear, not by a *coupé*, or *flanconade*, not by a straight thrust, over the arm, nor under, not by doubling or disengaging, but with my own favorite play, that inevitable *one-two*.

By and by, however, I began to understand his *coup*, and to profit by it. I found that in giving *one-two*, he never fairly disengaged with *one;* but instantly, with a sort of twinkle or flash, intended for a menace or feint, lunged out on *two*. For this, I found my guard in carte too low, and I adopted the half-circle; and persevered, with such complete success, parrying in half-circle, and returning with a whip over the arm, that, before we had been acquainted two months, I was more than a match for my gentleman, and used to touch him five times out of six; sometimes disarming him with the same parry, as I came up from the half-circle, though never intentionally — to the astonishment of all our bystanders. At last, he proposed, with an air of the deepest mortification, and a little resentment, to have it out with me somewhere else; there being too many spectators and outsiders, he said, at Angelo's. To this I agreed; and we met by appointment, and alone, in Mr. Bentham's coach-house, where he produced, not the "*tool*" I had expected, and was prepared for, but a highly finished, finely-tempered regulation-sword, with which he went through the cavalry-exercise, like a master, and with the greatest possible gravity and precision. And here ended my acquaintance with Mr. Wood. He was beaten more deplo-

rably than I had been, and bore it — not half so well. So much for small-sword. Leslie had watched the progress of our tournament, up to the time when it was generally understood that I was rapidly gaining on my adversary, but I never told him of the final issue, though I knew he would enjoy the affair, as much as I did, and must have been gratified, after my first failure, to find that my pretensions were pretty well founded, and my swordsmanship of a character to justify what Sully had written to him about me. That he was deeply mortified at my "first going off," I have no doubt, although he would never own up to the charge.

Let me add, that after my return to America, having opened a law-office in Portland, I gave lessons both in fencing and sparring, while busiest in my profession, and most occupied with editing the "Yankee," and writing for all the annuals, most of the magazines, and at least half a score of newspapers. And even to this day, judging by what happened not long ago, in 1864, I believe, when I was in my seventy-second year, I should be more than a match for a pretty good player of any age; having beaten two several teachers of small-sword, in the course of a single week, though I had been wholly out of practice for twenty years, and had never met with my match since I left England. "There," said I, one day, to Mr. Bentham — after a severe day at Angelo's — "I have now beaten all the best players." — "Ah-a-a-and all the worst players have beaten you, hey?" was the reply. *Sed quære*, was it the reply of Bentham, or of his secretary? I declare I forget which; but we all enjoyed it, I remember.

Two incidents occur to me, just here, which deserve mention perhaps. Among my pupils in Portland was young Charles Robinson, a midshipman afterward, in the navy, who married a daughter of Commodore Elliot. He was alert and active, but wanted patience. Two or three years later, he told me that one of my lessons had saved his life. He was forced into a duel with cutlasses. After a little playing at cut and thrust, he parried a lunge, and returned over the arm, cutting through his adversary's hand, which ended the affair. And the late Captain Paine, of the United-States navy, who took a few lessons of me, both in small-sword and boxing, after a sharp encounter with the foils, when he undertook to show, that,

although he might not be able to *lay out* his antagonist, while defending himself, he certainly could *fix him*, if he chose to throw his own life away — and miserably failed, of course — told me that one lesson I had given him, in boxing, had probably saved his life in a foreign port. "When you are in doubt," said I, "win the trick."—"Win the trick! but how?" — "By giving *one-two*, and coming instantly on guard." He was going on board his vessel one very dark night. A big black shadow stood in his way, and struck at him: being in doubt, he remembered my advice, and let fly with *one-two;* and away the shadow went, head over heels. And this he repeated, two or three times, till it left him in peace. Not long after, it came to his knowledge, that somebody who had been struck at in the same way, found his heavy wrapper cut through in three or four places, after he got on board: nay, on second thought, I have an idea that Captain Paine himself had found the marks of a knife about the collar of a coat he wore at the time; his assailant striking with a bent arm, so that a straight *one-two* anticipated his blow, as a straight thrust anticipates the *coupé*. My lessons were of some use therefore.

And now, having finished with my adventures and experiences abroad, let me say what has happened since my return to America, in 1827. My law library had been ordered from Baltimore to New-York, where I intended to establish myself in my profession; my friends telling me, that Baltimore would never be what she had been; that the Baltimore-and-Ohio Railroad had crippled and emasculated her energies; and that, in a word, I must go to New-Orleans, to New-York or Philadelphia, if I ever meant to be heard of. I chose New-York; and, after meeting with Major Noah, who wanted me to establish a Sunday-paper there, saying it would be a fortune for me, and need not interfere with my professional business for a long while, I made my arrangements to settle there as a lawyer, and give up writing and authorship, unless driven to it by necessity.

It was here, and at this time, that a sorrowful incident occurred, which I never can think of, without a shudder. At the table with Major Noah and myself was a young American, who had written for the magazines of London, and appeared well acquainted with my career abroad. His name was

Graham; and while chatting over his wine, with Major Noah and myself, about magazine-literature there, he referred to some article he had written, where he spoke of the "venerable jaggedness" — or the "jagged venerableness," he didn't care a snap which, for either would do — of some old ruins there. I found him a very pleasant fellow, highly cultivated, who had seen a good deal of the world, and perhaps profited by it, so far, at least, as to seem high-bred and well-principled. But, alas! within a week after I saw him last, he was shot dead in a duel, by Barton, a young Philadelphian, whose face he had slapped over the card-table; and it came to be believed that he had long been weary of life, and had sought death in this way, rather than become a self-murderer. And then, clap after clap, came the astounding intelligence that his real name was not Graham, that he had been guilty of forgery in England, at a time when forgery was punished by death, and the case of poor Fontleroy had not been altogether forgotten; that the officers of justice were after him, and had actually traced him to Liverpool, supposing that he would be likely to escape that way; and that while they were ransacking the city, through every hole and corner, he was making a speech in a crowded theatre, to quell a disturbance. A bold player in whatever he undertook, his audacity saved him, and enabled him to embark for his native country, where he perished miserably, soon after his arrival.

Other propositions were urged; but my mind was made up to go into the law for a living, whatever else I might be driven to undertake, in a parenthesis, if hard pushed. I had, I believe, less than a hundred dollars in the world. I was in debt five or six hundred; but then, I had a library and office-furniture, worth, at least, three thousand dollars, and with these I was ready to begin the world anew, in the great city of New-York, not being then aware of the bitter prejudice that prevailed against me.

But I must run home first, and see my widowed mother, and my twin-sister, Rachel, and such of my friends and relations as might be willing to acknowledge me. How severe the trial for them was, may be judged of by the fact, that one of my sister's oldest and most intimate friends, a very superior woman, who had always known me by reputation, having

heard of my arrival, called, with tears in her eyes, not to congratulate her and my beloved mother, but to condole with her, and to bid my mother be comforted, and put her trust in God. This, I never knew, till years had gone by, and the dear woman — God bless her for her faithfulness in the day of my visitation! — had become one of my truest and warmest friends, and has continued so to this hour, notwithstanding the death of my sister. I saw her only last sabbath, and had half a mind to ask her what had so changed her opinion of me, and how she came to be so cruelly prejudiced against me, before she knew personally what I was good for; but I hadn't the heart; and as all these questions will explain themselves, before we get through, I must leave them to the future.

Soon after this, and when I had no more idea of settling down in the village of Portland, for life, than I had of establishing a Cape-Elizabeth "Daily-Advertiser," or teaching horsemanship on the Isle of Shoals, it was intimated to me that I should not be allowed to stay here. "Verily, verily," said I, "if they take that position, here I will stay, till I am both rooted and grounded — grounded in the graveyard, if nowhere else;" and here I have remained from that day to this, withstanding all combinations and sorrows and trials, resisting every temptation and allurement to go elsewhere, until, though at one time London and Paris were not large enough for me, and New-York and New-Orleans, and Baltimore and Philadelphia, were but mere out-posts and make-shifts, in my estimation, I came to regard Portland — brave, generous, beautiful Portland — as unmatched and unmatchable; and so it is. Washed on every side by the open sea, draining itself, and looking abroad over sky and earth, as if anticipating the time when she will be taking toll, both ways, of the merchant-princes, and the merchandises of the Orient and the West, and the riches of China, of India and Japan, shall be emptied into her magnificent harbor, and the population of whole empires flow through her broad thoroughfares — there!

The plot was now hurrying forward to a consummation. The very next day after my arrival, my uncle, James Neal, cautioned me on the subject, saying that one or two of the Willis-family had called on him to warn me that I must not venture to speak to any of them. "Very well," said I,

"please say to them that they must not venture to speak to me, or even to look at me, uncivilly, when they cross my path, or I shall knock them down, without a word, though it be in church." That very day, my threat came near being verified; for happening to enter the old brick church, where, in my boyhood, I used to go, barefooted, after chips, I saw Mr. George Willis in a side-aisle, and came upon him quite unexpectedly on my way out; whereupon he disappeared, like a shadow. But I was beleaguered on every side: my enemies beset me at every turn: the plot thickened; and the next day, as I was walking up Exchange-Street, with my good uncle, I heard a noise, not unlike the roar of a chafed bull. I stopped and looked about me, having no idea of the cause. Nor had my uncle; for he said to me, "What's the matter with Patten?" — "Patten! Patten!" said I, "good gracious! not Master Patten is it?" And as I turned, I saw that gentleman standing in the door of his little book-shop, with a heavy cane, gesticulating violently, and threatening me in language I had never been accustomed to. I turned back to meet him; and uncle Neal tried to stop me, but in vain. As I drew near Patten, he retreated within the shop, still brandishing his cane, and threatening me, and telling me not to cross the threshold, if I valued my life. I did cross it, however, saying to him, as I did so, that, if he knew when he was well off, he must not allow the cane to touch me. By this time, there was a large gathering about the door. He threatened, while foaming at the mouth almost, to get a "nigger" to thrash me. "With all my heart," said I: "you may get a couple if you like; and I'll stay here, just here, without budging, till you have made up your party." Others interfered now — well-disposed gentlemanly persons. My old friend Patten — who was really a man of pluck, and, notwithstanding his violent, unreasonable, head-strong temper, a very worthy gentleman, with a well-founded grudge against me, for which I have always been sorry, though he had given me ample occasion for complaint, when I was a boy, and went to school to him — retreated into his back shop, and I went on my way rejoicing.

Our quarrel originated in this way. At the age of eight, or nine perhaps, I carried a note from my mother, asking him to

excuse me for absence, one morning, when it was my turn to sweep the school-house. Instead of looking into the note to see if I had any reasonable excuse — and, between ourselves, I don't think I had, for my uncle having given me permission to go aboard a ship he was building, for waste oakum, I had availed myself of the permission, I dare say, without saying that I had to sweep out the school-room — but Master Patten did not know this — I might have been sick, or a death might have happened in the family to prevent me — and so, without reading the note, he set upon me at once, and gave me a terrible thrashing, and then went home to his boarding-house, and made his brags of it, before all the boarders. I heard of this and vowed — Quakers never swear, you know — I vowed in my heart, to pay him off in his own coin, if he and I lived, till I was big enough. Many years after this — in 1818, I should think, when I was twenty-five — I happened to be in Portland on a visit, just after our failure in business, when, owing partly to a long trip through Virginia, in mid-summer, and partly to the voyage from Baltimore to Boston, I was tanned so black — black and tanned, I might say, like one of King Charles's pups — and so changed, that I passed for a pirate, in church; and everywhere, among those who had been my school-fellows and companions, not long before, and my own mother did not know me, till I spoke. Passing Mr. Patten's little book-store, one day, I remembered my vow, and was on the point of paying him a visit, when, just as I had reached the door, and was about crossing the threshold, I caught a glimpse of the gray-haired man at his desk; and, for the life of me, I could not have gone a step nearer. If he had taken advantage of my helplessness, when a child, was I, in the flush and prime of a confident manhood, to take advantage of his comparative helplessness, at the age of threescore, at least? No, no: I could not do it; and I left him in peace. Had I stopped there, all would have been well, and that most worthy gentleman would have had nothing to complain of; but in writing the life of "Will Adams, or Errata" — a rude, rough story, with falsehood enough, and exaggeration enough, to show that I was not even pretending to tell the truth, but only making up something as I went along, like other story-tellers on paper, and not giving a biography — I happened to mention this incident. My

object was to show how dangerous it might be, for a schoolmaster, or an employer, to mistake a boy's character, just when he was pushing into a vigorous growth; and, for illustration, I gave a series of anecdotes, all substantially true of themselves, though oftentimes greatly embellished, for the very purpose of misleading those who might fancy that poor "Will Adams" was a portraiture of the author, and that all I related of him was a matter of personal experience with myself — in short, an autobiography. For the same reason, I had mentioned a series of trials, to which I had been subjected by others — and, I must acknowledge, without well considering the consequences; for, sooth to say, I had no malice in my heart toward a single human being, and no drop of bitterness, to scald my throat, or otherwise trouble me, when I thought of the Willises; nor did it once enter my head, that a family I so much respected, and had so much reason to respect, on the whole, notwithstanding their misapprehension of my character, when I was a shop-boy in their father's store, would care a snap for the stories I told, whether true or false; yet, being true — true to the letter — it seems they were dreadfully exasperated and embittered, like "Master Patten," without a suspicion of the truth, on my part. Hence all the commotion about me.

Two or three days after my arrival at Portland, as I went lazily sauntering down Middle-Street, by "Huckler's Row," as it was then called, near the head of Green-Street, I heard somebody shouting after me, "Keep Cool! Keep Cool!" On turning my head, I saw quite a gathering, a rabble-rout of young men, standing in the door-way of Herrick's tavern, with their faces turned toward me. Taking it for granted that I understood them, I went back to my mother's, left my watch and purse, and returned. The outcry was renewed by two or three voices. I walked over, and seeing one fellow seated on the door-sill, whose insolent manner satisfied me that he was one I should have to do with, I took off his hat, not willing to strike him before he stood up, and flung it into the shop. Upon this, he sprang to his feet; and I instantly slapped his face. The others crowded about me: he threw himself into position; and I let fly, sending him into the furthest corner, with a bloody nose, and receiving, at the same time, a blow from

behind, over the right shoulder, which left me with a black eye. Turning upon the cowardly and treacherous rascals, and telling them, that if they would only come to the front, I was ready for the whole gang, I prepared for the worst. Whereupon, without waiting to be hurried, or to stand "upon the order of their going," they cleared out, and I went back to my mother's. Within the next following few days, I had two or three other *explanations* of a similar character, which resulted in nothing serious; and then, being invited by the students of Bowdoin College to a supper, I went down there; was met and entertained with the greatest warmth and respect, though I refused to make a speech — from sheer inability, not being able to address a few remarks to a sabbath-school class, at Bath, when it was expected of me, in Dr. Jenks's church — and had put into my hands the following placard, in prodigious letters, crowded with large staring capitals, and topped off with a hand four inches long, which had been found pasted up at the college-entrance, while others were clinging to the fences and gate-posts in every part of the village. Here it is now: I give it word for word.

"BULLETIN EXTRA.— Arrived at Portland on Saturday evening last, in the steamboat, in a short passage from London, *via* New-York, the celebrated author of 'Keep Cool,' 'Randolph,' 'Errata,' &c., &c., in a state of great bodily and mental exhaustion, owing to his excessive labors in furnishing matter for 'Blackwood's Edinburgh Monthly Magazine.' It is said much of the elevation of American character is owing to this distinguished author. Since his arrival in his native town, it has been recommended to put himself under the care of the Hon. Stephen Jones, M.D., an eminent Southern Physician. This has been done, and the doctor reports favorably. On Wednesday afternoon, he was walking with his physician, apparently much better. Dr. Jones, however, recommends his removal to Baltimore, or some more southern climate, for his complete restoration.

"July 12—."

But this handbill not being altogether satisfactory, it was enlarged and intensified, corrected and revised, forthwith, and

a large edition was immediately struck off, and scattered broadcast all through the streets of Portland, in the following shape, with the same large capitals, and monstrous hand at the top, to secure attention: —

"BULLETIN EXTRA. — Arrived at Portland on Saturday evening last, in the steamboat, in a short passage from London, *via* New-York, the infamous author of 'Keep Cool,' 'Randolph,' 'Errata,' &c., &c., who has basely traduced his native town and country for hire; a renegade, who, unable to obtain an honest living at home, and driven from his native country by the scorn and contempt of honest indignation, picked up a scanty living in Edinburgh and London, by being a pander for scandal against the country that nourished him, in the periodical journals of those cities. How much of the elevation of American character is owing to this distinguished author, let an enlightened public judge! He has been long laboring under symptoms of insanity, and, since his arrival in his native town, it has been recommended to put himself under the care of Stephen Jones, M.D., an eminent African Physician. This has been done, and the doctor reports favorably. On Wednesday afternoon, he was walking with his physician, apparently much better. Dr. Jones, however, recommends his immediate removal to Baltimore, or some more southern climate, for his complete restoration.

"July 12th, 1827.

"N.B. — It is understood this celebrated author has returned from the East without much improvement."

Of course, I know the author of these two handbills; but, inasmuch as we have been on good terms for the last forty years, and I have never called him to account, holding that *tit-for-tat* is allowable in such controversies, I shall not give up his name. Let the past be forgotten, as, by me, it is most heartily forgiven.

Meanwhile, other agencies were at work; and I was informed not only that I should not be admitted to the Cumberland-bar, though a Counsellor of the Supreme-Court of the United-States for several years, but that I should not even be allowed

to stay in Portland, happen what might. This determined me. My mind was now made up, and I lost no time in applying for admission, ordering my library from Baltimore to Portland, instead of New-York, and securing an office.

While waiting for the moon to change, other facts had come to my knowledge, little calculated to soothe my irritation, or sweeten my temper. One day, it happened that a colored man accosted me in the street, walked with me, and entered into conversation with me, about matters and things in general. He was a very ignorant fellow, a by-word and butt with the idlers of the day; but his language was so irresistibly droll, being the strangest mixture of unmeaning words, compounded by himself, while his manner was deferential enough to satisfy the most fastidious, that I found no little amusement in listening to his gibberish. We were together for half an hour, perhaps; but the next day a gentleman called on me, and, after an apology for interfering, told me that the poor "nigger" was nicknamed Dr. Jones, and that he had been hired to follow me round, wherever I went; never to lose sight of me, and to enter into conversation with me whenever he had a chance. The gentleman added that he had called Jones into his store and told him it was about as much as his life was worth, if I got a hint of the truth. "But is he a worthy fellow?" said I. — "Yes, indeed; both ignorant and harmless." — "And they pay him well, I hope?" — "So I understand," was the reply." — "Very well; say to Dr. Jones, that I have not the slightest objection to his earning wages in this way, just as long as they may think it wise to employ him. Let him understand that he has my full consent to follow me wherever I go, by night or by day, to walk by my side, if he will, and to enter into conversation with me, whenever I am alone; but, if he speaks to me when I am not alone, I will thrash him within an inch of his life, though it should be in the presence of women, or on the steps of the church." The communication was made to him, and he not only promised, but faithfully kept his promise to the last; going with me to the houses I visited, and sitting on the door-steps, till I came out; until the confederates, finding the laugh was against them, began to count the cost, and left me in peace for the next following forty years.

Having applied for admission to the Cumberland-bar, though assured by the late Judge Preble himself, and by Chief-Justice Millen, that I might have to go through a course of study with some lawyer of reputation here, the monopoly being established, and the bar-rules imperative, I left my credentials with a committee of the bar, showing how long I had practised in the highest courts of Maryland, how long I had been admitted to the District, the Circuit, and the Supreme Courts of the United-States, and began looking about, for an office. Most of our leading practitioners, at this time, had for their offices mere kennels, or dog's-holes, without carpets or furniture worth having, dark, dirty, and slovenly. I had been accustomed to light, airy, well-furnished offices, for I had two rooms on the ground-floor handsomely carpeted, with mahogany tables, and book-cases, &c., and rosewood chairs, at Baltimore, though called a coxcomb for my pains; but there I slept, in my back-office, and there spent all my time, except at my meals; and I chose to be comfortable and cleanly.

The late Mr. James Deering had just finished a block of stores in Exchange-Street, with offices in the second story, for those who might be adventurous enough to leave their garrets and ground-floors, for handsome, light, and cheerful apartments, between the two. Having heard that Fessenden and Deblois were to have two rooms in the building I had in view, I called to inquire of the general, grandfather of the two generals now flourishing, and then occupying a miserable one-story box in Court-Street; and he gave me all the information I required. Whereupon, I hunted up Mr. Deering, and while negotiating with him for the front office, in the street, he wanting me to take both rooms, front and back, and I saying that I couldn't afford but one, to begin with; but if I should have students, as I had in Baltimore, or a decent share of business, I would take both. At this moment, my uncle, James Neal, hove in sight, and Mr. Deering called him over, saying, "Here, Mr. Neal! your nephew wants to take only one of my new offices, and I advise him to take both: I know he'll want them. What say you? won't he have business enough to justify him?"—"Won't have enough to pay for his fire-wood," was the reply. "Mr. Deering," said I, "we will take both offices;" and there the matter ended.

I was soon admitted to the bar, and entered at once upon my profession, with reasonable success, though I must acknowledge that I never made much of a figure there. Pettifogging I had no relish for, and the speeches were oftentimes of such a portentous length, where little or nothing was at stake, beyond a boot-jack or a tin-dipper, that I felt ashamed to bestir myself, or to waste my indignation, or breath, upon the merest quibbling, as many others did; though there were honorable exceptions, where truth, and not victory, was occasionally, though not often, struggled for.

Meanwhile, what was I to do? The bar was over-crowded, and the late Charles S. Davies, one of my earliest friends, after I began dabbling in literature, took the first opportunity of saying as much. But I persevered, nevertheless; all the more I might say, for such intimations.

Another incident, followed by lasting consequences, may as well be stated here. The late Governor Enoch Lincoln was my mother's next-door neighbor. Having understood that I was familiar with gymnastics, which he wanted to have introduced here, he proposed a lecture. A lecture! I had never been guilty of such a thing, in all my life; but, as soon as my mind was made up about staying here, I determined to establish a gymnasium, take charge of it myself, and, refusing all compensation, see what could be done for the people in that way. Our first gathering was in the upper story of the old town-hall, which I asked of the authorities; and succeeded in obtaining for certain purposes, though vehemently opposed by such young men as the late Colonel John D. Kinsman, then exceedingly popular with the militia-power. I was not present at the meeting, where he denounced the whole system, in his pitiable ignorance of its true character, as a kind of raree-show, with ground and lofty tumbling, &c.; but I heard of it, and lost no time in suggesting that a lesson or two might be taken by him, with great advantage to his manners, if not to his understanding.

From the old town-hall, we went to Silver-Street, where we succeeded in obtaining a large hay-magazine. There we set up our ladders, and ropes, and masts, parallel-bars, wooden-horses, &c., &c., with such success, that, before a month had gone over, I had under my charge at least fifteen or

twenty full classes. Among these were many capital gymnasts. After this, when the spring opened, we took the old fort on the top of Munjoy-Hill, and established another gymnasium there, with ditches and leaping-poles; and then, having got into other and better business, with my law and literature, and fencing and sparring classes, at my office, I *threw up* these gymnasia; being, to say the truth, *heartily sick* of them, after I found how little the members were inclined to do for themselves; not one of the whole being disposed to let me off, although I had trained forty or fifty for class-leaders, and they understood that I had my own living to get in other ways. Meanwhile, I had established a gymnasium at Brunswick, which has been continued to this day, with two or three long interruptions, and another at Saco; and all this, without asking or receiving a penny for my time and trouble; nay, more: at considerable expense to myself, though so poor at the time, that I was obliged to pay my bills at sight, and keep my own counsel, under every temptation, lest I should be sent to the alms-house; and now let me add, that I am constantly meeting with gray-headed men, who declare that they owe their restoration to health, and sometimes their very lives, to the discipline of the gymnasia, under my charge.

Before I leave this part of my story, however, let me mention a fact, which will be very surprising, I dare say, to most of our abolitionists and clamorous anti-slavery enthusiasts. One day, a young mulatto called on me, to see if he could be admitted into our Silver-Street Gymnasium. Liking his appearance and behavior, and believing that in some such way only could our colored brethren be brought to share in our white social privileges, I answered, "Yes, certainly: so far as I myself was concerned; but I would consult the class-leaders." Meanwhile, he was to "scratch round," and try to get half a dozen colored youth to join him. He succeeded, and I made the proposal. A dead silence: I then urged upon the large school, that, in their vehement opposition to slavery, they had now a good opportunity for manifesting their sincerity, and of advancing the colored man, at least one step in the social scale. No answer. I then offered to take charge of the colored class myself, to be answerable for their good behavior, cleanliness, and strict obedience. And what think you was

the result? Of all that large and prosperous association, for which I had been laboring, without pay, month after month, for about a year, only two could be found willing to admit a colored man into the association. These two were the late Mr. John Winslow, a Quaker; and Mr. Neal Dow, the son of a Quaker. This, I acknowledge, went far to dishearten me; for what was bodily training, compared with spiritual training? what a system of gymnastics, weighed against humanity and consistency?

The die was now cast: I was settled for life; and though told that I should not stay in Portland; that, if not driven out, I should be starved out, so bitter and fierce, and so universal, was the feeling against me, yet here I am now, and here I have been ever since, at the end of nearly two-and-forty years, and almost as good as new. So much for self-reliance and wilfulness. But this chapter is getting out of proportion: let us go to another.

CHAPTER XIX.

PORTLAND.

SETTLED IN PORTLAND; THE "YANKEE;" CHIEF-JUSTICE APPLETON; EDGAR A. POE, AND OTHERS; BUCKINGHAM AND THE "NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY;" OUR QUARREL; BECOME EDITOR OF THE "GALAXY;" FRANCIS O. J. SMITH AND THE EASTERN "ARGUS;" JAMES BROOKS; OFFICE-HUNTING; CITY GOVERNMENT OF PORTLAND; MR. NEAL DOW; LOTTERIES; NARROW ESCAPE FROM THE STATE-PRISON; PERIODICALS; FAVORABLE CHANGE OF PUBLIC OPINION; GENERAL FESSENDEN; LECTURING; EXTEMPORANEOUS AND WRITTEN ADDRESSES; MARRIAGE; QUARRYING FOR GOLD; BUILDING; LACQUERED WARE BANISHED; EXAMPLES.

I WAS now fairly under way. A young book-seller — which, of course, may account for the rash adventure — James Adams, Jr., had applied to me, at the suggestion of others, to establish a paper. I refused; though willing enough to be an editor, nothing would induce me to become a proprietor. After a brief negotiation, he undertook to publish, what I was to *edit*, for five hundred dollars a year, payable out of the store; that is, in law-books and stationery.

Subscription-papers were issued, a very satisfactory list of subscribers obtained, and on the first of January, 1828, "THE YANKEE" burst like a northern meteor upon our people. It was continued with triumphant success; entirely original; most of it — seven-eighths perhaps — written by myself; and altogether literary, without a single advertisement, for a year and a half, when, having swallowed Mrs. Sarah J. Hale's Monthly — the "Ladies' Magazine," perhaps — the "Bachelor's Journal," and the "Boston Literary Gazette," editor and all, it appeared in Boston, conducted by myself and James W. Miller, the poet, and a true poet he was, though he has been allowed to die out by his contemporaries; and then, as if the publishers and proprietors were beside themselves, they changed it from a weekly folio of eight pages, to a monthly magazine, which, as I foretold, gave up the ghost within the

next following six months, although under the guardianship of Lilly and Waite, successors to Wells and Lilly.

While burning its way into public favor, I had for contributors, from all parts of the country, such men as Chief-Justice Appleton, whose first published writings appeared in the "Yankee," on Balance of Trade, Usury, Evidence, and Lotteries; John G. Whittier, who began his career with me, I believe; B. B. Thatcher, author of "Indian Biography;" Albert Pike, then of Newburyport, now of Little Rock; the Rev. Mr. Greenwood; James O. Rockwell, whose lines "To an Iceberg" ought never to be forgotten; Edgar A. Poe; Grenville Mellen; Dr. Isaac Ray, and half a hundred, more or less, of writers who have since become distinguished. Poe sent his first poems to the "Yankee," and proposed to dedicate a volume to me; but I discouraged him, saying, that, in the existing state of public opinion, it would be a hindrance, instead of a help, and he forebore. And as for Whittier, I have just fished up a letter of his, which I had entirely forgotten, dated "10th Mo., 1828," and showing on what terms we were, forty years ago. A part of it ran thus: —

"My dear Neal, — I have just written something for your consideration. You dislike — I believe you do, at least — the blank verse of our modern poets and poetesses. Nevertheless, I send you a long string of it. If you don't like it, say so privately; *and I will quit poetry, and every thing else of a literary nature*, for I am sick at heart of the business. . . . . Insult has maddened me. The friendless boy has been mocked at; and, years ago, he vowed to triumph over the scorners of his boyish endeavors. With the unescapable sense of wrong burning like a volcano in the recesses of his spirit, he has striven to accomplish this vow, until his heart has grown weary of the struggle." Of course, I wrote a most encouraging letter in reply; for he persisted, as we see, like Mr. Neal Dow, and William Garrison, after they had both threatened to be distinguished in some way, until he has become one of the glories in our upper-sky; but just think of the Quaker poet, and a poet, so much of a Quaker (he is a distant relation of mine, by the way) making a *vow*, and going about with a *volcano* in his heart,

like Sumner Lincoln Fairfield, "full of the *unescapable sense of wrong.*"

About the same time, N. P. Willis, whom I had been watching over a long while, wrote me as follows, while engaging me to write for the "Token," of which he was the editor: "Three of the verses you have *quoted* in the 'Review' of the 'Token,' as specimens of the excellence of pieces, *were inserted by the editor, in the place of expunged stanzas.*" I had always thought highly, and spoken highly, of the poor fellow's poetry, long before I knew the name of the author, and while he was writing occasional verses for a Boston paper, without a signature; but the fact he mentions here, must have been very gratifying. That I should select three verses, to speak highly of, and that all three should turn out to be his, must have satisfied him that I recognized, as by elective affinity, the true spirit in him, and the golden ore of true poetry.

Soon after I had opened fire, and lay with my ground tier double-shotted, and matches-lighted, I came to the knowledge of what had always been a provoking mystery to me. I did not mind being abused: I rather throve on it, indeed; but then, I did want to know what it was for. I knew that I had been cruelly slandered, not only misrepresented, but lied about, year after year, while abroad, by at least twelve hundred newspapers of the land; but I never quite understood *why.* At last, it came to me like a revelation from — I will not say where.

In the year 1818, Mr. Pierpont had made me acquainted with Mr. Joseph Tinker, alias Joseph Tinker Buckingham, a parishioner of his, editor and proprietor of the "New-England Galaxy," wretchedly poor, desperate, and living from hand to mouth. I liked the man, I liked his energy and boldness; and after taking upon my hands a personal quarrel, which he had with a fourth-rate English actor, who had come into his office to thrash him — and would have done so, but for me — I advised him to go on, and lay about him, right and left, as with a flail, until his power should be felt and acknowledged, and the abuses he complained of, should be put a stop to; offering, at the same time, to send him occasional communications, without pay. And this I did for two or three years,

until, having disposed of Joseph Lancaster, whom he greatly wronged, by the way, and some others, he began to assail me. Instead of being vexed with him, however, I laughed heartily at the freak, which was intended to prove his independence, even of friendship, and bade him "God speed!"

While abroad, he consigned his son Joseph to my special care, at London. I did my best to promote his views, without well understanding what they were, beyond this, that having interchanged a "sentiment" with Edward Everett, at some public meeting, he felt himself qualified for any thing, and therefore had established, or was about establishing, a new daily paper, the "Boston Courier," I believe. After introducing him to most of my friends, I helped him off to Paris. Meanwhile, the press-gang, the whole paperhood of America, were baiting and badgering me, at every turn, without my knowledge at the time, because, forsooth, in dealing with our American authors, and painters, and poets, from recollection, I had told the truth of them. Buckingham knew this, and knew, also, that the growing prejudice against me had no just foundation; that hundreds of lies were bandied about, which a word from him — "fiery darts," though most of them were — would have quenched for ever. Yet that word he never wrote, and, of course, never spoke. I did not know this at the time, or I should have helped him to something he would have been sorry to sup, even with a long-handled spoon. He was so unscrupulous, not to say unprincipled, that everybody was afraid of him, I found. This rather amused me; for I had flung down my gauntlet in our first issue of the "Yankee," and said to my calumniators, "There's my hand! open or shut: take your choice." After a while, he ventured on a fling or two, which I did not quite understand nor relish; but I kept my temper. And then, having hinted that something he had allowed himself to say about a Methodist preacher — Huntington, I believe — who had prayed himself into a new pair of breeches — was not calculated to make friends of the religious community, Methodists or not, he had the insolence and folly to threaten me, that, if I gave him any more advice, he would let the people of Portland know who I was. Whereupon, I replied, that I understood him, and that if he did not tell the story — it was about a woman I had

sent to Boston, to the care of Cooper, the tragedian — and in the very next paper, I would tell it. By that day's mail, I received a frightened, warning letter, from my old friend Pierpont, who knew to what I referred, and all the circumstances, asking if I was mad, and saying that the "giant" — meaning my adversary, *Mr. Joseph Tinker Buckingham* — "was beginning to stir." To this I had nothing to say, just then. The result was, that Buckingham did not tell the story, and I did; and in the very next issue of the "Yankee." From that moment, having declared war, by proclamation, according to established usage, sending a herald into the enemy's camp, we had it broadside after broadside, hot and heavy, till he struck his colors, and said, with a piteous wail, that if it were any satisfaction for me to know that I had almost ruined the "Galaxy," I was welcome to the knowledge. And there the war ended between us, and for ever; and within a few months, he sold out the "Galaxy" to Mr. Moses Kimball, of the Museum, who engaged me as editor, with H. Hastings Weld, now an Episcopal clergyman, somewhere in New Jersey, for an associate; and then, Mr. Henry F. Harrington. My duties, I find, began on the 1st of January, 1835, and continued for one year — a long while, for any thing I had to do with. I wrote voluminously, but with so faint a recollection of what I did, that not long since, on being asked, by Mr. Edmond Quincy, about my editorship of the "Galaxy," I had entirely forgotten it, though I well remembered writing for the paper.

And this brings to my recollection another case — one of many I might mention, of a similar character. Everybody knows Mr. Francis O. J. Smith. We had a quarrel one day about a case before the Municipal-Court. He took advantage of a poor fellow, and had him defaulted, when he knew that he had a *legal* defence, that of infancy, which I refused to plead at first, and that he had gone up to the wrong court under a misapprehension, while I was waiting for him, gratuitously. Smith was insolent, and I told him, in so many words, that he was a disgrace to the profession, that he ought to have his skin stripped over his ears, and that I should lay the case before a committee of the bar. With this view, I called on General Fessenden, president of the bar at the time,

who finally persuaded me to abandon the idea; Smith having read law with him, and being, with all his faults, a generous, whole-hearted fellow, of uncommon talents, and exalted ambition. Of course, I had nothing more to say; but the affair rankled in Smith's recollection, and he lost no opportunity, while editor of the "Eastern Argus," and of some other paper, I believe, though I am not sure, of "thorning" me, as he called it. Of course, I did not bear it patiently; and our fiery arrows flew thick and fast, until he, too, thought proper to say, that, if I did not hold my peace, and behave better, he should feel it a duty to enlighten the people of Portland about me. He did not want to be insulted in the street, knocked down, or prosecuted, he said; otherwise, he would do it at once. Whereupon, I called upon him to say any thing he pleased of me, true or false, pledging myself not to insult nor strike him; and saying, that if he should be prosecuted for a libel, I would defend him; and if he should be fined, I would pay the fine. I give the language from recollection. I cannot, of course, be sure of the words, though I am of the substance. And what think you was Mr. Smith's reply? After some delay, he comes out, and quoting from one of my extravagant romances, where a character is made to say, "I have sinned almost beyond the mercy of God"—exclaims, "There! that's the man himself! What more do we want?"

Of course, there was nothing more to be said; for what could I say to such an accusation, so urged, and so supported? From that day to this, however, though somewhat slowly, for the first ten or a dozen years, we have been growing better acquainted, until, at last, I am willing to acknowledge, that Mr. Francis O. J. Smith is not so bad a man, after all; and wish he might be able to say the same thing of me. With all our faults, and they are plentiful enough, and large enough, I do believe in my heart, that we have both lived to some purpose, and mainly to a good purpose. To him, after Morse, are we indebted for the telegraph; the people of Portland, for the introduction of gas, and some other enterprises here, not fully matured, which promise well for this neighborhood.

But to return. While I was occupied with the "Yankee," and somewhat busy with law and literature, sparring and fencing, I began to have students. Among the first, was Mr.

James Brooks, now of the "New-York Express," and an M.C., then fresh out of Waterville College, with a good reputation for talent and scholarship. He wanted to write for the "Yankee," and I encouraged him; but the first paper was too well written by half — much too classical — after the manner of Dr. Blair and Allison. I would not allow it to appear, without many changes; but he had the pluck I wanted to see, and he gave up writing in a dead language, and began to talk on paper. This saved him, and finally obtained for him, first, the means of support in one of our schools, then the editorship of our oldest and best paper, the "Portland Advertiser," then employment at Washington, as a reporter, then the means of going abroad, as a correspondent of the same paper, and then the editorship and part-ownership of the "Express," with a seat in Congress; where, having renounced and abjured all his old convictions, and lost all his old political friends, he is now warring to the knife against the very principles that seemed to be a part of himself, when he lived here, and was, at one time, a candidate of the Whigs, for Congress, and came near being sent, I believe. And, by the way, this reminds me of a curious incident, which occurred while he was reading law with me. A communication for the "Yankee" was received, entitled, "Johnny Beadle's Courtship." There were not a few capital touches in it, but many faults, and lost opportunities. I made such alterations and additions as I thought proper. It was well received, and frequently republished; and I always believed it had been written by a young engraver and portrait-painter, whom I had taken into my back office, named Appleton. He did not acknowledge it in so many words, to be sure, but, when charged with it, did not deny the "soft impeachment." After a while, it was credited to Mr. James Brooks: I know not why, for it was wholly unlike his doings; but, one day, many years later, it came to my knowledge, that it had been written by Captain McClintock, of the United-States army, who complained bitterly of the alterations, and amendments, and threatened to reproduce the story as originally written. But he never did, and, I dare say, it was well for him that he did not; for another Yankee story of his appeared somewhere, I forget where, which was intended to be very funny, but hung

fire, and has never been mentioned since, to my knowledge. Meanwhile, happening to be in New-York, I was invited to a dinner at Delmonico's, one day, by Colonel James Watson Webb, where I met Major Noah, Mr. Verplank, and other celebrities. After the *dinner was through*, as people say — meaning, I hardly know what — I was called upon to reply to a toast, as the supposed author of "Johnny Beadle's Courtship." I declined, of course; but while some were ascribing it to Mr. Brooks, and others to me, as if it were really something of importance, I told the company, that it was by neither of us; and I have a notion that I gave young Appleton as the author, and that I did not know, till two or three years later, what McClintock had to do with it. On the whole, there was a strange confusion of thought on the subject. It was called, by some of the party, "Johnny Beadle's Sleigh-ride," or "The Sleigh-ride." Now, I had written a story for the second volume of the "Yankee," after it ceased to be a *weakly*, and had become a monthly, under that very title, "The Sleigh-ride." But such mistakes have been frequent in my experience. Again and again have I been complimented for my "Charcoal Sketches," and have been obliged to say, that, although I wrote the first, which appeared in a magazine for June, 1830, the others were by Joseph C. Neal, who *borrowed* my heading, and threw off a series of "Charcoal Sketches," most of which were exceedingly clever; and one, "The Loafer," I believe, which I should have been delighted to acknowledge, if I could.

And this reminds me of a question that has been often asked — Why it is that I have never held office, nor been in public life. Let me answer that question while I think of it. I never had a thirst for office, though I have had two or three narrow escapes — the narrowest, perhaps, in this way. I was once called to the platform, in Faneuil Hall, about the time when "Know-nothingism" was raging, and introduced to the people as the Mayor of Portland. Whereupon, I felt obliged to say, that I never had been, and was not then, and never expected to be, the Mayor of Portland; that the nearest I ever came to that honor, was at an election, where, although I was not even a candidate, one vote was cast for me — and *that* the people said I had cast for myself. This brought down the house, and no further explanations were needed.

I cannot deny that I have been thought of, more than once, and actually mentioned in the newspapers, either as a candidate, or as willing to be a candidate. And once, when I was on a visit here — and, if I do not mistake, at the very time of my controversy with Dr. Payson, and my explanation with Master Patten — it was suggested, quite seriously, by the late Isaac Adams, a leading politician of the day, that, if I would pull up stakes at Baltimore, and settle in Portland, I should be sent to Congress. But I wouldn't, and — wasn't.

Again: I was mentioned, and fairly advertised, for the senate of Maine, I believe, the very year that Governor Kent was elected; but nothing came of it. I never did run well, I never could, I never shall.

And furthermore — after a great overthrow of the Democracy, at the time of Harrison's election, having labored in season, and out of season, too, for the great cause, by travelling, and speechifying, and writing, and prophesying, at no little outlay, both of time and money; paying my own expenses, and sometimes the expenses of other people — I was distinctly urged to *accept* the office of United-States District-Attorney, then about to be vacated by my friend Judge Howard. I consented; and having obtained lots of signatures and letters, by personal application, of which I was heartily ashamed, until another opportunity occurred, had just sent off the application, when I was informed that the late Honorable John Holmes wanted the office, and was poor enough to need it. My papers were in the hands of Mr. Webster — only to be overlooked, or forgotten, I dare say — when I withdrew my application, and Mr. Holmes took the office he so well deserved, and so worthily occupied.

My next attempt — considering I was no office-seeker, as I have said before — was yet more uncomfortable and mortifying. Not long ago, but just when I most needed a lift, the Board of Trade here, without consulting me, and without my knowledge or consent, proposed my name for Postmaster, at a meeting held for quite another purpose. Hearing of this, a day or two after, and not willing that others should do for me what I was not willing to do for myself, I lost no time in obtaining both letters and names; all which resulted in the

appointment of Judge Woodbury Davis, who told me himself, that he didn't want it, had never even asked for the office, and didn't know that he should take it. So much for politics and politicians! And so much for electioneering and engineering! Henceforth, I'll none of it. Sour grapes, at the best, are hardly worth jumping so high for. After laboring more than fifty years, for and with one party, through good report, and through evil report, without faltering, or flinching, or shirking — never holding office, nor even asking for office, until urged by party-leaders to accept office — to be fobbed off in this way, like a superannuated beggar, was a little too much for me — "much too much," I might say.

I was now beginning to breathe freely once more, and, of course, felt obliged to keep the community astir, lest we should all go to sleep together, settle on our lees, or stagnate in our marriage-beds. The "Yankee" was doing wonders; but wonders did not satisfy me. We wanted a city-government. Our old-fashioned municipal government was frightfully expensive and wasteful, if the time of a laboring population was worth any thing, and, withal, exceedingly changeable, inefficient, and uncertain. Two attempts, followed by two wretched failures, had been made; one, I believe, by no less a personage than Mr. F. O. J. Smith, supported by the whole strength of the democratic party, before the first of his many changes. After weighing the matter well, I undertook it, anew. We had town-meetings called: at one of which, my good uncle, James Neal, denounced me, in conversation, as an aristocrat, and insisted upon it, that I had been too long abroad; while others appeared to think I had not been abroad long enough. Meanwhile, I issued a sort of manifesto, on a single page, headed, substantially, in this way: "Thirty-one unanswerable reasons — *answered*." This finished the business; for I had answered, fully and completely, every objection that had ever been raised, to my knowledge. This I followed up with a pamphlet of about fifty octavo pages, with tables, petitions, on both sides, and statistics, giving undeniable statistics, where necessary. The result of which was, notwithstanding the bitter and exasperated opposition among our wealthiest property-holders, an immediate and overwhelming triumph. An act of incorporation was had, and our pres-

ent city government organized without losing a day. What next? We were without side-walks; our streets were impassable at certain seasons of the year; foot-passengers could not wade through portions of Middle-Street; and if you saw an aged man poking about in the mud, with a cane, you were tempted to ask if anybody was missing. Here, too, common sense and foresight prevailed over long-established prejudices; and we soon had, not only brick side-walks, instead of rotten plank; and mica-slate, or talco-slate crossings, instead of cobble-stones, and bottomless-pits. And then, we wanted something more: a Park, if it was to be had, or, at any rate, breathing-places, at both ends of the peninsula, where the population could get a mouthful of fresh air, and look out upon panoramas of unequalled beauty and vastness, with the White Hills on one side, and the broad Atlantic on the other, and such skies — you'll excuse me, I hope — as are to be seen nowhere else upon earth; owing to the distribution and arrangement of sea and river, cove and lakelet; and so, after a brief, but exasperating struggle, we had a five-mile drive, with the two beautiful promenades, which render Portland so attractive to strangers, poets, and landscape-painters. And, by the way, this reminds me of asking where on earth a population is to be found, varying from about seven or eight thousand, up to thirty-five thousand, or thereabouts, which have turned out so many poets and landscape-painters? Compare Portland with Baltimore, Philadelphia, New-York, Cincinnati, or Chicago, to say nothing of smaller communities, and then tell me, if you can, why Portland has been so fruitful, and they so barren? We have Neal — that's myself, in order of time, the first — Grenville Mellen, Frederick Mellen, Longfellow, Willis, Cutter, Florence Percy, so called, though born elsewhere, and at least a dozen other capital newspaper poets, whose names I cannot recall just now, with Codman, Tilton, Brown, Beckett, Hudson, all distinguished, and some celebrated, both abroad and at home, for landscape, with half a score at present undistinguished, but who threaten to be heard of hereafter; and some. I know, will keep their promise. Here, too, we have had Paul Akers, and his brother Charles, and Simmons, now abroad, for sculptors; all the inevitable growth of our large, wholesome, and beautiful scenery, and well-marked individualities.

In the midst of these triumphs, however, I had occasional head-flaws; two or three of which may be worth mentioning here. One day — it was in August, 1828 — I found in my letter-box, a communication for the "Yankee," signed "Augusta," and written in a delicate, female hand Suspecting no mischief, I allowed it to appear, with an editorial, deprecating the condemnation of our wealthiest men, for niggardliness, and protesting not only against some of the conclusions, but denying some of the facts. Nevertheless, believing it would do more good than harm, and not suspecting it to be personal, and most offensively personal, I gave it a birth. The next day, I had a hornet's-nest about my ears. But who was the author? I had no idea. On having the whole affair explained to me, I sent over to the printing-office, obtained the manuscript, and put it into the hands of a third party. It proved to be from the mischief-making, meddlesome Neal Dow — a man who was taking lessons in sparring of me at the time, was under my charge at the gymnasium, and saw me every day of his life. Still, I did not suspect him of any evil purpose, and looked upon it rather as a strange indiscretion, to commit me so cruelly, by sending to my paper a disguised and anonymous communication, of such a nature, without saying a word to me on the subject. But this, let me add, was only the beginning of that man's crafty, cowardly, and treacherous manœuvres, whereby he succeeded in deceiving me, for many years, and betraying me at last — and himself — in such a way, that I had no longer any excuse for thinking well of him, much less for defending him; but of all this hereafter. The consequences of that publication were quite serious for me and mine. It embroiled me with a family, having a large connection, related to ours, both by blood and marriage, and every way respectable; embittering a whole neighborhood, together with many of our worthiest and wealthiest men, so that a feud sprung up between our families, which has continued to this day, among our descendants, with here and there a single exception. But such trials, like misfortunes, never come alone. For example: —

I had been making war upon lotteries, from the day that "Logan" appeared, wherein I had argued the question at length, and shown clearly that lotteries furnished the largest

temptation to the worst kind of gambling; since people might play for thousands, without being known or suspected, or losing their characters, if they grew rich by it; but, on the contrary, as churches were built by lotteries, and even the Baltimore Washington-monument, so that he who employed the money of others, upon a calculation that what he lost was his creditors', while what he gained was his own, might pass for a godly man, or a patriot. And I came near losing my best friend — Henry Robinson, of Baltimore, one of the partners with "Waite and Co.," the great lottery-dealers — by what I said of the business in "Logan." Abroad, I argued against legislative encouragement; showing the inconsistency of the lawgivers, who punish street-gambling for pennies, or marbles, paw-paw, thimble-rigging, faro, &c., while they made it honorable and patriotic to gamble for thousands, or tens of thousands, in a lottery; and I had the pleasure of seeing most of my arguments repeated in the House-of-Commons.

On my return to Portland, I was both grieved and astonished to find scores of lottery-offices established, and in full blast, along our busiest thoroughfares. No sooner was the "Yankee" fairly under way, than I opened fire upon all these offices, and all their aiders and abettors, both at the bar, and in our legislative-halls, and never rested, until the system was uprooted, not only here, but everywhere, throughout our whole country, with two or three shameful exceptions. And so with the militia-system, which I attacked, first, in the "Westminster Review," and tore up by the roots, after my return, together with imprisonment for debt.

While I was pursuing the *even* tenor of my way — perhaps it was rather odd, than *even*, though, after all — I came near being sent to the penitentiary for my pains. One evening, I happened to pull out a drawer in my secretary, wherein I found three or four bank-notes — all of which I knew to be counterfeits, except one, but had crossed and put aside, in the hope of seeing the parties who had passed them to me. So long a time had gone by, however, that I took these out, and threw them into the fire. A son of my friend Robinson, already mentioned, was sitting near me, and exclaimed, "Oh, don't burn them, father!" — he always called me father — "I want 'em: give them to me!" "No, no, my boy," said I,

"they would be likely to get you into a scrape; but here is one — a five-dollar bill, not crossed, you see, because I do not believe it a counterfeit. You may take this up to Mr. Solomon Mudge, the broker, and see if it is good." He went, and soon returned, saying, "The bill is good, but the bank has failed. It is worth about fifty cents on a dollar, says Mr. Mudge." — "Go back, and take whatever he will give," said I. After a few minutes, he returned, saying Mr. Mudge would only pay in lottery-tickets. Here was a temptation! and I was blockhead enough to be caught. "Very well," said I, "take lottery-tickets, then; and we'll see what comes of it." He went, and soon returned, with two or three sixteenths of something, I forget what. When they were handed to me, I put them into a little drawer, saying, "If they produce any thing, Charley, you shall have the proceeds." Charley then left us for a walk. While he was gone, a thundering knock was heard at the door; and when it was opened, a rough-looking fellow entered, without ceremony, and asked for the lad living with me, who had just passed a counterfeit-bill to him, for lottery-tickets. I inquired into the circumstances, and he said that when he objected to the bill, the boy told him that he had just shown it to Mr. Mudge, who declared it a "true bill," though the bank had gone into liquidation; that he had called on Mr. Mudge, who declared he had never seen either boy or bill before. The fellow was very angry, and growing insolent; and I was just on the point of ordering him out of the house, or of pitching him headlong into the street, for I had told him plainly, that, if there was any thing wrong in the transaction, I should not screen the boy, and he would have to take the consequences; but, while we were talking together, Charley returned; and, when questioned and confronted with the accuser, reiterated what he had told us both, and without a sign of embarrassment. I believed him, and said so. The fellow grew more saucy; and I took the liberty of suggesting, before I kicked him out, that counterfeit-bills were good enough pay for lottery-tickets. After he was gone, I sent Charles with a note for Mr. Mudge, asking him to say what had happened. The note was answered, not by Mr. Mudge, but by Mr. Capen, his clerk; who said that it was he, and not Mudge, who had answered the boy's inquiry,

confirming his statement in every particular. Of course, I felt relieved, not on my own account, but on his. On further consideration, however, I found that the insolent scoundrel had me on the hip. My wife could not be a witness; and, by charging me with the boy, I could not be a witness for him, till tried and acquitted.

Next morning, my friend, General Fessenden, who occupied offices on the opposide side of the stair-way, called on me, and stated that he had just left Judge Fitch, of the Municipal-Court, who had told him that a complaint had been entered against the poor boy and myself, and that it "*looked very black!*" I must confess that I didn't much like the position I occupied; but trusting in my innocence, and abundant resources, much as I had once in London, before Sir Richard Birnie, after finding no less than three empty purses in my coat-pocket, and my own purse missing from my trousers'-pocket, with every shilling I had on earth, on my return from the theatre — I walked up to the captain's office, without winking, to settle my fare. I found the lottery-man there, the complaint made out, and the judge waiting for him to sign it. After reading it over, I called for the signature. The fellow hesitated, and grew pale. I persisted, and finally offered him fifty dollars on the spot, if he would sign it. But no: he began to have his misgivings; and after I had told the story in my own way, just as I have told it now, refused absolutely. Six or twelve months after this, he came up to me, and apologized, saying, he had been put up to it by others, and that he would have acknowledged the truth long before, but for his dread of my violent temper; the wretches who were at the bottom of the conspiracy, whose names I would give at length, but for a promise I then made, having assured him that it would be as much as his life was worth, to enlighten me. But the best of the joke remains to be told. I took the bill with me to New-York, on going there as a delegate to the "National Lyceum," and went to a broker in Wall-Street, who assured me the bill was not counterfeit! — that it was worth something, but how much, he couldn't say, till he saw the President, whom he was in the habit of meeting almost every day. I left the bill with him, and called in a hurry on the morning of my return to Port-

land. The broker was not to be found; though I am quite sure I found his kennel. And there the matter ended.

While these, and other transactions, of a similar nature, were happening, I had begun to write for the magazines, the annuals, and the newspapers; beside publishing, at Portland, "Rachel Dyer," one volume, in 1828; "Authorship," at Boston, one volume, in 1830; and the "Down-Easters," at New York, two volumes, in 1833.

The periodicals I wrote for at the same time, were the following: the "Atlantic Souvenir," and "The Token," as long as they were issued; the "Portland Magazine," edited by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, whom I helped from her first monthly, until she was able to sing for herself, and had got beyond my reach; the "New-York Mirror," and the "New Mirror," as long as they lasted; the "Ladies' Companion," through seven volumes, from 1837 to 1843; the "Columbian Magazine," one volume, in 1844; "The Family Companion," published in Macon, Georgia, two volumes, 1841 and 1842; the "Brother Jonathan," through 1843, while edited by Park Benjamin, after the "New-Yorker" had been given up, or swamped, by him and Mr. Greeley, whom I mortally offended by refusing to write for it, on his application, unless paid in advance. I had suffered so much by eleemosynary magazines and newspapers, which promised little, and paid less, that, for a long while, I had a stereotyped answer for all new enterprises — "Instead of sending you my contributions, and leaving you to say how much they are worth, you may send me what you please, and I will say how much your money is worth." Of course, it looked as if I distrusted the man himself, though I did not, and he never forgave me; but Mr. Benjamin applied to me anew, as soon as he had cut loose from Mr. Greeley, and I continued to write for the "Brother Jonathan" till it breathed its last. I wrote also for the "New-England Magazine," "Ladies' Amulet," "American Ladies' Magazine," "Sartain's Magazine," for "Godey," for the "Indicator," for the "Union Magazine," for the "Columbian Magazine," for the "Dollar Magazine," for the "Boston Book," the "Ladies' Miscellany," the "Pioneer," the "Evergreen," the "Ladies' Magazine," and "Literary Gazette" — most of these papers I have lately had occasion to review; and

I must say, that, although I thought highly of them when first written — too highly, perhaps — I think better of them now than ever, with a few exceptions; for the "United-States Magazine," through 1856 and 1857; for "Emerson's and Putnam's Monthly," in 1857; for the "North-American Review;" for Mrs. Sarah J. Hale's Magazine; for another, edited by Mr. James Russell Lowell, and a Mr. Carter, whom I have lost sight of for many years; for the "Knickerbocker," when first launched; for "Graham's Magazine;" for the "Northern Monthly," and at least half a score of other magazines, most of which were strangled at birth, while none of the others lived through teething; for the New-York "Courier, and Enquirer," at a regular salary, for one or two years; for the New-York "Sun," as a correspondent; for all the papers of Portland, year after year, now on the subject of Temperance, or Banking, or Imprisonment for Debt, which I had been warring with, at home and abroad, ever since 1818; now upon the Militia-System, Slavery, and Colonization, now upon Woman's Rights, and now in favor of the "Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad;" on some of which leading subjects, I threw off, literally, volume after volume. And still later, I have written and published, "One Word More," a religious work, and "True Womanhood," a novel, stories without number, poems by the score, criticisms upon Literature and the Fine Arts by the acre, and, last of all, two or three dime-novels, and other stories for "Beadle," and "Beadle's Monthly," any one of which would have gone far to establish any man's reputation abroad; another for "Dawley," entitled, "Live Yankees, or Down-Easters at Home;" a favorite title with me, which I had forgotten at the time it first appeared in the "Pen and Pencil;" with memoirs and sketches, for the "Atlantic Magazine," and essays for the "Phrenological Journal," month after month, until, having gone back to my profession, for the sake of my son, I cannot, for the life of me, find any thing better to do than to brush up my "Wandering Recollections," before it is too late; partly because I cannot be idle, and partly to keep myself out of mischief, in the hope that others may profit by them, though I should not.

Perhaps, however, it would not be out of place to say here,

that within the first twelvemonth after I opened in my office, in Portland, a great change in my favor took place among the people about me. One little incident may be enough to show how it worked here. I have already mentioned that General Samuel Fessenden, the father of William Pitt Fessenden, and of two or three other General Fessendens, had offices on the opposite side of the passage-way, into which my rooms opened. One evening, after the second case had ended, in which we had been opposed, and in my favor, he came into my office, when the labors of the day were over, and, after sitting awhile in dead silence, broke out suddenly with, "Do you remember when you called to inquire about our taking offices on the same floor?"—"Perfectly!"—"Well, do you know, that, after we understood you were coming in, we thought seriously of staying where we were."—"And why? On my account?"—"Precisely; Deblois and I hesitated a long while, about coming under the same roof with you."—"And why? in the name of all that is perplexing and astonishing, do tell me why?"—"Because we were afraid of you."—"*Afraid* of me! and for what reason pray?"—"I wish I could tell you; but, somehow, we had got it into our heads—I know not how—that you were a dangerous fellow, and little better than an outlaw."—"Upon my word!" I exclaimed; "and yet you can give no reason for the belief." He shook his head. "And how do you feel now, General?"—"How do I feel now!" said he, rising up out of his chair as he spoke, and grasping both of my hands, while tears stood in his eyes: "I believe, now, that you have been cruelly misunderstood, and basely calumniated." From that moment, we have been capital friends, up to this hour, with two or three trifling interruptions, to be mentioned hereafter, where I had so much at stake, that I could not make allowances for the advocate, which I should refuse to the friend.

About this time, not having irons enough in the fire, I got married, and amused myself, and sometimes others, by lecturing on all sorts of subjects; literature, eloquence, the fine arts, political economy, temperance, poets and poetry, public-speaking, our pilgrim-fathers, colonization, law and lawyers, the study of languages, natural-history, phrenology, women's-rights, self-education, self-reliance, and self-distrust, progress

of opinion, &c., &c., &c.; and, as others did at the time, for little more than day-wages. One of these lecturing tours, by the way, came near winding up the life-drama I was playing, before I had reached the third act. We were at Norwich, my wife and I, on our way to "Cowes and a market," and our landlord put us into a little room newly painted, made a coal-fire, and turned the damper. In the night, I woke with a frightful headache, and tried to open the window; and that was the last I remembered. When I came to myself, my poor wife was deluging me with cold water, as I lay helpless on the floor. Unwilling to raise the house, poor thing, she did what, after all, was the better and wiser course — trusted wholly to herself, notwithstanding her own headache, and saved my life, as she once saved our house, when a fire broke out, and she was alone, "all, all alone;" and once since, where, though most wives would have been frightened out of their wits, she let me "slide," when I had fainted in my chair, without alarming the neighbors, &c., &c. Nor was I altogether satisfied with this occupation. I had been worth money: I wanted to be worth money again; but how should I manage it? Our best lawyers lived only from hand to mouth; and most of them, after struggling awhile, with their chins just out of water, got starved out, or married into some rich family, and went into a safer business. And literature was even more precarious. Authors, whatever might be their popularity, were sure to be supplanted, or go out of fashion, if they gave the public time to breathe; and lecturing — whew! — unless you made a business of it, and wrote your lectures out, as I never did — my notes never exceeding half a page — and went over the land, east, west, north, and south, reading the same lecture, it was hardly worth following.

But how came I to lecture — and lecture, too, *extempore*? — I, who, but a few years before, would not venture to address a sabbath-school, and was not equal to a supper-speech before the students of Bowdoin — I, who had never delivered so much as a written Fourth-of-July oration, nor committed a page of any thing to memory, from my earliest boyhood — I, who had never opened my mouth, indeed, on a platform, and but once in a pulpit; and before a court or jury, never thought of making a speech, or preparing a speech, or dabbling in poetry or rhetoric?

Let me explain this in a measure, just here, giving the details by and by. Not long after I had settled in Portland, Mr. William W. Thomas, the president of our Temperance organization, called on me to deliver an address before the society, in Dr. Nichols's Church. I did not tell him that I had never attempted such a thing, in all my life, that, having no experience in the management of my voice in a large building, I could not answer for myself; but accepted the invitation at once, without quailing or trembling, as if it were something I had been accustomed to all my life, and was never unprepared for. This was in February, 1829. The church was crowded, and the address well received. My next written address, or, perhaps, it were better to say oration, was delivered before a society of Waterville-College, at the solicitation of Mr. James Brooks, one of my students, who had been graduated there. It was entitled, "Our Country," and created, I was told, quite a sensation. This was in July, 1830. Within six months after, that is, in January, 1831, I delivered another written address before the Mechanics'-Association, of Portland, followed by a Fourth-of-July oration, the same year, I believe, in which I broke ground, extemporaneously, without preparation or notice, upon "Woman's Rights." In July, 1838, I gave another Fourth-of-July oration; and in September, 1848, I gave my last written address, under the title of "Man," before a brotherhood of Brown University. Of the foregoing, all but my unwritten and unprepared Fourth-of-July oration were printed and published, and are still to be had, I dare say, in the waste-paper shops, if nowhere else, and are all worth reading, nevertheless.

But I have wandered a little, and have not answered my own question about extemporaneous speaking. That I will try to answer in a few minutes, but just now, that I may have it off my mind, let me mention here what I did in the way of money-getting, after I found that neither law, physic, nor divinity paid, like many kinds of business, which required no education, and little or no capacity. I had married, when so poor that on paying forty dollars for a table, which we have now, and which the cabinet-maker was warned not to deliver, till he got his pay, I felt very much as if I had committed the unpardonable sin, though I was beginning to earn money, if not

to lay up money, and had my profession, my pen, my sparring and fencing classes, and my editorship to reckon upon. After making up my own mind, and without allowing the woman I wanted, to know or even to suspect my purpose, I applied first to her mother; saying I must have her consent, to begin with. "Had I been accepted by the daughter?" she asked. "No," I replied. "So far from being accepted by her, I have not even mentioned the subject to her. Nor shall she ever know of my intention, till I have your consent, and that of your husband, giving you time to make what inquiries you please, either about me, or of me." — "Let me tell you then," said the mother, "she will never marry you." — "Be it so, madam," was my reply; "but if I have your consent, I shall then go to your husband: and if he has no objection, then I shall do my best to win your daughter." She smiled, shook her head, but made no further objection. I then assailed the father, saying in the fewest possible words, and without any circumlocution, or nonsense, "I want your daughter for my wife. I do not ask for any thing with her." I did not then know, by the way, that he was a man of substance, but supposed him to be in comfortable circumstances — nothing more — living frugally, and doing, at best, but a small commission-business. "I am able to maintain her without your help, sir," said I; "and all I ask is your consent, that I may win her if I can." He was not a little astonished, when I told him that I had not even mentioned the subject to his child, and still more, I believe, when I added that I never should mention it, unless I had the consent of both father and mother, to begin with. It was for them, and not for the daughter, to make the proper inquiries: I had seen enough, too much, perhaps, of stealing the child's heart, before the parents were consulted. I had always been in love from my earliest boyhood; and I knew what sacrifices women were capable of, and something of what women might be persuaded to do, without ever troubling either mamma or papa, after the affections were once engaged. For ten or a dozen years, I had been waiting till I should be rich enough to marry. I could afford to wait no longer: the dreariness, the loneliness, the desolation, the utter hopelessness of a bachelor's life, I had a horror of; and so, without giving these or any other reasons to the father, I demanded a categorical answer,

not in so many words, to be sure, but in choicer language. "Go ahead," was the substance of his reply. I took advantage of the suggestion; and on the 12th of October, 1828, we were married and — but this, dear reader, is between ourselves — have always been among the happiest couples I ever knew, or heard of. God be thanked! I may as well mention here, that, in 1821, I was about being married to Rosalba, eldest daughter of Rembrandt Peale, a very superior woman, but she found me out, and sent me adrift — for which I am afraid she has never been sufficiently thankful; but the woman I did marry at last, has never to my knowledge been sorry for Miss Peale's decision, nor thought of applying for a divorce, which, at the end of forty years, is saying a good deal for both; nor have I.

This question settled, I began to cast about for something that would be likely to pay, and pay, too, without risk. I was no speculator, no adventurer: I was willing to work, and work hard for a living; but I wouldn't gamble, and had long before made up my mind, give what I might, never to risk a dollar which I could not afford to lose, in any way, whatever might be the temptation. This saved me from the land-fever, and probably from two or three brain-fevers, from half a dozen oil, and gold, and copper undertakings, and not a few delirious patent enterprises. It were easy enough to make money, blockheads made money every day, hand over hand: men who could do nothing else, could make money; but the difficulty was in keeping it. Example made others crazy. It never influenced me. I stood by myself. I had seen two men meet, one carrying an umbrella open, the other an umbrella shut. As they passed each other, the first closed his with emphasis, and the other spread his in a hurry. So much for example, said I: I'll none of it hereafter.

Being about to build for myself, I prepared the plan for a block of eight houses, offering to sell the lots, 26½ by 110 feet, on our widest and most fashionable street, for three hundred dollars apiece, which would be now worth five thousand at least, to any person who would build with me, according to that plan, so as to secure an outward uniformity, leaving each to build the interior as he liked. While purchasing the materials for cash, making my contracts, and preparing for the work, some

of those who had engaged to build with me, failed in business, during the crash of 1836; while others undertook to build for themselves, on Park-Street, according to my plan, four stories, including a comfortable basement, above ground; but substituting bricks for granite, or gneiss; and wooden cornices and gutters for copper, and shingles, for galvanized iron or zinc, whereby they saved a few hundreds, and succeeded in producing a huge, unsafe, unsightly row of tall houses, which passed then, and still pass for a factory, with strangers, though the long descending front has lately been broken up, in two or three places, by projecting windows, and porticos, which have materially improved the architectural appearance of the row. This obliged me to build two houses for myself, instead of one, that certain irregularities in the plan, by being doubled, might produce uniformity.

I had found what was called *granite*, in use for steps and fences and store-fronts; most of it being sienite, however, and the rest, gneiss. Upon further investigation, I found to my amazement, that some of it had been discovered in Hallowell, and actually dressed in the State's Prison, at Thomastown; that some was from Quincy, Mass., very dark, but full of "knots" and pyrites, like the Tremont-House in Boston, which was completely honeycombed, within five years after it was built, notwithstanding the care of Mr. Thomas Perkins, who owned the quarry, to furnish the best possible specimens; that our custom-house was from Sandy-Bay, Gloucester, an ugly brownish-gray, but pure stone, like that of the Parkman-Houses, in Bowdoin-Square, Boston; and, what was still more extraordinary, that we had a large block of stores, in Portland, built of stone from Concord, N.H., which had been split from bowlders! And this, when we had enough material to build another world with — almost lying within a few miles of us, at North-Yarmouth, Biddeford, Kennebunkport, and all along that neighborhood, as well as farther east; a material, every way superior to any of these mentioned, and some of it so unlike any to be found elsewhere, that of the "United-States Quarry," for example, at Kennebunkport, that a mineralogist sent to this country by the Emperor of Russia, to look at our buildings and building-materials, declared it in his official report, to be, all things

considered, for color, purity, compactness, and strength, and resisting power, the best building-material he had ever met with, anywhere, in any country, for public purposes.

Long before we had obtained this testimony, however, I had bought the North-Yarmouth Quarry, of which my houses were built; a very fair material, though far from being what I supposed, when I secured the whole, under an apprehension that the contractor might be unable to finish his contract, if he were interfered with by speculators; another quarry, on the Saco River, which we called the "Hollis Granite Quarry," though it was not in Hollis, and not a granite, but a sienite, of extraordinary promise, and great purity, on the Saco River, but absolutely worthless, when it came to be quarried for any thing larger than ashler; and the "United-States Quarry," which proved to be the very best building-material to be found; near enough to be brought chiefly by water, and abundant as we could wish. Other samples were brought me from every part of the country, but nothing to be compared with these. The problem I had been laboring with, was now to be solved. There was "money" in these quarries, to borrow a phrase, lately come into use; and money enough to satisfy any reasonable man. The quarries being secured, associations were formed, charters obtained, operations begun, and the stone from the United-States Quarry was introduced, not only into Portland — where the large, handsome Exchange, and Post-Office were built of it, and stone-fronts came into general use — but into New-York; the result of which was, first, that we have made ourselves altogether independent of supplies from abroad, and never think of going beyond Biddeford, Kennebunkport North-Yarmouth, Hallowell, and Augusta, for any thing we need in the shape of granite or gneiss; and, secondly, that I made what was called "a good thing" of it, for myself.

And now, having secured a comfortable nest-egg — the foundation of a reasonable prosperity, which has been continued from that day to this — I began to think seriously of what I owed to others, though far from being a devout, or even a religious man. My wife's mother had proposed one stipulation, however, and but one, at the very beginning of my courtship. She was afraid, as I had no particular denominational tendency, and acknowledged myself both a Univer-

salist and a Unitarian, that I might lead her daughter astray, in religious belief, and therefore made me promise to go to *her* meeting; she herself being a member of Dr. Payson's Church. I had no objection: "my wife might go where she pleased, and I would go with her." This I continued to do under the ministry of Dr. Tyler, and Mr. Vail, for eight or ten years; then, after we had got into our new house, under that of Mr. Beckwith, in High-Street, followed by that of Dr. Chickering, under whom, in the year 1851, my wife, my twin-sister, and myself joined the Orthodox-Church; my sister forsaking her undeniable, though long-neglected Quakerism, and dying in the faith; my wife and I, our indifference to sectarianism — I might say, our dislike of it — and becoming, I hope and believe, both sincere and hearty in our acceptance of the trinitarian doctrines.

But I have wandered far away from one, at least, of the many paths, constantly diverging, that lay before me, at the opening of this chapter.

Let me gather up some of the loose threads, that lie now within reach, while I may, lest the warp and woof may not hang together, and some of the flowers and figures may be lost sight of, or be misunderstood. That very "tall oaks from little acorns grow," will be seen by what follows.

While getting ready, in a quiet way, for house-keeping, it occurred to me, all at once, in making my drawings, and preparations for the furniture, every piece of which was designed by myself, that all this lacquered trumpery we were accustomed to on our mahogany furniture, was pitiful and preposterous; the handles of our bureaus, the claw-feet of our tables and sofas, and even our best door-knobs, being of brass, washed with a glittering varnish. But how was this to be remedied? What should we substitute for lions' claws? and what for knobs and handles? I began with a sort of scroll, in which the caster was imbedded, or sunk, for the sofas and tables. The first cabinet-maker I employed, and he was the best, when I gave him a drawing for an ebony knob, and another for the foot of a table, remonstrated with me more than once, and almost refused to do what I required, upon the ground that the sofas and tables would be club-footed, and the beautiful workmanship itself would suffer, saying that his brethren of the

craft were all of the same opinion, and that if I would not have lacquered feet, handles, and knobs, they begged me to use, at least, the glass and plated knobs that were just coming into use from Philadelphia, and then perhaps the beauty of the cabinet-work would not be utterly lost in the furniture, or "killed." They knew I should never like it, after it was done, they said. But I persisted — of course. And what were the consequences? Within three years, ebony-handles were in general use, throughout the country: club-feet, for tables and sofas, were all the "rage;" and my patterns were found everywhere, even at Cincinnati and Chicago: I saw them there myself. The importations of lacquered ware ended for ever; and, by the time I was ready to build, ebony-handles, of the very pattern first used in Portland, were to be met with in all our furnishing and hardware stores, imported from England. Up to this time, the yearly importations of lacquered ware, knobs, handles, and feet, had averaged over six hundred thousand dollars a year: millions, therefore, had been saved to the country by these two or three little changes I have mentioned. Who will deny, therefore, that "tall oaks" — very tall oaks — "from little acorns grow," plant them where you may?

But how came I to be a ready and fluent extemporaneous debater and lecturer? That question, I have not yet answered. It happened in this way. I knew, like Sheridan, that I had it in me; but I was in no hurry to have it out, as I had, authorship, poetry, &c., &c. Having been assured by some of my best friends at Baltimore, that, whatever else I might be, I should never be a speaker, I determined to bide my time; and, when the proper occasion should arrive, to lanch out — sink or swim — hit or miss — live or die. I did not believe in written speeches: I had no faith in voluminous, or even liberal notes. One is always beginning, every time he looks off, and tries to extemporize. "If we cannot supply these gaps," said Mr. Pierpont and Dr. Nichols to me, "how can we ever do more?" — "It would not be doing *more*," I said, "but less. Beginning a speech is like beginning a letter. "There all the danger lies;" and by the time you get fairly a-going, and are warm with your subject, you have to pull up, and look at your notes, and begin anew with your patchwork. At any rate, as I preach, I shall practise." And

I did; succeeding, not of course to my own satisfaction, or there I should have stopped, and for ever, but to the satisfaction of others, better judges than myself, I dare say! And not long after this, when I had begun to find it easier to talk to thousands than to scores, as in the Tabernacle, or Tammany-Hall, or out in the open air, my friend Pierpont one day, having left behind a manuscript sermon, which he was to deliver at Lynn, was obliged to extemporize; and being prodigiously complimented on the *best thing* he ever did in the pulpit, underwent a transfiguration, so that he became a ready and eloquent speaker, without notes, upon a variety of subjects, before he was called home; and so with that excellent and godly man, Dr. Nichols, before his death; and as for myself, I claim to be so ready with spontaneous utterance, that, for many years, I have not dared to trust myself with a speech unless taken wholly by surprise; and then, I never amplify but endeavor to be brief and clear, without rhetoric, or poetry quotation, exaggeration, or embellishment, having outgrown, I hope, all the boyish ambition for display, so common to most men, after they have once overcome a constitutional embarrassment. Mere applause, mere popularity, had never much power with me. I have always thought so well of myself, that public opinion has never influenced me, against my own convictions.

That I have always been able to withstand certain kinds of temptation, I acknowledge, while to others I have yielded, like a simpleton, without excuse. For example: I never could be tempted to join the *other party* in politics, or religion; and, while writing for "Blackwood," I refused to write a review of "Margaret Lyndsay," by Professor Wilson, though delighted with the book; simply, because Professor Wilson was Christopher North, upon whose favor, as editor of "Blackwood," I might be supposed a little dependent; but then a word or a look would bring me into the field; and I have always been fighting other people's battles ever since I can remember.

CHAPTER XX.

TEMPERANCE.

THE MAINE LAW; NEAL DOW; PUNCH; RUM-CHERRIES; USED FOR A DECOY; MALAGA; VIDONIA; BOSTON TRIALS; BALTIMORE; ABROAD; WINE-CELLAR; TEMPERANCE; CONTROVERSY; PUBLIC MEETINGS; DEBATES; MAINE-LAW; NEAL DOW; THE CITY ENGINEER; THE TRUE STORY; GROG-SHOPS AND ROW-DE-DOWS; EVASIONS OF THE LAW; STATE CONVENTION.

"WATER, *water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink!*" instead of *Dirigo*, might well be our State-legend.

The Maine law having done about all the mischief it can hope to do, and my opposition to it, from the first, though always a friend of temperance, having been shamefully misrepresented by the bigots and fanatics of the day, I propose to give a comprehensive, though brief sketch of its origin, growth, and history, and also of its reputed author, Mr. Neal Dow.

Being of Quaker parentage, it may well be supposed that I had no predisposition for strong drink. Up to the age of ten, I knew the taste of only one kind of liquor; and that was gin. Twice or three times, perhaps, when it had been used for medicine, by my mother, I had been allowed to taste the sugar, which had been left in the tumbler; but I had no liking for the gin flavor. It was the sugar I wanted.

Once, at a supper, given by "Uncle Simeon," after what we call a "*Raising*," they had hot punch. This, too, I tasted of, and took such a fancy to, that I sipped, and sipped, as the glasses were carried by me through the entry, till I began to be light-headed. Going out into the open air, I behaved so foolishly, for a few minutes, that my condition was guessedat, by a neighbor. This happened when I was about eleven, I should say; but still, though I had a relish for hot punch, I had none for the consequences. A sort of loathing followed;

and from that day to this, I have not drunk to the amount of a single tumbler.

And one day, but whether before, or after this, I cannot be sure, though I think it must have been long before, I happened to be fishing for smelts and tommy-cods, at a wharf, on which a quantity of old rum-cherries were emptied. All the boys rushed to the spot, when they saw the cask tipped over, and most of us gobbled up a few handfuls in a furious hurry. I was made sick by them; but so little did I know of sickness, in any shape, that I supposed it owing to the sight of a large conger-eel — the first and last I ever saw — which lay swelling and writhing and twisting on the wharf, with all its loathsome breathing-holes exposed. The sickness did not last long, I believe, not more than half an hour, at most; but it gave me a dislike for rum-cherries and conger-eels, which I have not been able to overcome to this day.

My next trial occurred when I had passed the age of twelve, and was a shop-boy, with Munroe and Tuttle, corner of Middle and Union Streets. We baited our traps with brandy, old Jamaica, anise-seed, and cordials. To persuade our customers, I was employed as a decoy, and after inviting them to "take hold," and "help themselves," I used to make-believe drink; but my drinking amounted only to this: I would dip a lump of loaf-sugar into the brandy and water, and suck it. After a while, however, I found that I used less sugar, and more brandy, occasionally sipping a spoonful; so that my face grew red — red enough to send me to the glass, after overhearing a remark about my fresh color. From that moment, I determined to drink no more; not another drop of any thing that could intoxicate. And I kept my resolution, faithfully and scrupulously, until I had passed the age of twenty, with two exceptions, though taunted with my want of spirit and manliness, by all my companions; for I went so far as to refuse to play for liquor at the nine-pin-alleys. For this, I was only laughed at as a milksop. Nobody praised me, nobody encouraged me. I stood alone — altogether alone, among all my associates.

The first exception was this. I was fond of sweet cider, and had a singular liking for sweet wine, which I had happened to taste of, one day, after doing an errand for a sea-captain's

wife, who had given me noyeau before. Not understanding the nature of this wine — Malaga — and not apprehending any danger, I used to buy a pint on Saturday evening, and worry it all down before the next Monday morning, *by myself*. But I soon wearied of this: the beverage itself became disagreeable; and, preferring companionship without liquor, to solitude with, I threw that aside, and have never touched it since.

The second exception occurred while I was in the store of Mr. Benjamin Willis. He always had liquors and wines for sale, and, among them, what he called Vidonia. To this, I took a decided fancy. It was weak and pleasant, and, with a few lumps of loaf-sugar which I dipped into it, by no means unpalatable. But something — I cannot now remember what — awoke me to a sense of my danger; and I broke off, at once, and for ever, with Vidonia, also.

From this moment, I became satisfied that I never should be safe, unless I made up my mind to touch not, taste not, handle not. And so I resolved anew; and that resolution I held to, for many years, and sometimes under very trying circumstances. For example: Being at Mr. Pierpont's table one day, in 1814, I was urged by his brother-in-law, Mr. Joseph L. Lord, to take wine with a beautiful creature, who was just recovering from a terrible attack of insanity. He well knew that I never drank a drop of any liquor; that I had forsworn every thing of the sort; and yet, having filled my glass, without my knowledge or consent, he persisted. I shook my head: he pushed the glass toward me, and was just about calling the attention of the young lady herself to our controversy, when I lost my patience, and broke out with, "I'll be d—d if I do!" greatly to the amusement, if not to the amazement, of Mr. Pierpont, and Mrs. Pierpont, and all their guests.

After this, I went to Baltimore, and never faltered in my resolution but once, while there. At a thanksgiving-supper, I drank of some preparation, I know not what, which came near tripping my heels; for the platform rose up steadily before me, as I well remember, the first and last time I ever had that uncomfortable sensation. But I was not so far gone, as to lose either my self-possession or bodily strength; for I

took a stout, heavy Englishman, who had become helpless in the open air, under one arm, and carried him up two flights of stairs, holding on by the balusters with my left hand, as I forged ahead, with my cargo resting on my right hip.

After this, I went abroad — was gone over three years — returned, married, became a father, and having built a house with a wine-cellar, and "laid in" a reasonable quantity of the best wines to be had, about five hundred bottles, I should say now, though there may have been more — six or seven hundred, perhaps — consisting of Madeira, Sherry, both pale and brown, Port, and Muscat. Although I did not drink, and had not drunk for twenty years, a bottle of wine a year, and was unacquainted with the taste of other liquors, yet I remembered the flavor of gin, and the smell of Santa-Cruz and Jamaica. The wine, being bottled off, was hoarded, not for myself or my family; though, at one time, Old-Port being prescribed for my wife, I dosed her with decoctions of logwood and sloe-juice, from the London-docks, under that name, with a single glass, once a day, till she turned up her nose over it, and positively declined the rough, generous beverage. When there were strangers dining with us, we had on our table, at least, three kinds of wine, or what was called wine: Old-Port for my wife, Sherry or Madeira for strangers, and Muscat for the children. Of this Muscat, I used to pour a spoonful into a liqueur-glass, fill it up with water, and allow them to smack their lips over it; having a notion that wine was the gift of our Heavenly Father, a type of spiritual blessing, like oil and corn; that the "strong drink" of Scripture was not wine; that our Saviour understood his business, and must have foreseen the consequences, when he manufactured wine out of water, and probably drank of it himself, and when he commanded the disciples to drink of it evermore, in commemoration of his death — and probably set the example, for how could he refuse? — and that Paul understood the question, when he prescribed a little wine to Timothy, for his "stomach's sake, and his many infirmities;" that such wines could not have been sweetened water, nor unfermented grape-juice. No, no: the Bible argument, as it is called, cannot be fairly misunderstood. If wine be a *poison*, and *always* a poison, let us change the phraseology in the following, and

other passages, and see how it will sound. "Come, buy *poison* and milk, without money and without price." — "Take a little *poison* for thy stomach's sake." — "*Poison* that maketh the heart glad," &c., &c. Yet more: I believed, that if wine were as plentiful in the north, as it was in the south of Europe, it would do more for the cause of temperance, there, and, after a time, here, than all our preaching, all our legislation, and all our exasperating sumptuary laws, and all our misrepresentation and exaggeration. I did not then foresee what must happen before long: that California would become a vineyard for the world; and that the wines of Ohio, like those of California, would soon disenchant our wine-bibbers of their prejudice in favor of imported wines, and thereby promote the cause of temperance everywhere, by making pure wines plentiful and cheap. Nor did I foresee that all wines and liquors would be counterfeited, adulterated, drugged, and poisoned — our California and Ohio wines along with the rest — until wine-drinkers, like brandy-drinkers and whiskey-drinkers, would be in constant danger of their lives. What I wanted was a *pure* wine, and that, I then believed, and still believe, would promote the cause of temperance more effectually than either legislation, or blackguarding, falsehood, or vituperation. But where shall we go for pure wine? Not on earth, I am afraid, nor anywhere, till we drink it new with our Saviour, in the kingdom of heaven. I acknowledged the evils of intemperance; I saw them all about me. They could not well be exaggerated; the only question was about the remedy.

But one day, while entertaining these views, having a stranger or two from abroad at our table, after one of them had filled his glass, and I had touched mine to my lips — nothing more — our eldest child, Mary, reached toward me the liqueur-glass, which was by the side of her plate, and whispered, "I want some, father;" and I was just on the point of pouring out her allowance of Muscat, not exceeding a table-spoonful, at most, so that, after dilution, it was nothing more than a sweetened water, when my wife gave me a signal, and pointed to the vinegar-cruet; I took the hint — regarding the suggestion as a bit of pleasantry — and poured out for the child a glassful of the sharpest wine-vinegar;

whereupon, the boy held out his glass, and I filled it in the same way. To my utter amazement, the little wretches emptied their glasses, and were asking for "More, father, more," while I was helping our guest. This frightened me, and set me thinking. If example had such power with little children, of three and four, I believe, or at most four and five, years of age respectively, what might not be hoped, or feared, from example with adults? And why not insist on *example*, making it more disgraceful for a man of education and refinement, of position and talent, than for an Irish laborer, a poor, lowly, uneducated man, to get drunk, or to be found tippling?

My duty was now clear. I determined to have no more wine at my table, either at dinners or parties; and I never have, to this day: to give no wine to our guests, until the experiment had been fairly tried of regulating our households by law; a remedy for intemperance, which I had no belief in. And to that resolution I have also adhered, from that day to this; though I stood almost alone for twenty years, among all but the ramping, vociferous, unrelenting tee-total-ers.

It was about this time that the stir began; the terrible commotion, I might say, among those who, instead of regarding the injunction, "*Be temperate in all things*," were furiously intemperate on the subject of temperance; making total abstinence the condition of citizenship, and almost of salvation.

A public meeting was called, and I was earnestly and specially invited, by the late Deacon Woodbury Storer, one of our best men, to be present. It was held in Dr. Payson's church, the largest in town, which was crowded to the ceiling, house, and aisles, and galleries; and Mr. Storer was called to the chair. Matters went on smoothly enough, so long as mere declamation, wild extravagant assertion, without proof, and the commonest *common-place* had full swing; but, by and by, when a resolution was offered, and what was called the "Wine-question" was sprung upon us, denouncing wine altogether, even for the sick, and banishing it from the communion-table, I objected; giving two or three reasons, and pointing out what I believed to be very serious mistakes, in the arguments and statistics we had been favored with.

Whereupon the chair — this very Deacon Storer, the amia-

ble and just man, who had invited me specially to take a part in the discussion — had the kindness to tell me that I was invited for no such purpose, and that all they required of me was my assent.

Feeling not only aggrieved, but grossly affronted at this, I moved an adjournment; promising to take not more than one hour to show their mistakes in physiology, in chemistry, in theology, and in vital statistics. The motion prevailed; and, of course, I had the floor.

Notwithstanding the difficulty I find in remembering words, I have a wonderful memory for connected reasoning, and facts, and argument. I have sat through a debate, day after day, and evening after evening, for a whole week, without taking a note; and then, in a single hour, I have answered all the arguments, and so far silenced all my adversaries, that they had nothing more to say; and obtained, first, a triumphant decision by vote, and then the immediate organization of a society in favor of the views I had been urging. This I did in a debate with General Fessenden, the father, and his coadjutors, when they assailed the Colonization-Society; first, in a Fourth-of-July oration, delivered by him; and then, in a debate which lasted a whole week, if I remember aright.

Of course, therefore, I was in no danger of forgetting what had been urged by the different speakers upon the wine-question. But after I had thrown down the glove, the late Judge Preble, our ex-minister to the Hague, who had been present, called upon me and begged me to abandon the idea. "You have already shown the weakness and folly of these champions; and why not allow them to have their own way, and make still greater fools of themselves, if they insist upon the privilege?" "Not the least objection in the world," said I; "save that, having promised, or threatened, it would never do for me to back out, or withdraw."

The appointed evening arrived. "We met — 'twas in a crowd." I took out my watch, laid it on the table before me, and after quoting a passage from Dr. Rush, and others from the Bible, I gave the testimony of chemists and physiologists, and of Anderson, in his "History of Commerce," where, if I remember aright, over twelve thousand prosecutions had to be abandoned in England, after the guinea-a-gallon-tax was

laid on liquors; because — mark you — because it drove all the honest dealers out of the business, and operated as a bounty on the manufacture of drugged and poisonous preparations; replied to every argument that had been urged, correcting every misrepresentation as I went along, and finished within the hour, greatly to the satisfaction of Judge Preble himself, and others of large calibre.

The meeting then proceeded to assign portions of the reply to different gentlemen. Dr. Vinton, of the Episcopal Church, now of New-York, was to take up the Bible argument; somebody else, I forget whom, the chemical, not medical; and another eminent somebody, the physiological. I did not attend that meeting; I had accomplished my purpose; I had shown that there were undeniably two sides to the question; and what more could I desire? But I understood from others that the speakers were both courteous and complimentary to me, doing full justice to my motives, and acknowledging the strength of my leading positions, and the undeniable soundness of the arguments urged.

Meanwhile, that I might be no hindrance to the work, though much of it I believed to be both dangerous and mischievous, and quite sure to exasperate, instead of soothing, I gave away all the wine in my cellar — portions of it to Mr. Neal Dow himself, who wanted it for the sick, *he said;* let Cape-Cottage, a sort of marine-villa, with extensive grounds, which I owned, upon the shores of Cape-Elizabeth, for a price which brought me in debt every year to the landlord, because I would not allow him to sell any kind of liquor, when I was offered six hundred a year, if I would take off the restriction; and finally bought a store of my sister, and suffered it to lie idle for a twelvemonth or so, because a confectioner, to whom I had leased it for her, would sell liquor in spite of the restrictions, and she could not afford to lose the rent; and all this, against my own convictions, to help the cause of temperance, while they who disagreed with me were experimenting in a way that cost them little or nothing, and which I believed to be both hurtful and mischievous.

Yet more. I refused to defend parties prosecuted, after the Maine-Law was carried through, by mountebanks and politicians (tautology), instead of Christian reformers, patriots, and

philanthropists; on one occasion saying, when they wished me to sign a petition to the Legislature, demanding higher penalties and aggravations, that such a law could never be enforced, nor would it ever be passed, unless our lawgivers were either drunk or crazy; and that it would repeal itself, as it did within a few months. And from this rule I never departed but once; and that was when Margaret Landrigan, a poor, but generous, kind-hearted Irish woman, was charged by a drunken vagabond with selling liquor, because she would not open her doors to him, but sent for the police, and had him carried off to the station-house, where, under the same execrable law, she was required to give two bonds, amounting to three hundred dollars, with four *different* sureties, before an appeal would be allowed; thereby preventing an appeal, in forty-nine cases out of fifty, no matter how great the hardship, nor how evident the malice or falsehood of the witness; a fellow, by the way, I had warned Mr. Dow against, who was tried, for perjury, and, I believe, convicted in some of these cases.

Feeling both indignant and sore, at such proceedings, I undertook her defence, and got a brother-in-law, a most respectable physician, and two other personal friends, and relations, to sign the bond with me, promising to hold them all harmless; the result of which was her ultimate acquittal.

But my friend and cousin, the "*Honorable* Neal Dow," our "Chief *Engineer*," what did he for the cause, while I was laboring in the way I have mentioned, and making the sacrifices I have now acknowledged? Nothing, whatever — absolutely nothing, beyond what I am about to specify. While he was paid with cash and silver-pitchers — at his own suggestion, it was believed — for lecturing *gratuitously*, I was laboring from first to last, year after year, without pay, and always at my own cost and charges.

"None, to *speak* of," said the old bachelor, when asked how many children he had; and so with me, when asked, hitherto, what sacrifices I have made for the cause, my answer has always been, "None to *speak* of." But having been misrepresented and, I may as well say it, in plain English, *belied*, by the temperance champions, following Mr. Dow's lead, for nearly a generation, I have determined to bear it no longer,

and to leave a record behind me, which will be a conclusive answer, to their calumnies, when I am in my grave.

But why not forgive the offender? As well may it be asked, why not forgive the poisoner, the incendiary, the housebreaker, or the midnight assassin? My duties to myself and family, to my children, and to the community in which I live, do not allow it. The laws of God do not require it. But "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." Very true; yet man is generally the instrument employed, even by God himself. "We are to forgive our enemies." Very true. But after how long a time? and on what conditions?

To forgive our enemies, *as* we hope to be forgiven; that is, upon the *same conditions* that we ourselves would ask to be forgiven, is one thing: to forgive an habitual offender, a notorious criminal, a disturber of the public peace, and a violator of the social amenities, or sanctities rather, which bind communities together for everlasting companionship, is quite another. For what says our highest authority?

"If thy brother trespass against thee, *rebuke him*:" that I did, most faithfully! "And *if he repent*, forgive him:" certainly; with all my heart. But having waited *eighteen years*, for the first sign of repentance, the first word of conciliation or atonement, and in vain, how much longer shall I wait, being now in my seventy-sixth year, before I arraign him, publicly, for his long-continued offences?

"And if he trespass against thee seven times in a day," says the Great Teacher, "and seven times in a day, *turn again to thee*, saying, *I repent*, thou shalt forgive him." With all my heart, I say again; but having waited *eighteen years*, how much longer shall I wait for the *day* to end — neither of us having much time to lose — before I shall be justified in saying, "Dear brother, I forgive thee; let us be friends"? — and not, "*Is it well with thee, my brother?*" while my *left* hand is on the hilt of a sword to be buried in his vitals, after the fashion of Mr. Dow himself.

But again, that I may not be misunderstood by the brethren, let me add another authority.

"Then came Peter to him and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till *seven times?*

"Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven

times, but Until *seventy times seven!*" It may be that my amiable brother has overlooked the other two passages, and counted only on this; but then how stands the score? and who has kept tally? Perhaps it would be safer for him to overhaul his *log* — I wouldn't be personal — and look into this matter; and see whether, on the whole, he has not already overdrawn his allowance. And yet, if he should, what then? I never knew him to say, "*I repent.*" I never knew him to acknowledge a mistake, nor to apologize for a wrong. On the contrary, he delights in multiplying the aggravations, and in reiterating whatever has been most offensive. Remember that we are commanded to be "*angry*" — that injunction I have obeyed to the letter! — "and sin not" — which I am trying to do. Another injunction must not be overlooked, nor forgotten. "*If it be possible,*" saith Paul, "*as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.*" That is, live peaceably with them — if you can. But how can you, with such men?

And now to the arraignment, with a few specifications — "To the law and the testimony."

Soon after the case of poor Margaret Landrigan, *alias* "Kitty Kentuck," had been disposed of, Mr. Dow came out with an official declaration, that he "*approved* of the settlement of the North-Eastern Boundary" — *he*, Mr. Neal Dow! — perhaps, if he were waited on, he might be persuaded to *approve* the Declaration of Independence, or the purchase of Louisiana; and then he published the following atrocious libel — anonymously, of course — in the "Watchman," a temperance paper, *edited* by Elder Peck, the notorious *defaulter*, and ———, I will not say what, as he soon after ran away from the pulpit, leaving Mr. Dow, and others, in the lurch, who were sureties for him, on the bond he gave as Treasurer of the State, and has never been heard of since — to advantage; and *printed* by a christian brother, a deacon of the High-Street Church, who, if you *can* believe me, took me to task for having shown a flash of temper, when I called Dow to account, and he refused to acknowledge the article, though I had the proof in my hands; but suffered an understrapper in the office, to declare in the presence of Dow himself, that he, Dow, was not the author of the article, and in fact had nothing to do with it — a shameless falsehood, as they all knew.

[From the State of Maine, Sept. 1, 1853.]

"MARGARET LANDRIGAN, ALIAS KITTY KENTUCK.

"This is the hardest case yet. Kitty has been long known about town as a *most accomplished lady*. She lived, some time ago, in the small house at the head of Union-Wharf, where *she was supposed to keep boarders*. The current of her life did not always run smooth, for the watch was sometimes called to give her aid. She afterward moved to the *genteel and airy residence at the head of Hancock-Street*, where she has kept a very respectable house, well known to all the police and watch, as 'Kitty Kentuck's.' She has had some little trouble in the rumselling line, but has made many friends, particularly among the *brave sailors*, who toast her charms in every clime. Last Monday, she was up before the Municipal-Court for selling a little liquor for the stomach's sake. His Honor thought she ought to pay twenty dollars, and costs, but certain gentlemen thought not; and Messrs. John Neal, W. H. Printon, James W. Winslow, and Dr. Cummings of Park-Street, were her sureties.

"*Kitty has some remains of beauty left*, and shows *that she was once very handsome; her friends were truly friends in need.*"

To this, I replied, with singular moderation, for me, as follows; but after waiting a whole week, to have it appear in the "Watchman," that the antidote might follow the poison — the weasel the skunk — it was rejected by my christian brothers, the editor and printer, and would have been smothered, had I not, knowing with whom I had to deal, kept a copy, which first appeared in the "Advertiser," and then the "State of Maine," our largest daily, Sept. 1, 1853.

"MR. ADVERTISER, — Being unable to get the following reply into the "Temperance Watchman," where the malicious article appeared, of which I complain, I ask you to give it a place for the sake of others, not for myself.

"Mr. Watchman, do me the favor to say that the indi-

viduals denounced in your last paper, as the sureties of Mrs. Landrigan, '*alias* Kitty Kentuck,' were my personal friends, not hers; that they knew nothing of her, nor of the merits of the case; but upon my representations, knowing me, they consented to sign with me, and for me.

"Had the law been satisfied with ample security, the woman herself was ready to furnish it on the spot. But requiring two different bonds, four *different* names, without regard to their ability, in the sum of *three hundred dollars*, as if to make that provision, which allows of an appeal, a mere mockery; and as if to make it for the interest, even of the guiltless, to submit, I had no alternative, with my convictions, in the case, but to help her through.

"Let me add, that one of the two witnesses who testified against her, acknowledged to me, soon after the trial, in the presence of others, that he knew nothing but what his companion told him, and that he believed his companion lied. And this, allow me to say, is not the first time that this poor woman has been convicted upon testimony of a very *suspicious* character, to say the least of it; the only witness against her in the last case having been twice prosecuted for perjury since.

"One word more: let me assure you that no good cause will ever be promoted by ribaldry or misrepresentation.

"JOHN NEAL.

"Portland, January 15th, 1851."

And what followed? Bear in mind that the vile slanderer describes Margaret Landrigan as an attractive woman, "*a most accomplished lady*," living in a "*genteel and airy residence, and supposed to keep boarders;*" and that we, my brother-in-law, a family physician of the highest character, and myself, as being influenced by her personal "*charms;*" the facts being that she was a short, thick, red-faced Irish woman, about fifty years of age, living in a wretched shanty, just under the droppings of a graveyard, and a woman whose little property I had saved for her, when she was in the hands of sharpers, and made her deposit every dollar of it in our Merchants'-Bank, where it remained for two years, at least, if my memory serves me, and who, for other reasons, was under great obligations to me, and I under none to her, in any way, whatever.

All this, let me add, occurred soon after I had been admitted to the High-Street Church. Of course, it was an affair to be investigated. I insisted upon it; and the investigation led to other discoveries, which I propose to give some account of, as they occur to me, though not always in their chronological order, having lost all my papers by the fire.

And how were the above exceedingly temperate paragraphs answered by Mr. Neal Dow? Read slowly, I pray you, and then say if I had not good reason for what follows. He acknowledges, you see, the truth of my description, and the utter falsehood of his own charges.

"Kitty Kentuck is an Irish woman," he says, "who for years kept a notorious groggery, which has given the police more trouble than any other place in Portland" (utterly false, by the way). "*I shall not quarrel with Mr. Neal on her account. I am not accustomed to do battle in the cause of such personages, and leave the field entirely to him.* His grief has seemed to be that the nature of his *connection* with 'Kitty' *has been misrepresented.*" (The pitiful ——! excuse my candor.) "He ought not to charge that sin upon me;" and why not? He was the author, and the sole author, for he adds: "I always *understood*" — mark this! — "that his relations to her were *only* those of *pecuniary obligations on his part.* I never heard that *she* was *kind* to him in *any other way.*" So then, the gentleman being cornered, with no possibility of escape, and public opinion growing too hot for him — scorching him to the marrow — he is driven to acknowledge in black and white, with his own signature at the bottom, that he never "*understood*" from anybody, what he had charged me with, and that he had never even "*heard*" any thing to justify the charge! And this, from the great reformer; the putative "Father of the Maine-Law;" the "Chief Engineer," the "Ex-Mayor of Portland," and the "*General*" — faugh!

My eyes had now begun to open, though rather late, and rather slowly. Events and occurrences, wholly forgotten, crowded upon my recollection; and, little by little, I began to see how grossly, and for how long a time, I had been wronged and betrayed, year after year. For example: Long before this attack upon me, in passing the Mariners' Church one evening, I saw a crowd of people about the door. Upon

inquiry, I was told that Neal Dow — my *friend*, Neal Dow — was to give a temperance-lecture. I entered, took a seat near the door, and stayed it out. In the course of his lecture, deliberately written, mark you, he described a person — a man of acknowledged and varied talent, a professional man, occupying a high social position, and, I think he said, a relation, who was doing incalculable mischief to the cause of temperance, both by precept and example. As he went on, and on, giving characteristic after characteristic, all eyes were turned toward me. When he had finished, I went up to him: he started and colored; evidently he had not been aware of my presence. I thought nothing of it at the time, and asked who it was that he had been showing up. He boggled and hesitated, and, to relieve his embarrassment, I said, "Never mind: I have no desire to know; but the people about us really seemed to think you meant me." — "*You!* Oh, no! a thought of you never entered my head;" and I was fool enough to believe him.

Not long after this, my charming friend was a candidate for mayor. He was not my choice; but still, I thought, with his energy and wilfulness, he would be likely to do good, by enforcing the law, against grog-shops, at least, for which object only he had been thought of; but, having just been admitted to the church, I was unwilling to make myself conspicuous by electioneering, or caucusing, and seriously intended to hold myself aloof, till the day of election. But some of the brethren called upon me, and begged me to attend a meeting in the city-hall, and urge the election of Mr. Dow. I consented, at last, saying I should not make a speech, but I would say something. I went. My friend, Senator Fessenden, was in the chair. Having been called for, from all parts of the house, by previous arrangement, I dare say, though I knew nothing of it at the time, I took the platform, and contented myself with saying that I had known Mr. Dow from his earliest boyhood; that he was in earnest — always in earnest; that he was not my first choice, for I had been hoping to see Mr. J. C. Noyes in the field; but — and here it suddenly occurred to me that, if I did not explain myself, I should be doing Mr. Dow a mischief instead of a kindness — I added that my chief objection to the man, after all, amounted to this, and

this only; that he was too much like myself. This brought down the house, and I left the platform in the midst of the uproar that followed. In passing the chair, Fessenden leaned over and said to me, "You've elected your man!" And so it proved. But Mr. Neal Dow, however much he may have been delighted with my acknowledgment of a resemblance — a resemblance in temper and character, so far as I knew at the time, and not in personal appearance, bearing, principles, or behavior — no, indeed — never forgave me because I had acknowledged my preference for another. Yet more. When I, for the first and only time in all my life, failed to cast my vote, owing to a mistake in the hour, and apologized to him for it, he laid it up against me, and taunted me with it, on a later occasion, so as to show how deeply it galled him.

While mayor, the deadly venom he had been secreting for years, became dangerous to himself. Out it must come, or, like the scorpion circled by fire, he might be obliged to sting himself to death. One day, therefore, while we were, as I supposed, on the most friendly terms, though we did not agree on the remedies for intemperance, a friend sent me a monthly magazine, containing "A TRUE STORY, by the Honorable Neal Dow." I read it with unqualified amazement. It purported to give the private history of my neighborhood, with that of many families in State-Street, my own among the number. The street itself was described as very wide, *with a double row of trees on each side*, large, handsome houses, and a view of the White-Hills; in a word, so that there was no mistaking the neighborhood, nor the street. After signifying, in language not to be mistaken, that my friend, Grenville Mellen, the poet, son of our late Chief-Justice Mellen, had died, away from his father's house, and been trundled on a wheelbarrow to the Potter's-field, in New-York City, "without a friend to follow that humble bier" — an atrocious calumny, without one word of truth in it, beyond the fact that he died in New-York, and was buried, if I remember aright, in Greenwood Cemetery — he then gave sketches of other families in State-Street, and, among the number, of mine; and asserted — the shameless calumniator! — that I had ruined my eldest born, by having wine at my table, and by my example; that son being a generous, noble,

free-spirited fellow, of uncommon talents, and superior education, and highly accomplished, with but one fault worth mentioning; a fault, by the way, which made its first appearance at the great fire in Free-Street, when he was about sixteen, and liquors were served out in the street, from the casks and demijohns that had been rescued from cellars, and then, though he had never tasted wine at his father's table — except, as I have already mentioned, when he was hardly five, and the wine itself being a diluted Muscat, was little more than sweetened water, and in quantity not more than a dessert-spoonful — nor elsewhere; and knew not even the taste of stronger liquor, as I verily believe. But he was bullied and badgered into drinking after this, by people who charged him with being afraid of the "old man," and with being one of the ramrods, or teetotalers; and finally exasperated into self-assertion, at the age of twenty, or thereabouts, by the intolerant bigotry and fanaticism of people who seemed to believe that men might be made christians, or anchorites, at least, by legislative enactment.

This "*True* Story" moved my indignation, as well it might, and I lost no time in having it republished, word for word, first in the "Expositor," and then, no less than three times, in the "State of Maine," our largest "Daily," between March and July, 1852.

No sooner had it appeared, than, to my unspeakable amazement, I found that the same story — the same *fibs*, I should say — in substance, had been told by Mr. Dow, before the mayor and aldermen, years before, when he and I were on the most friendly terms, and I was constantly doing him favors, and advancing his interest, and all his ambitious schemes in every possible way; lending him my notes, for example, one of which I found no little difficulty in getting back, after it had been paid into the bank, of which he was a director, though I never asked such a thing of him in all my life, nor any other favor, indeed; and yet I had never heard of the "story," till it appeared in print.

By this time, a few of the many *tried* friends of Mr. Dow — and some were sorely tried — began to be alarmed; and among others, Mr. Eben Steele, one of our best men, though, like myself, rather unsuspicious, thought proper to question

him about his "TRUE STORY." And what, think you, was the fellow's answer? Why, that it had no reference whatever to me or mine, and had nothing to do with State-Street, or the families of that neighborhood! Nay, more: that he had all the facts from the Rev. Luther Beecher, of New-York; and this, though they had occurred within *view of the White-Hills*, where there were *a double row of trees on each side* of a broad, handsome street, the handsomest and broadest we have, crowded with magnificent houses, palaces almost; there being no other street on the face of the earth, corresponding with such a description. Nay, more: this he said to Mr. John A. Poor, editor of the "State of Maine," and even went so far, I have been lately told, though I had forgotten it, as to publish his denial in some paper of the day. If so, I shall certainly drag it forth, if it be above ground, or if a copy can be had for love or money; and before I get through, give him all the advantage of publicity.

But this, however astonishing it may appear to those who have any regard for truth or appearances, or any self-respect, was no more than he did, over and over again, while mayor of the city. Once, for example, he proclaimed to the world, over his official signature, that the cells of the watch-house were no longer used for drunkards, but only to store seized liquors; and that, for a certain period before he went into office, we were little better than a community of drunkards. I do not pretend to give the precise language, my papers having all been destroyed by the great fire; but I pledge myself, here and now, for the substantial truth of what I say, and hold myself answerable for it.

Since the above was written, I have been furnished with the evidence I want.

On the 27th of September, 1851, Mr. Dow, the mayor of Portland, published to the world, without qualification or misgiving, these words: "*The watch-house is now used to keep seized liquors in, instead of drunkards.*" This went the rounds of all our papers, East, West, North, and South.

And yet, at this very time, September, 1851, there were no less than *forty-eight* persons confined in the watch-house — three for larceny, and *forty-five for drunkenness!*

Yet more. At the time when he was bragging of the

reformation he had brought about among our people, by the help of what was called "The Maine-Law," a law, by the way, which was never the same for twelve months together, as if we had been a community of drunkards, a city of groggeries and tippling-shops, I obtained the certificate of Mr. Baker, the jailer, that, from July, 1851, to September, 1853, two years and two months, there had been only eighty-one different *persons* committed, though the number of committals amounted to one hundred and three; a small part of the number having been committed from one to seven times. And this, in twenty-six months; less than three a month, in a city of drunkards, under the vigorous administration of Mayor Dow!

At another time, he declared that no liquor could be found *within five miles of the city;* and at another, that not a drop could be had nearer than Moosehead-Lake! And yet, he knew, for everybody here knew the fact, that there were hundreds of places within the city of Portland, where liquor, and the worst, might always be had for the asking, and that grog-shops and Irish boarding-houses and negro-shanties, where liquors were kept in oil-cans and pickle-jars, under beds and in out-houses, were multiplied to a frightful extent; and just what I had foreseen and foretold, from the first, the most ingenious evasions were resorted to. Liquors were sold in the shape of books, made of tin, painted, and lettered with some attractive title; such as "Drops of Comfort;" "Consolation for the Afflicted;" "Hints for the Ungodly." Drams, too, were sold in the form of eggs, made of porcelain. Walking-sticks and heavy canes were contrived to hold from a half-pint to a quart of brandy. Clubs and associations were formed, for the purpose of drinking and gambling, not only in public, but in private houses. Young men would travel with portmanteaus containing bottles, or take a room, anywhere, and invite their companions to a treat; of course, drinking more and oftener, than if they went openly to a bar. And all this, not so much, perhaps, from a love of liquor, as for a love of what they called *spirit*, or *fun*. Having been forbidden by law to control themselves, to touch, taste, or handle, under the severest penalties, they determined to have their own way, like so many school-boys, in defiance of the master;

in other words, by over-reaching or outwitting the authorities.

At another time, I met with an account of Portland, published in a Western paper, and purporting to have been furnished by an eye-witness of what he related. He had been taken over the city, and shown clusters of neat little cottages, in the best possible condition, which somebody, "a temperance-leader," assured him were owned and occupied by reformed Irish inebriates! Who was that somebody? I never knew for a certainty; but this I did know, and do know: that there was not another man, among all our temperance-leaders, capable of such a preposterous falsehood. He was called a Pharisee, after some of these mortifying exposures; but I always defended him, for he was rather down in the mouth at the time, by saying that he was only a little *Sad-you-see.*

The result of all his engineering and manœuvring was, that, instead of being re-elected the following year, the pleasant gentleman was tumbled, neck-and-heels, out of his chair, and then *shelved* for the rest of his natural life. We elected him first, because we did not know him; and we refused a re-election, because we *did.* Having *tried* him, and he us, we had no choice left, if we would not become a laughing-stock for all generations.

Meanwhile, "The Maine-Law"—the hugest of humbugs, though declared so perfect from the first, by the reputed author himself, that he would ask for no change, none whatever; not even for the crossing of a *t*, or the dotting of an *i*—had been turned inside out, and outside in, and undergone so many changes, that it was like the boy's jack-knife, with its two or three new handles, and three or four new blades, but still the same, was found to bear a startling resemblance to the old embargo laws, which were likened to "The House that Jack built." First, we had "An Act laying on an Embargo;" then, "An Act in addition to an Act, entitled an Act laying on an Embargo;" and then, "An Act supplementary to an Act, in addition to an Act, entitled an Act laying on an Embargo," &c., &c., until the people would bear it no longer, and the law was trampled under foot with indignation, and grog-shops and drinking-saloons were multiplied by the score, and drugged liquors, and poisonous, adulterated wines were drunk

by the quart in all our leading thoroughfares and public-houses, and often by the youthful, in derision, or in defiance.

At last, one day, a State-convention was called, just on the eve of a State-election. Of course, I did not intend to appear; but General Appleton, a standard-bearer among the Tee-to-talers, overtook me, on my way up to my house, and entreated me not to abandon the struggle; asking me, on the way, if I could suggest any thing to stay the mischief. Only one thing occurred to me. It was to declare solemnly by a resolution, that, being *pledged* temperance-men ourselves, we could not, conscientiously, cast our vote for any but *pledged* temperance-men. "Capital!" said he: "the very thing we want; but who will bell the cat?" — "I will undertake that job," said I. "I will go into the Convention with you, and offer such a resolution, if you will second it." — "Agreed." I kept my promise, and he his; prefacing the Resolution with a few remarks, in substance, to the following effect. Though I would not encourage hypocrisy, I would encourage concealment, where the open violation of law would be likely to mislead others. Open licentiousness, I take it, would be somewhat worse than private licentiousness of the same character. All our ambitious men will be ready to "feign a virtue if they have it not." No class are doing more mischief by their example, than our lawyers. I see rank, unfaltering, unquailing perjury, the rankest I ever saw, committed every day, in these liquor-cases, only to be smiled at by the bench, and chuckled over by the bar. I see men, occupying the position of prosecutors, and claiming to represent the Majesty of our Commonwealth, with bleared eyes, and shaking hands, apostrophizing the jury, while urging the claims of temperance, till the whole *dramatis personæ* (understrappers and supernumeraries), lawgivers, judges, and jurors, would seem to be playing a ridiculous and contemptible farce. General Appleton followed, in a long, Massachusetts-oration, like those you hear in the General-Court, of which he had been a member.

The Resolution passed *unanimously;* and then what followed? Why, these thorough-going, *pledged* temperance-men went into the field with candidates, notoriously unpledged, with one or more given to dram-drinking as a habit, while

one, at last, was acknowledged to be intemperate. From that hour, I determined to have nothing more to do with the temperance *party*. "Henceforth," said I, after the style of Dr. Johnson, "you may skin your own skunks; I go upon my own hook, hereafter, preaching temperance in my own way, both by precept and example; taking a glass of wine — of sound, pure wine — if it can be had, though I almost believe it cannot be had for love or money, most of the time — whenever I feel so disposed, and openly, before the world, without shuffling, evasion, or concealment." And this, I have continued to do ever since; but having found precious little, if any, pure, undrugged wine, to my knowledge, my transgressions have been few and far between; amounting, for thirty or forty years, to no more than a dozen glasses or so, of what passed for wine; while, of other liquors, I have never tasted, until within the last year or two, when a preparation of Calasaya having been urged upon me, and, occasionally, a spoonful of whiskey or brandy, by my wife and daughters, for reasons they understand better than I do, I have taken it almost every day for the last eighteen months, at the rate of a spoonful a day; and I do believe it has strengthened, if not my bodily health, at least, my judgment and convictions against every kind of spurious, counterfeit, and adulterated liquor, whatever may be the name. And yet, in the judgment of those fanatics and hypocrites, many of them, who are clamoring against medicinal preparations, alcohol in the arts, and habits of indulgence, no more hurtful to the parties themselves, nor to their families, nor to the public at large, and not much more likely to crowd our lunatic-asylums, our poor-houses, penitentiaries, and jails, than extravagant living — or wasteful expenditure in any other shape, I am held to be no friend of temperance, and not even a *temperate man!* A plague on such blind, obstinate, miserable bigots, I say!

Let the revolutions just made by the "World," that unintentional, but generous and hearty champion of Temperance, be published in a pamphlet form, and sent East, West, North, and South, all over the land, into all the bars and bar-rooms, clubs and bowling-alleys, houses and shops, and it will do more than all this conventional exaggeration, and all our blundering, foolish, and pestiferous legislation, to make men

afraid of drinking, if they have but a thimbleful of common-sense.

And now, having reached another stopping-place, let me take up two or three smaller affairs, in which I have been deeply interested heretofore, that I may be able to give my whole attention to the last chapter of this "strange, eventful history."

P.S. After much inquiry, I have at last obtained a copy of Mr. Dow's infamous libel. I take it from the "Maine Expositor" of March 24, 1852. It is headed, "History of a Neighborhood: A TRUE TALE, by Honorable Neal Dow." The following passages will show whether I have exaggerated in what I have already given from recollection: —

"The extensive landscape which lay outspread before them, *with the White-Hills distinctly projected against the sky in the distance*, was one of great beauty. . . . A few steps brought them to a broad street, adorned with fine houses, *and a double row of trees on each side*. No city in the land can show a more beautiful street, if taken in connection with its ample width, its extent, the palaces, almost, upon either hand, and particularly its multitude of noble trees, which stretch nearly across it, and afford a refreshing shade" — a description which applies to State-Street, and to no other street on earth, in *view of the White-Hills*. In that street I lived at the time, as I do now, and had lived for sixteen years. But he proceeds. "Now, just as we turn this corner" — the corner of State-Street — "observe that magnificent house opposite us; the home of wealth, of taste, and refinement. But there is, at this moment, a skeleton in that house. If we should enter, *we should behold, on every hand, all the appliances of luxury, all the adornments that cultivated taste can desire, or wealth procure: magnificent furniture, books, pictures, and various works of art, which crowd its lofty and spacious apartments*" — all which, allowing for the man's habitual exaggeration and base envy, had truth enough in it to show who was meant.

But, to make the deadly poison more deadly, he goes on; and, after telling, what, in the English language, there is but one word to express, about my poor son, with just enough truth in it to identify the individual meant, as in the case of Chief-Justice Mellen, he adds, "This boy has been ruined by an

appetite *generated and strengthened by the wine which he has habitually taken at his father's table.*" A wicked, shameless, and deliberate ——; for he knew, so far as he knew any thing of our domestic habits, that nothing of the sort had ever happened in my family; that we had not given a drop of wine to guest or visitor, since the boy referred to was five years of age; and that he had never tasted a drop in his father's house, beyond a teaspoonful of Muscat, mixed with two or three teaspoonfuls of water.

"Yet he" (the father — meaning me) "had not manly courage enough to break away from a custom which weak people seem to think necessary in a genteel establishment" — and all this, when the base libeller *knew* that I was the first man here to give up wine, and to withhold wine from guests and visitors, and that I had done so from the time when my children swallowed the sharpest vinegar for wine, as I have mentioned, under the influence of example; that is, for full *sixteen years!* "Although," he adds, "although the father was every way *qualified to lead public opinion, and to give law to custom*, yet he has, in this case, sacrificed his domestic happiness to one which he felt to be wrong, and knew to be dangerous." How entirely of a piece with that lecture in the "Mariners' Church," where, being taken by surprise, he declared that he was not thinking of me, though the characteristics he mentioned were substantially the same!

CHAPTER XXI.

PHRENOLOGY; ANIMAL MAGNETISM; SPIRITUALISM; THE DEATH-PENALTY; MODEST MEN; PAINTERS AND PAINTINGS; GROWTH OF PORTLAND; JAMES NEAL; STEPHEN NEAL; THE WILL-CASE; ENGINEERING OF MR. NEAL DOW, GUARDIAN OF STEPHEN NEAL; GARRISON; MOB IN PORTLAND; PARK AND TAMMANY HALL; ABOLITIONISTS; GENERAL FESSENDEN; DEBATES; WOMEN'S RIGHTS; LECTURE IN THE TABERNACLE, NEW-YORK; DEBATES THERE; ROWDY-DOWS, AND DEATH OF POOR ROBBINS; MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY; CAIRO, ILL.; MRS. PIERCE AND GAIL HAMILTON; REV. MR. CHAMBERS; WOMAN SUFFRAGE; OBJECTIONS ANSWERED; MR. PIERPONT AND THE "TWO-PENNY POST-BAG;" SUM TOTAL.

WHILE abroad, I undertook a partial — or, I might say, an *impartial* — investigation of Phrenology; and after my return, I went into the subject with my whole heart, believing that, if true, it was indeed a revelation from the "Father of Lights," Himself; and if untrue, or a delusion, it should be examined and exposed, without fear or favor. The result was, after much study, and numberless manipulations, that I became thoroughly convinced of its general truth, so far as the leading principles were involved, which conviction has never been weakened, but evermore strengthened, by all I have seen or heard since.

Then followed animal magnetism, and clairvoyance, and spiritualism, all of which I claim to have investigated patiently, laboriously, and honestly, though not always with satisfactory results. I went off to Providence, when Miss Brackett was in her zenith; and there had to do with an old physician, Dr. B., who had lost both position, and a large practice, by harboring her, and believing in her, as a *clairvoyante*; and I found, moreover, that a young woman, a somnambulist, whom he had occasion to treat, was able to describe, while in the magnetic sleep, the furniture and appearance of a room, into which she had never entered, where a sick man lay, who was believed by Dr. B. himself to be dying of a

diseased liver. Having satisfied the doctor about the room and furniture, as a test, he desired her to see what ailed the man. "What do you see?" he asked. — "A man sick." — "What ails him? look first at his head; is that well?" — "Yes." — "How do you know? Do you mean to say that you see the internal organization?" — "Yes." — "Is the liver, heart, &c., well?" — "Yes: it looks just the same as yours, or anybody's else!" — "Well, do you see any thing wrong?" — "Yes, there is an enlargement of the spleen." She was then questioned about the viscera, the spleen, &c., and answered satisfactorily, though the doctor was incredulous. Seven days after this, the man died. Dr. B., having obtained leave to make a *post-mortem examination*, called in every physician of the city, and narrated the story of the girl, in the presence of eighteen persons, *sixteen of whom were physicians*. The doctor stated the case to them, and asked them if they could discover the diseased spleen from external examination. *With one voice, they declared they could not.*

He then opened the body, and, to the utter astonishment of all the physicians present, found the spleen so enlarged as to weigh *fifty-seven ounces!* the usual weight being from *four to six ounces.*

To counteract this most conclusive demonstration, it was then reported that the young lady had been studying anatomy.

This was without the least foundation; but if true, what then? She had not seen the sufferer; and how came she to be so much wiser than the whole medical faculty of Providence, Dr. B. himself included?

Ah! but she had been told by somebody, and she may have been present at some discussions, and perhaps heard the spleen suggested.

If so, who was that somebody, and who made such a suggestion? Could such a secret be kept? Would not the person, whether a medical man or not, be sure to claim the credit of such a suggestion, if only to shame the faculty, or Dr. B., or the young lady herself? And yet no such person appeared; and although the doctor hazarded every thing that was dear to a professional man, he never faltered nor quailed, from first to last, and having prepared, and invited his brethren to be present, stood the hazard of the die, and was convicted by her

of serious error, in common with all his brethren. Other cases, I might mention; but this satisfied me that the gift, or disease, if you will, of clairvoyance, could not be questioned. That epileptic and cataleptic patients are thus gifted, proves nothing. On my return to Portland, a public meeting was held in the city-hall, where I gave an account of the phenomena I had witnessed. A debate followed, with the Rev. Mr. Whitman, Dr. Mighles, and others, against, while I was *for* these demonstrations.

And so with what is called "spiritualism." Not being a materialist, I am, of course, a spiritualist. And having patiently, and conscientiously, gone through a long course of experiment, I have come to the conclusion that, notwithstanding all the knavery, and falsehood, and self-delusion, which I have assisted in exposing and punishing, a large proportion of these perplexing phenomena, which are called spiritual manifestations, cannot be accounted for by any laws of nature, or mechanics, with which we are now acquainted; cannot be the result of deception or jugglery, and that they are guided by *intelligence;* in other words, by spirits or spiritual influences. That evil and mischief may both be propagated by the abuse of such intelligence, I believe; and that we cannot be too watchful of ourselves, nor too much upon our guard against self-delusion, "and peeping and muttering," while investigating mysteries like these, if we would not go on believing more and more, till we believe too much, and finish our investigations in a mad-house.

Upon imprisonment for debt, upon woman's rights — but another phase of the same question — I have labored with effect, I believe; upon our militia-system, also; upon slavery and colonization, and our foolish fondness for foolish titles, against which I have warred with all my strength, ever since my lamented associate in business, the Rev. John Pierpont, published the "Airs of Palestine," with an engraved title-page, having upon it the name of "John Pierpont, *Esquire;* and ever since I was required to say, "Your Honor" to a judge, even though it were Judge Marshall himself, Chief-Justice of the United-States, which I have always refused to do, until within the last twelvemonth or so. Getting weary of explanations and apologies, for what might be considered incivility by

strangers, I have begun to give and take these foolish "titles," going back, therefore, at the end of nearly fifty years, to the fashion that prevailed, when a list of names never appeared in the papers without a prefix to each, of Honorable or Excellency, or General (of the militia), or a quirk at the end, which was to be translated Esquire, for which, pray forgive me.

Upon the *death-penalty*, or what is called "capital punishment," I have also written much, and not a little to the purpose; having no belief in the wisdom of strangulation, for men, women, and children, however much they might seem to deserve it, and being fully persuaded that the worst men have most need of repentance, and that they who are unfit to live, are still more unfit to die. When I wrote "Logan," after having seen two pirates, and two young men strangled by law, in the midst of a noisy, riotous crowd in Baltimore, at noon-day, with the blue heavens, the green earth, and the golden sunshine testifying against their dread "taking off," I urged our lawgivers, if they would still insist upon strangling men, women, and children, to do it within the walls of a prison, at midnight, and with the tolling of a large, ponderous bell, or the sound of cannon, like minute-guns at sea; that murderers, and ravishers, and house breakers, and thieves, and highwaymen, might be startled from their sleep, and set a-thinking; or be disturbed in their midnight revels, or their unaccomplished depredations, as by a voice from the other world, filling them with dismay, or with a mysterious unutterable horror, according to their guilt, in their dread loneliness and desolation. As the law then stood, the felon might as well have died in the heat, and hurry, and uproar of battle; and the great multitude, who scarcely caught their breath when the miserable wretches were turned off; and felt relieved, when they saw how little they seemed to suffer, and for how short a time, did nothing, as I myself saw once at Newgate, but bandy ribald jokes with loose women along the house-tops, and at the open windows; or shout and roar, as they surged this way and that, around the foot of the gallows, in their admiration of all who died "game," while the hangman himself, though he said nothing, looked as if he relished their drolleries. I believe that the changes which have followed, year after year, both abroad and at home, in the mode of execution, originated with my "Logan." Observe: I do

not claim to be what is called a modest man; I have nearly overcome the bashfulness that troubled me in my youth; and I have no liking for self-depreciation, believing that we are generally taken, at least among strangers, for what we claim to be. I have known people who were awkward, and shy, and, in the opinion of others, *modest*, with so good an opinion of themselves, that the good opinion of others would not raise them a hair's-breadth in their own estimation; but as I do in my heart believe, that, on the whole, in projecting and carrying out some of these reforms, I have lived to some purpose, I am willing to say so — and I don't care who knows it. In the flush of youth, in the generous, heroic enthusiasm, and fiery efflorescence of early manhood, I suggested many changes in law and usage; most of which, I might say all, have either become established, or like woman-suffrage, the death-penalty, by strangling, and licensed usury, seem about to be established everywhere, while imprisonment for debt, lotteries, and the exclusion of parties, or persons interested, from the witness-box, in our common-law courts, have been abolished for ever.

Speaking of modest men, however, I knew of one who always claimed that General Harrison was indebted to him for his election. I was half inclined to tell him the truth on that subject, but forebore, having no pretensions to modesty — such modesty, I should say; but the simple fact was, that, in the Harrisburg-Convention, I threw what was equivalent to a casting vote in his favor. It happened that I was chairman of the Maine committee. According to the congressional usage, Maine always led in voting. We had voted again and again, I forget how many times, for Henry Clay, once or twice for General Scott, who felt sure of his election, and had come to a dead-lock, on Webster for Vice-President; and Reverdy Johnson was making a capital speech in the House above, to secure harmony, while we were badgering the candidates, and one another, below. At last, somebody mentioned to me the name of John Tyler, for Vice-President, instead of Webster, whom we could not possibly elect. "Will you vote for Tyler?" said I, to Mr. Chandler Starr, who represented the forty-two votes of New-York. "Yes, if you will." — "Done!" said I; and the next vote carried in both William Henry Harrison, and *John Tyler*, for which I pray God to forgive me! — so far, I mean, as poor Tyler was concerned.

Before I finish this chapter, allow me to say a few words upon a subject I have hitherto only glanced at. That I am a good judge of painting, it were childish to deny, after all that I have written upon the subject, both abroad and at home: but I am not a painter, I never was, and have no special gift, either for landscape or portraiture; and though, if I had taken up the business early in life, when I was *doing* Indian-ink portraits — and the originals too! — for three dollars a head, I might, *perhaps*, have done something tolerable. The organ of form being about the average with me, and that of color very large, constructiveness, ideality, &c., &c., to match, I am quite sure that I never should have been able to satisfy myself, though I might have satisfied others, and my life would have been a comparative failure. A man may be a good judge of pictures, just as he may be of a dressing-case, or a signet-ring, or of boots and shoes, without being a cabinet-maker, a jeweller, or a shoemaker. This I mention here, because I have credit with people who do not know me, for uncommon talent as an artist, like Hazlitt, who wrote books and *copied* pictures with equal facility, and because I have no desire to pass for more than I am worth, even at the discount-board. What I am, I acknowledge, and am prepared for the consequences, however much I may be mistaken about myself, in the judgment of others. Poetry — grand, glorious, and beautiful poetry — I have written heretofore, and may write again, before I pass away; and I do think — between ourselves — that much of my prose writing, most of it, indeed, is likely to be read hereafter, and that, on the whole, not a few of my story-books, and stories, and magazine-papers, are well worth remembering and preserving. There! that will do for the present, I hope.

But before I finish this, the last chapter, it may be well, for the encouragement of other "poor devils," who, not satisfied with one pursuit in life, grow multifarious, to give a hint, if nothing more, of how I have been able to get along, and provide for a large family, now consisting of three children, and three grandchildren, after losing two, a son, who had reached manhood, and a daughter in early babyhood, and secure a comfortable provision for old age. I was never an idler, never a spendthrift, never a speculator. If one business wouldn't "pay," I took up another; but I never neglected any business for

another, and never changed but for good reasons. Of my writings, and of my labors, in season and out of season, as a drawing-master, a writing-master, lawyer, lecturer, and teacher of languages, and gymnastics, (gratuitously), and sparring and fencing, I have said enough to show, that my faculties have never been allowed to rust, or stagnate, or loiter.

Jan. 28, 1869. — We are now in sight of port; with delicious weather, and every thing to make us mindful of our duty to God, to our fellow-men, and to ourselves.

Portland is growing, as she never grew before, in her palmiest days; the city is rebuilt and somewhat enlarged, with half a dozen public houses, two of which, the Falmouth, and the St. Julians, worthy of the magnificent future, now opening to us, and all the others, if not luxurious, at least comfortable and attractive; with a free Protestant cathedral, and a Catholic (always free), and half a dozen, at least, of new and handsome churches, a city-hall finished, with a custom-house, and a post-office, well under way — one of Vermont marble, and the other of Hallowell gneiss, by the name of granite, and all worth bragging about anywhere. Add to this, that we have two great thoroughfares opening to us, on their way to the Pacific; first, the "Portland and Ogdensburg Railway," cleaving the White-Hills, from base to summit, and running along the side of an escarpment thousands of feet high — or by some cheaper and safer route, if a cheaper and safer route may be found; the other, our "Portland and Rutland Railroad," now burning its way through the heart of New-Hampshire, into the treasure-houses of Vermont; and both shaping their course to the trans-continental, inter-oceanic terminus, with unflinching energy, and a determination worthy of the highest praise, whether they go hand in hand, for a part of the way, as we hope, or strike out, each for itself, in their generous competition for a share in the business, not of New-England only, not of this great Commonwealth of empires, but of India, China, and Japan, the Orient, and the World.

And now for finishing off the last of these crowded chapters. More than once, in the progress of my story, I have had occasion to mention my bachelor uncle, James Neal, the third son of my grandfather, my father being the second. He was quite a character in his way, a sort of a burly Quaker humorist, adher-

ing to the Quaker forms of worship, and wearing the Quaker garb, till within a few years of his death, although he did not use the "plain language." A man of sober judgment, uncommon strength of mind, and extraordinary foresight, he became, long before my return to Portland, one of our substantial property-holders.

I had always been a favorite with him, partly because he boarded with my father, at the time when my sister and myself, twins, made our "first appearance;" and he had charge of our infancy after my father's death. He had been exceedingly proud of my father; and I think he was proud of me, from the first, although he never said as much to anybody, and especially after the death of the last male nephew he had, of the name.

More than once he offered me help in my business, both at Boston and Baltimore; but I always declined, except on one occasion, where I had to give an "approved endorsed note" for goods at auction. After my failure in Baltimore, when he found me determined to enter upon the study of law, he renewed his friendly offers; but I still refused, being determined to "cut my own fodder," come what might.

On getting back to my native town, my reception at first was rather disheartening. He had got some notions into his head, not much to my advantage, I fear, though he never told me so; but I could see it in his manner. Always rather surly, but robust, generous, and sincere, he had the kindness to tell me one day that he had no advice to give, when I consulted him, out of respect, and for no other reason whatever, about the expediency of my settling down — settling on my lees, I might as well say — in Portland; my poor mother and sister having always been hoping that I would "fetch up" here, at last, and being very anxious — *very* — that I should ask "Uncle Neal."

"When I ask your advice again," said I, "I rather *guess* you'll give it;" and then I left the room. He followed me up, and there betrayed his liking for me, by a kindness of manner I had never seen before, and by almost apologizing. Not long after this, when the city was all astir about me, somebody said in his presence, that I would not be allowed to stay here, that, in short, I should be driven away. Whereupon, he growled out,

although I never heard of it, until long afterward, when I had fought my own way up to the position I have since occupied, "that they'd have to drive him away, first."

Years after this, when the uproar had all died away, and I was married, with two children, the youngest of whom was named for him — and enjoying all the consideration he could desire — having been domesticated and become reasonable, for which, by the way, my wife got all the credit with my best friends, and by those, who, like Mr. Pierpont, had longest known me — he had some papers in his possession belonging to my mother. One day, on meeting me in the street, he told me to come and get those papers. I went, and after knocking at the door, and receiving no answer, I opened it a little way, and looked in, supposing he might be asleep. He was not there; but upon the table I saw a file of papers, which I recognized instantly for those belonging to my mother, that he had carried off two or three months before. I took them up — then replaced them — when my eye was attracted by something written on the outside wrapper. The words were: "*John is my heir.*" What was to be done? I now remembered that he had told me I should find them on his table, if he was not there. Of course, he meant to apprise me of what he intended, without coming to a personal explanation. I took the papers, and showed the envelope to my wife, and to her father, but to nobody else, until after my uncle's death. I should mention here, however, in further illustration of his odd way of doing business, that, soon after my marriage, he brought a deed to me of a double tenement-house, with all the notes made out, and a mortgage, to secure the payment, in twelve years, at the rate of three hundred dollars a year, *without interest.* This was a way he had of making me a handsome present, without appearing to do so, and keeping me straight. He had never consulted me, nor ever mentioned the subject, and complained a little, that I had taken a large handsome house, one of the best we had then, without *consulting* him! He had forgotten our little tiff. However, I could rent my new purchase he said, till my lease expired; and I did so, though we never occupied it for a single day, neither part being empty at the right time. The property would have been a good bargain at five thousand dollars; but he had taken it for a debt, and

made some alterations — and suggested others, which I lost no time in making — and felt relieved, I dare say, when I took it off his hands, with a "thank you, uncle," for that was all I said, or did. Being a man of few words himself, I was not willing to be obtrusive.

Within two years after this, he died of apoplexy, at the age of sixty-four, without notice or preparation; but when his brother Stephen, who lived in Elliot, came down to the funeral, he told us that we should find a will; that he had been sent for by "brother James," not long before, two or three months, perhaps, when he consulted him about a will, saying that I was to be his heir, and entering upon a little bank-book, the legacies he intended for others; all which were in the form of annuities, with a relinquishment of all debts due from the legatees. That book we found, but no will. In it, he had given to his brother Stephen three hundred dollars a year during life, and "all he owed," being about a thousand dollars, lent him to help buy the family homestead. His two nieces, my sister and another, were to receive three hundred a year each, during life, and a nephew he was not on good terms with, the same; while I was to have — blank — and "all I owed;" amounting at the time to about three thousand dollars. It was evident enough that he had intended to make a will, not only from what he said to his brother, but from all the circumstances; and he was probably arranging the matter in his own mind, after having made the memoranda I have mentioned, when he was taken off so suddenly, that he could not finish the business. Only a little time before, while trotting the baby, who had been named for him, he said to my wife's mother, "This little fellow is to be my heir."

After the funeral was over, my good Uncle Stephen, then in his seventieth year, insisted on making a will, and wanted me to put it into shape; saying that he knew the intentions of his brother, who had talked freely with him on the subject, the fall before, and that he desired to carry out those intentions to the very letter. I remonstrated; saying the inheritance had been cast upon him by the act of God, and ought to take the channel prescribed by law. He persisted, and I still refused; urging him to send for Mr. Longfellow, or General Fessenden, to draw the will. "Why, John," said he,

"thee knows there's no male of our name left: thy sister is unmarried, and Lydia [his only daughter], though married, has never had, and never will have a child," giving the reasons; "and the whole estate would go to strangers at her death." At last, I consented, upon the condition that Lydia, and Oliver, her husband, should be consulted, and be handsomely provided for, during life, and her husband, if he survived her; and that "Aunt Ruth," her own mother — not her step-mother, as the public believed — her father never having been married but once, should be put beyond the reach of accident; and then drew the will, substantially, as follows: After a few trifling legacies, and ample provision for the widow, during life, the whole estate was to go to the daughter, and if she died without issue, then to me and my heirs, Oliver being well provided for. To guard against misrepresentation, I persuaded him to *appoint Lydia's husband co-executor with me; and then I left the instrument in that husband's possession.* That will I have never seen but once, from that day to this; and then I called for it on a trial in court, and obliged the parties to produce it, much to their consternation; for they had overlooked the joint executorship, which, of itself, was conclusive to show the falsehood of certain reports they had put in circulation, to say nothing of the singular fact that the will was found, *not in my possession, but in Dennett's.*

After a few months, my good uncle, who had removed from the next house to ours, into a distant part of the city, finding the collection of his rents, dividends, &c., very troublesome, consulted with me about employing for his agent, Mr. Neal Dow, a near neighbor of his at the time. I advised him to do so, by all means. Not long after this, Dennett called on me, and, after declaring that "Aunt Ruth" was worrying "father's" life out, giving him no rest, by night or day, for money to send her only brother, David Green, wished me to have Uncle Stephen put under guardianship, *at his own request*, that he might live in peace, and be rid for ever of such importunity.

I promised to look into the matter, and was preparing to see Uncle Stephen, when Samuel F. Hussey, an aged Friend, called on the same errand; and when I hesitated, though willing enough to do it for the sake of cousin Lydia and

Oliver, having no favors to ask for myself, he said, "John, does thee want thy aunt to kill thy uncle?" Whereupon, I consented to take the preliminary steps, by seeing Uncle Stephen, who said, "Why, *cousin*," — he sometimes called me "cousin" — "what, after all, is a guardian, but an attorney who gives bonds? I am very lame, as thee knows; my sight is poor; I cannot see well, even with spectacles; and my fingers are too stiff and clumsy for writing or counting money." He had been, for a long time, a "hot-crop" doctor, of the Thompsonian school, and used to take the preparation himself, by teaspoonfuls, in the coldest weather: it was like nothing I ever tasted, in a liquid shape, or ever heard of; being a decoction or tincture of cayenne pepper, cantharides, or incandescent lava. He had quite a reputation, and a large, though I am afraid not a very profitable, practice. I yielded, at last, but left Mr. Hussey, a rough, obstinate old man, to make the application. Mr. Dow was appointed guardian at Uncle Stephen's *written request*, after the mayor and aldermen of the city had examined a few witnesses.

Within five months after this, Dow called on me, and stated that his charge had greatly improved in health, having boarded with him, and no more needed a guardian than Dow's own father, Josiah Dow, who managed his own business without help, though many years older than Stephen Neal. I told him to see our Probate-Judge, and be governed by his advice. After a brief examination, the guardian was discharged, and my good uncle was set free; and then a Quaker-committee, consisting of Hussey and others, beset him, and after obtaining conveyances from him to Dennett and wife, *executed in their presence, and at their solicitation*, to the amount of ten thousand dollars, succeeded in obtaining a will in favor of the Society; constituting it a residuary legatee, and giving it all that remained, after the legacies were paid off: and then, lest he might change his mind, they made no less than three several attempts to put him under guardianship again; two of which utterly failed, the mayor and aldermen certifying that he was *compos*, while the third, being at the time of his last sickness, and after he began to break up, was allowed to prevail, without objection. After this, I had nothing more to do with my uncle's business; but being at Boston, in the fall

of 1835, on a lecturing trip, I received a letter from Mr. Neal Dow, saying that my uncle had destroyed the Quaker-will, which I had never seen, because the Quakers had turned "Aunt Ruth" and his father, Josiah Dow, out of meeting, and that he had just made a will in my favor; that he (Mr. Neal Dow) "should charge me like a lawyer," for what he had done, without consulting me, and without my knowledge; and that "Uncle Stephen hoped I would soon be back, for he wanted to see me." I returned, without hurrying, and called on my good uncle. I did not see the will, nor ask to see it. He spoke freely about the proceedings of Hussey and the Quaker-committee, and said they had managed to strip him of the larger part of his property, including all his cash and notes, for the benefit of Lydia, who would never be satisfied till she had every thing, and then took the rest to themselves, and turned his wife, and his old friend, Josiah Dow, "out of meeting," for refusing to co-operate with them in their schemes.

Within a few days after this, Mr. Neal Dow called on me with deeds of all my uncle's estate and mortgages of the same, prepared by himself, and this, too, without my knowledge or consent, saying, that, after a thorough sifting of the old gentleman's affairs, it had been found that he could not live on his diminished income, and that he had, therefore, proposed the following plan: my uncle to convey to me all his real estate, in fee, together with a twenty-five-hundred-dollar note he held for certain land in dispute, the title to which has just been decided, after twenty years' litigation: he to receive all the rents and profits during life, and I to secure to him annuities of equal amount, and to his wife another annuity, if she survived him; provided, nevertheless, that all the property so conveyed should continue subject to the wants of both husband and wife, even though it should all be used up. The proposition was absurd in itself, and any man who would accept such an offer ought to be put under guardianship, as I told Mr. Dow at the time. Nevertheless, if he and others thought my good uncle would be left in peace, I would accept the offer, and not only mortgage back all the property so conveyed to me, but give him a mortgage on other property, worth twenty, or twenty-five thousand dollars, to secure the

annuities; which I did forthwith. At last, in December, 1836, my poor uncle dies, in comparative peace, and the will in my favor is offered for Probate; General Fessenden representing the daughter, and opposing the will upon three different grounds. First, fraud, by insinuation only; second, undue influence: that of Aunt Ruth, Neal Dow, or myself; though it was clearly proved that I had nothing whatever to do with any of the wills, except the first, which I had left with Dennett, the son-in-law, as co-executor; and third, insanity, or unsoundness of mind. It was on this occasion that I felt justified in telling General Fessenden, the father, in open court, that he would say any thing for a fee, and swear to it, for another. The will was approved, *pro forma;* and then began a series of trials-at-law, which continued from 1837 to 1858 — twenty-one years — the will being set aside by consent, after three trials, one of which lasted several weeks; while a conveyance, made at the same time, and under the same circumstances, by Stephen Neal, on the legality of which, property worth a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, at least, depended, was finally established; in other words, it was decided, that, while competent to sell and convey real estate, he was not competent to make a will! So much for lawyers, and so much for jurors! And all this at a cost, exceeding, I dare say, the original worth of the property bequeathed.

During this protracted and exasperating controversy, Mr. Dow was a witness for the will; and, if the jury had believed him, under oath, *even when he told the truth*, it would have been established. But, in the course of investigation, it came out that he had received a conveyance of stock to his child, from Stephen Neal, of which I had never heard a lisp, and that the addition to his house, which he had built for the comfort of his ward only, and for which he had been allowed, on settlement with his ward, had been occupied by the ward but a few months; three or four, at most. These facts, undoubtedly, had, as they ought to have had, no little influence with the jury, in weighing the testimony of Dow; so that I lost the whole estate, in consequence of that man's grasping disposition, craft, and cunning. And this, too, I am ready to forgive, on scriptural terms.

It was during the progress of these trials, that much of what I have already narrated, took place; but our quarrel happened long after the will was set aside *by consent*, when, owing to the merest accident, I discovered how long he had been abusing my confidence, and making use of me for the promotion of his own private views, and secretly slandering both me and mine, while pretending the greatest admiration, deference, and friendship. But there were other incidents, which I have not yet alluded to. One day, our late mayor, Levi Cutter, called on me to say that we were to have a mob at the Quaker meeting-house, and he wanted me to be there. I had been always known for a colonizationist: I had met with Lundy, at Baltimore, and rescued a woman-slave there at noon-day, in the public streets, who obtained her freedom, after legal inquiry; and with Garrison, while he was editing a paper, somewhere in Vermont, called the "Philanthropist," I had corresponded, so far, at least, that when he threatened to do something — what, he knew not, like Lear — to make himself famous, and said I might be glad to write his biography, or epitaph, some day, I forget which, I answered that I would do so with the greatest pleasure, and I cared not how soon. On referring to the "Yankee," I find the language to be as follows. Under date of Aug. 15, 1828, he says, while the feathers were flying, "If my life be spared, my name shall one day be known *so extensively as to render inquiry unnecessary*, and known, too, in a favorable manner. *I speak in the spirit of prophecy*, not of vain glory." Bravely spoken, was it not? And then, too, how well he has kept the promise! I had also met him at Friend Hussey's, where we had a brief, though somewhat noisy discussion, all the women being with him; and where, after expressing a desire to meet me in public, I had answered, "With all my heart, whenever and wherever you please." — "Ah, but you will have the advantage of me. You are accustomed to extemporaneous speaking; and I, to writing, only." — "Very well," said I, "you may write your speech, and I will answer it, on the spot, wherever you may be; you giving me one hour's notice of the meeting." To this he agreed, and here we parted; but, soon after, as I happened to be going through New-York, with my wife, on our way to the Western country, and thence to

Europe, in 1834, or 1835, I should say, I found myself one day in the Courier-and-Inquirer office, where, by the way, I first met with Mr. Bennett, who had just been secured for that paper, and was there introduced to me by Colonel Webb, I was informed that a meeting was called in the Park, by William Lloyd Garrison, for that very evening. After some talk, I consented to take a hand. It was arranged that we should all go to the meeting, and adjourn to Old Tammany, and that there, I should offer a resolution, which was to be seconded by Mr. Graham, afterward postmaster. We went, took possession of the meeting, and adjourned to Tammany; and I had the greatest difficulty in crowding my way up to the platform, all out of breath, choked with dust, and steaming with perspiration, where I called for Mr. Garrison, or any of his friends, to appear; promising them safe conduct and fair play. But nobody answered. I made a short speech: Graham backed out; and the resolutions were passed with a roar, like that you may sometimes hear in the Bay of Fundy. On my way out, I was completely surrounded, lifted off my feet, and carried by storm into a cellar, and, by the time we were seated at the table, out sprang half a score of bowie-knives, and as many pistols; and at least a dozen cards were handed me, with "Alabama," "Georgia," and "South-Carolina," under the names. They had proposed, a few minutes before, to go after Garrison, to some church, where they were told he was to be found; and went so far as to say, that, when I called for him, if he had appeared on the platform, they would have "rowed him up salt river." And then they asked me if I had not seen their hand-bill. I had not, nor heard it mentioned; but it seems that in the afternoon, they had issued a *poster*, calling upon the "men of the South," to be present at the meeting, which was to take place in the Park. I told them what would have been the consequences, if they had meddled with Garrison where I was; for we were banded together, Colonel Webb, Mr. Graham, and perhaps twenty more, with a determination to see fair-play, at the risk of our lives; taking it for granted that free discussion could do the cause of truth no harm. To this, my new Southern friends assented, at last, and gave up the idea of tearing down a church, because a hunted man had found shelter with the women there; and we parted in peace.

I had also a discussion with the whole body of abolitionists here in Portland — the abolitionists proper, the Garrisonians, I mean; for I was, at the time, and always had been, opposed to slavery, though I did not then believe in "*immediate, unconditional, and universal emancipation*" — which continued day after day, for about a week, where I stood alone, against a number of the small fry, and a swarm of pollywogs, just ready for transformation, headed by General Fessenden; and at the end of the meeting had succeeded in organizing a Colonization-Society, and taken their subscriptions; and pitiful enough they were: so pitiful, indeed, that, after trying to collect a portion, I took them all upon my own hands, and paid over the amount to Mr. Gould, the cashier: something over a hundred dollars, if I do not mistake. Yet more. I had taken President Roberts, then on his way to Liberia, into my house, and treated him as the Prince Regent treated Prince Saunders, to the unspeakable amazement of our abolitionist brethren.

When I was notified, therefore, that a mob was threatened to put down a gathering of abolitionists, at the Quaker meeting-house, I determined to help in putting down the mob, or take the consequences. Before I left my house, Mr. Dow called upon me to say, that he should be there with his whole engine company, and asked if I was not going armed. "Yes," I said, "armed with a cloak and lantern. Let us take our light with us, spring it upon them by surprise, and we shall need no other arms. If we can but see their faces, they will be afraid to begin." And we found it so. I stood in the doorway, till the meeting was over; and although a dead cat was thrown at me, and there was no little pushing, till I told them to close the door behind me, and keep it closed, while I stood outside on the stone-steps, no violence was offered, till after I had entered the house, hat in hand, and told General Fessenden, if he would follow me, and let the women follow him, I would be answerable for their safety, though the street was black with a portentous, muttering crowd at the time. Soon after we started, however, I was told, though I did not see it, nor hear any thing of it until the next day, that Mr. Dow's chief-engineer had throttled a fellow named Capen, and carried him off, while Dow was shouting, "No. 5, *to the*

rescue!" and that a Mr. Nathan Winslow, a desperate, unrelenting Quaker-abolitionist, who, like Garrison, was clamoring for "immediate, universal, and unconditional emancipation," had stepped out of the ranks, at one time, saying that he didn't want any of my protection, he could take care of himself; but, while he was yet speaking, and before the words were well out of his mouth, he was pitched headlong into the gutter, and rolled over in the mud, and then allowed to escape; while I went on my way, until I had reached Morton's Row, where I found another black, muttering crowd assembled about the store, next to the house of Mr. Longfellow. On asking what had happened, I was told that they had got a boy in there, and that they, the rioters, meant to have him out. "Close the windows and doors!" I shouted. — "Won't you come in?" — "No: but close up! close up! and leave me here; I can take care of myself." They did so; and the next moment, my lantern having been put out, I received a push, and then a blow on my leg, as from the foot of a strong man: whereat I called for the sneaking cowards to show themselves, promising to thrash as many as could stand before me, if they would not cling to my legs, nor get on my back. This appeared to satisfy them that I was in earnest, and I was left in peace.

But, speaking of mobs and riots, although I have had no large experience in that way, I must not forget to mention that which was called the *Astor-Place* riot, in 1858, I believe, not the *Astor-House* mob, as I once gave it in "True Womanhood," through sheer carelessness. Happening to be in New-York, at the time of Macready's re-appearance, after the *pas de mouchoir*, in his representation of Hamlet, which provoked Forrest to hiss him, (at Glasgow, was it not?) and wanting my daughter to see him, I made up a little party for his Macbeth, or Virginius, I forget which, nor is it material, two of his finest impersonations. Before the hour arrived, we had several hints that mischief was brewing. Nevertheless, we determined to take our chance. On our arrival, the first thing that struck me unpleasantly, as "a note of preparation," was the crowded pit, black and portentous, and the scarcity of women, both above and below. Macready appeared, and, although a woman occupied the stage with him, the outcries

and shouting and screaming and cat-calls were tremendous. For half an hour, not a sentence could be heard in our box, though we were very near the stage. At last, while they were shying pennies from the gallery, a large English two-penny-piece, intended for the stage, fell into our box, passing near the head of my daughter. I rose up and remonstrated. "Three cheers for Forrest!" was the answer. Then came a heavy chair, which went whirling by us, and struck the stage, within a few feet of the players, and was broken to fragments. Upon this, I stepped on the outside of the box, and stood up, and called them a set of cowardly miscreants, to be guilty of such violence toward women. "Let us 'pray!" was the answer: probably mistaking me for a clergyman, as I wore black, and my coat was buttoned up to the chin. At this, I turned to go, saying that I should return after the ladies were in safety. "No, you won't," said they; "you'll never come back!" and then followed another explosion of laughter, and a roar, like that of a whole menagerie. "There you go! Good-bye!" Having disposed of my daughter and her friends, I came back, and was just on the point of taking my first position, on the outside of the box, when young Mr. Talmadge, son of the recorder, and somebody else with him, tried to prevent me; saying, that, as I was a stranger, I could have no idea of a New-York mob; they would swarm up from the pit, and clear the boxes. "I will answer for my box," said I, "if they should try to carry it by assault. Up here I have a great advantage, you see." — "Look out!" was the reply; "for these fellows are armed to the teeth, and would shoot you from below. Beside, we have been assured, by Mr. ——'s coachman, that the Empire-Club is here, in full strength, and all armed." But no! I would not listen to their suggestions; and, after begging them to see that the ruffians did not get in my rear, I stepped upon the outer edge of the box, swung my hat, and called out, "*Three cheers for Macready!*" for whom, by the way, I cared not a snap, save that, being a stranger, while Mr. Forrest was at home, with the Bowery-boys, I wanted him to have fair play. Upon this, the whole audience seemed to spring to their feet; the women all rose and waved their handkerchiefs; and so large a portion of pit, gallery, and boxes, that I was quite aston-

ished, and called upon the rioters to try their "*Three cheers for Forrest,*" once more. They accepted the challenge, and the shouting that followed was so feeble, after the first outbreak, and so scattering, that I could not forbear laughing at them; asking how they felt *now*, and whether, as a matter of fact, they were not ashamed of themselves? They seemed to take what I said in very good part; for I heard laughing above, and below, and all about me; but just then, as I was told the next day, though I knew nothing of it at the time, the leader of the mob, and the foremost of the Empire-Club, Isaiah Rynders, Esquire, struck Mr. Hiram Fuller, the editor, a heavy blow in the face, just outside of the entrance to our box, which I had asked them to take charge of, lest the blackguards should get into my rear. Nothing serious happened after this, and the next day I returned to Portland, where I first heard of the terrible riot which followed the next evening, when Mr. Recorder Talmadge took the matter up, and "*served the rioters out,*" after a fashion to be remembered, and followed, in similar cases.

But to return: I had a revelation of Mr. Dow's character that evening, which I never thought of, until long after he had made himself so conspicuous in the cause of temperance. While arranging a course of procedure before the attack, he said he felt more than half inclined to take up with the abolitionists; they were a growing party, and were likely to get into power. I do not give his words, but the substance; for it reminded me of what Garrison had threatened, before he was agent and lecturer for the Colonization-Society, which he abandoned for abolitionism, and then abused most outrageously, for reasons I never quite understood. He meant to be heard, to become notorious, and to deserve an epitaph, or at least a biography, from me, as I have mentioned already.

At another time, while the first will-case was on trial, Mr. Dow, in the presence of my wife, proposed to fall in, *by accident*, with some of the jury, and have a little talk with them; and when I rejected the proposition, hardly believing him to be in earnest, he then said that one of the principal witnesses, named Osgood, who worked in the tanyard, he had sent off to the engine-house, Dow being the chief-engineer at the time, where he meant to drop in, by accident, and, without

entering into conversation about his knowledge of Uncle Stephen's business capacity and habits, to begin talking *to himself*, while Osgood was cleaning up the harnesses and machinery, but loud enough to enlighten him on several important points, in such a way, that, if he should be questioned in court, whether anybody else had talked with him on the subject, and especially Dow, he could answer *no*, with perfect safety! I denounced the whole procedure, with a feeling of surprise, akin to indignation, and refused to allow it, or to have any thing to do with such tampering. Not only was it wrong in itself, but extremely hazardous, and might be fatal. He could not see any thing wrong in it, he said. The property in dispute was clearly and honestly mine, and they were trying to lie me out of it, by fraud, misrepresentation, and perjury.

"And *that*," said my wife to me, after Dow had left the room, "*that* you call an honest man!" I laughed, and said, what I then believed to be true, "Oh! he is a great manager, honest enough, I dare say, but too cunning by half; and then, too, he knows so much, and values himself so highly on his knowledge of mankind, and on his cleverness in baffling, outwitting, and overreaching the *dishonest*."

One other sample of his management, and I have done with Mr. Neal Dow, for ever, I hope.

One day, after the election of General Harrison, which I had urged, upon the ground, that, if we could not have *Harry*, we would have *Harry's-son*, it being believed that I had contributed, in a measure, to the glorious result, by speechifying, and writing, and laboring, in season and out of season, and by stopping the Portland steamer, that I might take the news of our triumph in Maine along with me to the Syracuse-Convention — *via* Mr. Thurlow Weed — and then laboring through New-York and Massachusetts, at the Harrisburg-Convention, and, above all, through the Washington-Supper; the proceedings of which I reported for Gales and Seaton — nobody else qualified, being sober enough for the job, said Mr. Gales — and paying my own expenses from first to last: one day, after all this, my enthusiastic friend, Neal Dow, called on me to know what I intended to ask for myself. "Nothing," said I, "nothing whatever. I have no pretensions, no claims; and I do

not know an office in the gift of President, or Governor, which I would accept." And I was perfectly sincere.

"Very well," said he; "then I want you to do me a favor." — "With all my heart; what is it?" — "I want you to have me appointed *Aide* to Governor Kent." — "*You!* a Quaker, and wholly unacquainted with military affairs!" — for all he knew, he had learned with me of Levinski, who drilled a few of us for a month or two, in the cavalry and infantry exercise; Mr. Dow riding a clumsy brute from his father's bark-mill, which, when he rode at a fence, always boggled and stopped short on the wrong side, and never tried a ditch. "Never mind all that," said he; "I want the office, and if you ask for it, I shall get it; for I *know* — emphatically — I *know* that you can have any thing you ask for." And so I applied for the office, and obtained it for him, without asking another question, though people who knew him best were most puzzled; Senator Fessenden, among others, who told me that he was present when the governor issued the commission. "What on earth," said Fessenden to the governor, "what on earth can Neal Dow want of a colonelship?" — "Not knowing, can't say," said the governor, "but there is Neal's letter; judge for yourself."

Having secured this appointment, Mr. Dow next began writing in the papers about "Harbor-Defences;" and the next thing he did, was to call on me for a letter to the Secretary of War, recommending him as qualified to superintend the works in our harbor, and to act as a disbursing-agent here; large appropriations having been made for this harbor. "But you are no engineer," said I; "you have not studied fortification, or gunnery." — "No matter for that: engineers are not wanted; all they want is a superintendent, or disbursing-agent, to carry out the plans adopted by the engineer-department." And then to satisfy me of his entire fitness, he asked me to read the papers he had written about "Harbor-Defences." I did so; pronounced them judicious, and well written, as they certainly were, and was about to say more, when I saw at once what he was driving at. With the title of *Colonel*, and acting as *Aide* to the governor, these papers would be taken for the suggestions of a military man, who

might be safely trusted with the work. Was there ever a better-contrived manœuvre? Here the manager surpassed himself; and he never equalled it afterward, till he shot poor Robbins, the sailor, without provocation or excuse, after marching and countermarching his battalions, and moving this way and that, upon the enemies' works, with twenty or thirty men, at most, I believe; of all which we had an official bulletin the next morning, as if he had carried another Malakoff or Sebastopol by storm — killing him just outside of a thick, double door, which was riddled with bullets, and *all from the inside*, where Mr. Neal Dow and his confederates were blazing away in safety, upon a defenceless, unarmed gathering of the people, who had come to see what was brewing — *all!* not a single shot being from the outside! To me, it seemed a case for which Mr. Dow ought to have been put upon immediate trial. In England, he would have been hanged upon the evidence; but here, having a large party to uphold him, and obtain a pardon, if convicted, what had he to fear? But enough. These facts are not to be misunderstood. Of his career since, as a military man, I dare not trust myself to speak. Some of the stories told of him everywhere, may be exaggerations, or, perhaps, downright calumnies; but some are so much of a piece with his manœuvring here in the temperance-organization, and with his management of their champion, the Reverend Mr. Peck, our defaulting State-Treasurer, for whom Dow was one of the sureties, as to make them very probable, to say the least of it.

And now for another of the great leading objects of my life — WOMAN'S RIGHTS, and WOMAN'S WRONGS. But before I enter upon that, allow me to say that I came near shipwrecking my reputation for common-sense and reasonable foresight, by my championship of General Bratish, Count Eliovich, &c., &c., about the same time, in a pamphlet of fifty large octavo pages, closely printed, most of which I have had to unsay, within the last twelvemonth; because, forsooth, I could not bear to stand by, and see a poor fellow wronged by a set of banded conspirators and cut-throats, as I then believed, and had good reasons for believing them to be.

But I had other irons in the fire; and a pamphlet may be found, of perhaps a hundred pages or so, according to my

present recollection, written by me immediately after the overflow of Cairo, in 18—, when the city itself was said to have been submerged and about washed away, wherein I give a history from the first, after it came into the hands of the late Darius B. Holbrook, one of the shrewdest, and most liberal and enterprising men of our day, with sagacity and forecast enough to lay the foundations of another Tyre, if he had been allowed to live a few years longer, showing what a prodigious power it was in embryo, and what it must be in time, if the Missouri and Ohio didn't dry up; and bespeaking for it, among our capitalists, the consideration it deserved. Thus far, it seems to have been faithful to the promise I made for it, as a geographical centre, and treasure-house, for the unexplored Western-World.

While investigating this matter, years before, I had been shown a scheme of Life-Assurance, on a Mutual Plan, suggested by the London Loan-Company, whereby the assured, instead of being called upon to pay all their premiums in cash, thirty years in advance, would be required to pay only twenty-five per cent cash, afterward changed to fifty per cent, so as to avoid assessments; and give notes for the balance, on interest, at six per cent; so that, instead of allowing others to invest for them, and manage for them, they would keep at least one-half of the capital they had invested, always within reach, for emergencies. I liked the plan; and, with a view of introducing it here, consented to be agent for Maine. And such was the success I met with, following a good-sized volume of stories, reasonings, facts, and statistics, which I sent to our papers, from time to time, that I found it for my advantage to give up law — law, physic, and divinity, I might say, together with lecturing and writing — though I received less than half the commissions which have been allowed since by the company to my successor, and to other agents. Nevertheless, I do not complain; for I have lived to see the Mutual-Benefit Life-Insurance Company take its place among the foremost philanthropic institutions of the world, for safety, wisdom, and foresight; offering advantages, on the whole, superior to those of any other association I know of, either abroad or at home.

And now for the subject last mentioned — WOMAN'S

RIGHTS. I had been the advocate of "Woman's Rights," for many years before I went abroad. There, I met with Jeremy Bentham, who, while arguing for universal suffrage, seemed willing to overlook woman, for a while, if not for ever. But he had materially changed his views before I left England. Here I renewed the controversy — though not as I might have done — by touching upon the subject now and then, and here and there, in the "Yankee."

At last, I was taken to task for my sluggishness, and altogether by surprise, in the year 1831, if I do not mistake, since which I have never lost sight of my object, nor relaxed my efforts in behalf of women, as our equals, our co-efficients, and co-equivalents. Late in the afternoon, one day, I was accosted in the street by two members of a committee, who had been looking for me. They had engaged an orator for the Fourth-of-July — this was the third — and they had just been apprised that he would not be able to toe the mark. What was to be done? They thought of me, and acknowledged that they had been after me, because they knew not where else to go.

Of course, if I ever wrote an oration, there was no time for writing now. I accepted; and the next day appeared in a pulpit, a place which I had long been familiar with, and opened upon the multitude, who crammed the house to overflowing, with an unpremeditated annunciation of the great principles I have always contended for, from that day to this; maintaining that women were the equals of man from the first; God having created MAN in his own image, "male and female created he *them*;" that *identity* was one thing, *equality* another; two properties which need not co-exist; that taxation and representation were correlatives, and could not be separated; that *virtual* representation was no representation at all, as our Fathers had undertaken to demonstrate by the mouth of cannon and the blaze of musketry, although it was no sooner acknowledged for unquestionable truth, as well as that allegiance and protection, taxation and representation, were "parts of one stupendous whole, whose body Nature is, and God the soul," than they, our Revolutionary Fathers, turned round upon all the women of the country, being one-half, at least, of our whole population, and overwhelmed

them with the very dogmas they had been fighting against; not only disfranchising them, but *enslaving* them for ever, and ranking the married with felons, idiots, infants, and lunatics, and the unmarried with Choctaws and South-Sea-Islanders; having no rights worth mentioning, except the right of serving and paying for the privilege, or the right of ministering to man's gratification. I asserted that our women were *slaves*, *bond-slaves*, not having a right to their own bodies, their own children, nor their own earnings; which is the very definition of absolute slavery; not being allowed to acquire or transmit property during marriage, nor to vote before marriage, nor after marriage, though taxed to the uttermost; nor, under any circumstances, to have a voice in the making of laws, in the administration of laws, or in the choice of rulers: all the sovereign powers of government, legislative, executive, and judiciary, being concentrated in one body — the man — which, of itself, constitutes an oligarchy. In short, I exhausted the subject, and laid a foundation for about all the arguments I have heard since in favor of woman's rights; and all this, be it remembered, without preparation, or a single note. Of course, the people were astonished. Some were puzzled and perplexed, and others horrified; but I had the mass with me: most of the men, and a large part of the women, as I have had reason to know since.

Immediately following this outbreak and overflow, I lectured in several places upon "Woman's Rights;" and, among others, at the Tabernacle, in New-York City, after which a debate was called for, and Mr. Stone, the editor, and somebody else, I forget whom just now, were chosen to meet me, and the debate came off before a large, though not overcrowded, assembly. The substance of Mr. Stone's whole argument was in the form of interrogatory — How is a woman to go aloft, if she enters the marine-service? followed by the overwhelming declaration, that, where women *reign*, men *rule*. "Very true," said I; "but who chooses the men? Look at the ministers and generals of Elizabeth, and compare them with the women of Charles II. and George IV."

From time to time, since then, I have lectured and written much upon the subject, foreseeing and foretelling what has since happened in the changes of public opinion; for I felt

the ground-swell afar off, and I knew it must come, like the gathered waters through the Bay of Fundy, all the more to be dreaded if any hinderances were offered, whenever such hinderances were swept away. In a freshet, we know, that whatever does not effectually stop the accumulating waters, though it may hinder or delay for a season, only adds to their momentum at last.

In March, 1857, I began a series of papers in the "Phrenological Journal," on "Woman's Rights and Woman's Wrongs," which were continued through several successive numbers, wherein, among other things, I reviewed the positions of Senator Morrell, taken by him against "Woman's Rights" in the United-States Senate-Chamber. Being one of our ablest men, clear-headed, conscientious, and, if not always convincing, at least, plausible, I chose to tilt with him, instead of breaking a lance with the camp-followers, buglers, and guerillas.

And, within the last three months, having been summoned to attend a convention of the sisterhood, with half a score of helpers and coadjutors, who wore hats, which I was unable to answer in person, I bore my testimony in writing; and, from that day to this, have been popping away at our busiest and most formidable adversaries, whenever they ventured to show their heads above their intrenchments: like Mrs. Pierce, of the "Atlantic," and Gail Hamilton, the Reverend Mr. Chambers, of Philadelphia, and Ex-Governor Washburn, though, for aught I know, he may be with us in heart; for the views he enunciates in favor of equal suffrage, through the exercise of Congressional power, do of necessity include women, if principle and consistency are to govern.

Mrs. Pierce, for example, says in the "Atlantic" for February, "Suppose that manhood-suffrage, precisely as men now exercise it, were to be extended to women. As long as we agreed with the *majority* of men, all would go well. Not being able to fight ourselves, however, and too poor to bring mercenaries into the field" — as our fathers did — "what should we do in case of any *irreconcilable difference of opinion or interest* between men and women voters? Simply what we do now in our own families, when we disagree with a determined husband or father — *give up*." But why are

the *unmarried*, widows and spinsters, with no husband, no despotic father, to *give up*? And why, indeed, should any woman *give up* her political preferences or opinions, any more than her religious opinions and preferences, or her settled, conscientious convictions of her understanding upon any subject? That a man and his wife are one, and that *one*, the husband, can be true, after all, but in a very limited sense. Being answerable here and hereafter, with a separate understanding, and a separate conscience, and a soul to be saved, the wife cannot, if she would, make her husband answerable for her transgressions. Knowing well that what our children are now, that will our country be hereafter, how can she refuse to judge for herself, and act for herself, in whatever may concern their welfare, either now or hereafter, even though there should arise an "irreconcilable difference of opinion or interest"? But women do not *give up* in these cases; women of understanding, women who respect themselves, or their husbands, I mean. Much they may yield for peace, but not every thing. The ballot, being essentially secret, secures the independence of all who use it, men or women.

And as to what our sister says of a majority, there seems to be a strange confusion of thought in her illustration. As if women would ever all vote alike; as if some would not go with the minority, while others went with the majority. If it would be safe to agree with the latter, why not with the former? And then, too, why may not a woman keep her own counsel, if her husband or father chooses to trespass on her natural right? Why should she be required to vote with him, any more than he with her? And why oblige her to show her ballot?

Again she says, "Why should we tease men for the right of suffrage when they do not want to give it to us?" — Did she ever urge that argument while struggling for the emancipation of *colored* slaves? — "And when, if we had it, perhaps we could not use it any better than we can lift the sledge-hammers, which yet they wield so easily."

As if casting votes were like forging anchors; or bodily strength a qualification! How would feeble, sickly, or delicate men like to be reasoned with, in this way? And yet, women do swing sledge-hammers, and grub oaks, and empty mines,

and load ships, and plow, yoked with cattle, or led by mules, and carry huge bushels of manure on their backs, while their loving husbands and fathers, with their "*irreconcilable difference of opinion and interest*," carry the whip, and saunter along by their side, with pipes in their mouths.

"Furthermore, woman-suffrage," says the dear creature, "that is, *the regulation of our own affairs* . . . we have now." Indeed! But since when and where? In your nurseries, and kitchens, and wash-rooms. But is that woman-suffrage? . . . "The expression of our united opinion, and the preferring of our united request, *we have now*, without asking any one for it." Really! and such reasons are to satisfy the generous longings, the lofty aspirations of an immortal, desirous of emancipation, and asking leave to think for herself. "United opinions are conceded to *united* requests." But who ever heard of *united* opinions, or *united* requests, if the phrase means any thing more than we always mean by the right of petition? Are the people ever *unanimous*, ever *united*? But a prayer is one thing, the answer another. You are allowed to *ask* for what you please, and, therefore, ought to be satisfied. But how if your petition be refused? How if your asking be answered with a ribald jest, or shouting and outcries, "Ye have not because ye ask not," perhaps?

"And I believe with Gail Hamilton," she adds, "that, if the request were at all *wise* or *reasonable*" — wise or reasonable! But who are to be the judges? Were the women of New-Jersey unwise or unreasonable, when they petitioned to be restored to their ancient constitutional, and I might say *inalienable*, rights? or the women of England, when they were laughed out of court for asking to be considered as human beings? Were the men and women who remonstrated and petitioned, year after year, in aid of the blacks, unwise or unreasonable? Are the ten thousand women of St. Louis, Missouri, who pay taxes on *fourteen and a half millions*, according to the city assessor, *unreasonable*, when they ask for a correspondent representation? Are the women teachers of our country, who see men teachers paid two hundred and fifty per cent more than they are allowed, throughout the land, according to Mr. Warren Johnson, commissioner of Maine, *unreasonable* in asking for a little more? Are the women of Boston,

who pay taxes on *forty-one millions* of property, twenty-eight millions of real, and thirteen millions of personal estate, *unreasonable*, when they ask for a share in the administration?—"And if the request were to come from the *numerical majority* of women," she adds, "the Legislature would no more think of refusing, than a just man would think of refusing a wife whom he trusted." But just men, or men who are called just, do constantly refuse their wives this very privilege, and oppose it with all their strength. As lawgivers, would they be likely to change for the better? And then, too, how are we to ascertain the numerical majority, unless women are allowed to vote, and their names are registered? And if the women were *not* unanimous, as they never were, and never will be, any more than men, what is to become of their, "*request*" however "*reasonable?*"

"But women do not ask for suffrage," say others. More shame for them, if it were true; but it is not true. They are asking for it over all the land. No less than a hundred female teachers in Boston say they want to vote. And if it were true, what then? The slaves did not ask for freedom as a body. Only here and there one asked for it.

The Hindoo women did not ask, nor do they now, to be delivered from the sacrifices of Juggernaut, or the Ganges, nor from the funeral-pyres of their dead husbands; but have always claimed as a distinction, the privilege of being roasted alive, of drowning their babies, and feeding the crocodiles with the fruit of their womb, and of being crushed to death, according to law.

The Chinese, too, whose *virtual* representatives cripple their feet to keep them from gadding, only ask to be let alone by the outside barbarians.

Left to themselves, our children would never take medicine, ask to be bothered with the alphabet, or restrained from mischief.

But are these good reasons why we, who know better what they need, and what their rights are, than they themselves do, should refuse our interposition, if we see them wronged, or wholly ignorant of their rights?

The Chinese women would resent, furiously resent, any interference with their immemorial *privileges*, just as the Mohammedan women would be likely to flare up, if we should

suggest a little more freedom of choice, or service, in their harems and seraglios; and many of Brigham Young's wives would be sure to take our interference in their behalf unkindly, if they didn't comb our heads with a three-legged stool.

But would this show that such usages were right, because they were not felt to be wrong by the sufferers themselves? Would our duty be any the less clear, if we knew them to be laboring under a delusion, or drugged, or blindfolded? we knowing, and they not knowing, the consequence of hereditary bondage, and paralyzing, deadly prejudice.

But if women do not ask and insist upon the privilege, as they never yet have done, how can they be expected to value it, if obtained for them by others?

Men, though allowed to vote, do not always vote. Upon the average, not more than three-fifths of the qualified voters take the field, except upon great occasions. They are allowed to keep arms in their houses; but how few avail themselves of the right. As a tax, and not as a privilege, both of these rights are generally regarded, till some great question arises. But who would venture to deny these rights, or interpose with any hindrance? The whole country would be a camp, within forty-eight hours, if such rights were ever seriously questioned.

But women could not vote without unsexing themselves.

And why not? Could not places be set apart for women-voters? Could not a committee *of the other sex*, if you will, be trusted with the ballot-box for women-voters? And ballots being *secret*, or they are no ballots, if the voter keeps her own counsel, how is anybody to know what she does not choose to reveal?

But women would have to bear arms, obligations and privileges being correlative and reciprocal; and they are wholly unfitted for such work.

I deny both propositions. Only the able-bodied are ever required to bear arms; and of these, a large proportion are exempted, even in time of war: all under eighteen and over forty-five, all the under-sized, and near-sighted, or deaf, or deformed, all stammerers, all ministers, judges, public officers, and schoolmasters. And then, too, instead of being unfitted

for the business of war, for the battle-field, the camp, and the hospital, what says our own experience, during the last rebellion?

"But," says the Reverend Mr. Chambers, while trumpeting aloud against "universal suffrage," "woman is forgetting the position in which God has placed her; and is stooping down from that platform of female glory and beauty and excellency" — pooh! pooh! — "*to mingle with the drunken crowd, and the filth of the streets, about the polls, on election-day. What a pitiable, sorrowful sight, to see the loveliest of God's creation on earth*" — pish! — "*the American woman, shouldering and elbowing with the roughs of your city, the fragments of their bonnets and the borders of their caps being strewn about the walks, in their election-riots.*" Mercy on us! what *are* we coming to?

As if women would be obliged to vote with "drunken rowdies" at the polls, on election-day! As if no contrivance could be hit upon, for collecting their suffrages elsewhere!

What if the reverend gentleman should take it into his head to call upon the educated and refined, the delicate and sensitive among men, to keep away from the polls, and forego the right of suffrage, leaving the whole business and government of the country in the hands of "drunken rowdies," always growing worse and worse, if sober and peaceable men withdraw, lest the rabble-rout should trample on the toes of their japanned boots, tear off their coat-tails, or pluck away their breast-pins and watch-guards, how think you they would relish such advice, even from the pulpit? And we have more of this flummery from another reverend gentleman, Dr. Thompson, in the "New-England," for January.

But other objections are urged, and most of them with unrelenting vehemence. For example: Women are *inferior* to men.

Tried by what standard? There being no common standard for both, if it were true, it could not be shown. But it is not true. All history gives the lie to it; all nature. Tried by the woman-standard, what a figure man would cut! And yet, you would have woman tried by the man-standard. It is the female, among birds of prey, that is the larger and fiercer; the she-wolf and the lioness which are most to be

feared; the queen-bee that first colonizes, and then governs her commonwealth. It is the female horse that Arabs most value; and they are capital judges. "Flora Temple" and "Lady Suffolk," among racers, and the mares you see laboring side by side with their brothers, on all our farms, and in all our stage-coaches and stables, are enough to prove at least their *equality.*

But, if women *were* inferior, if it *were* all true, what then? Are the beardless, the weakly, the feebler of intellect, or even the underwitted, short of helpless fatuity, among males, denied the right of suffrage? Are all men alike in bodily strength or intellect? What says the Constitution?

Are women *persons?* Are they a part of the *people?* What says the Constitution?

The United-States are to guarantee to every State a *republican* form of government.

Governments derive their just powers *from the consent of the governed.*

The House of Representatives shall be composed of members chosen every second year, by the *people* of the United-States; and electors are to be the great body of the *people* of the United-States.

But who are the *people?* Are not women a part of the people?

"Let me ask," says Mr. Madison, "whether the Constitution is not scrupulously impartial to the rights and pretensions of every class and description of *citizens?*" But who are the *citizens?* Are not women *citizens?*

By the 14th Amendment, it is declared that all *persons* born or naturalized in the United-States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are *citizens* of the United-States, and of the State wherein they reside.

Are women *persons?* If so, they are *citizens;* and, if citizens, then are they a part of the *people.* And if not *persons,* what are they? If they are neither *citizens,* nor of the *people,* are they not *slaves?* And, if not *persons,* are they not *chattels?*

But the interests of husband and wife, and of men and women, are *identical;* and, therefore, women *are* not, and cannot be oppressed; and being *virtually* represented by their husbands and fathers, they have nothing to complain of.

Nonsense! The interests of no two human beings can ever be identical, so long as they have two souls, two understandings, and two consciences, and are to go to judgment, and be tried, separately, either in this world or the next; nay, so long as they differ in temperament, disposition, experience, faculties, or inclinations. As for the rest of the argument, it is a mere begging of the question; for either men *have* an interest in defrauding and oppressing woman — for they have always done so, whether civilized, christianized, or barbarian — or they must think they have, when they have *not*, and are, therefore, not only knaves and tyrants, but fools.

But enough, and more than enough, perhaps; for if you "bray a fool in a mortar," &c., &c.

P.S. While I am writing, a decision has been had in the United-States Land-Office, not only that a woman, if a widow, is a *person*, entitled to pre-emption, but that an *unmarried* woman, over the age of twenty-one, is a single *man* over that age, in contemplation of law; thereby restoring the dominion of justice and common-sense.

And now, as I am drawing nigh to the end of my journey, let me say that many things have been omitted, which may be looked for by those who have best known me, and others wholly forgotten. And "this reminds me of a little story," as our good President used to say, which will go to show how utterly we may forget some things we have been most familiar with. When living in Baltimore, my friend Pierpont and I used to laugh over Tom Moore's "Two-Penny Post-Bag;" and nothing amused us more than the "Skein of white worsted at Flint's." A country cousin writes to a Londoner for quite a heap of things, but especially for a "skein of white worsted at Flint's," which, like the sailor's "don't forget the pigtail," was the burden of her song. Again and again, we laughed over the phrase, till it had become a by-word with us, and even with Mrs. Pierpont herself. Not many years ago, Mr. P. wrote me that he was coming down to Portland, with his wife, and wanted to know if we needed any thing in his way. "Nothing," said I, "but a 'skein of white worsted at Flint's;'" remembering how the country cousin had sent her friend from Dan to Beersheba, from the tower to Westminster-Abbey, back and forth, after the skein of white

worsted, supposing all these places were near together. Well, in due time, our guests arrived; and the first thing they did, was to unwrap, and lay upon the table before us, a skein of white worsted. Taking it for a capital joke, I laughed heartily, and then explained it to my good wife, who stood in mute amazement and perplexity, wondering what it all meant. On further inquiry, we found that Mr. Pierpont and his wife had both forgotten the verses of Moore, the "Two-Penny Post-Bag," and the use we had made of the "skein of white worsted" at Baltimore, as utterly as if they had never heard of it before; and what, after all, was the best part of the joke, he had brought the "skein of white worsted" for us in perfect good faith.

Let me now finish this long story about myself and my family, by adding, that, although we do not pretend to belong to the F.F.'s — the *Fuss*-Families of our day — we manage, nevertheless, to be presentable; our kindred on both sides of the house, and on all sides, being substantial, good-for-nothing people, who make little noise in the world, are never heard of in our criminal-courts, nor in Congress; being, at best, only good citizens, good fathers, good mothers, and always trustworthy, in all the relations of life.

Nor are we disposed to complain of the few drops of bitterness we have had in our cup. On the contrary, we are persuaded that we always fare better than we deserve. Unlike that farmer, who complained that whenever hay was high, he had none to sell; and that, when he had a plenty, nobody wanted to buy: overlooking the fact, that, *because* he and others had no hay to sell, therefore it was high; and *because* everybody had good crops, therefore nobody wanted to buy, we take it for granted that our crops are always just what they should be, and always proportioned to our wants. In a word, we are always contented, though never apathetic nor sluggish, believing, with the old hump-backed, club-footed Frenchman, that *tout est pour le mieux*, and with Alexander Pope, that "whatever is, is right."

PORTLAND, Jan. 30, 1869.

present recollection, written by me immediately after the overflow of Cairo, in 18—, when the city itself was said to have been submerged and about washed away, wherein I give a history from the first, after it came into the hands of the late Darius B. Holbrook, one of the shrewdest, and most liberal and enterprising men of our day, with sagacity and forecast enough to lay the foundations of another Tyre, if he had been allowed to live a few years longer, showing what a prodigious power it was in embryo, and what it must be in time, if the Missouri and Ohio didn't dry up; and bespeaking for it, among our capitalists, the consideration it deserved. Thus far, it seems to have been faithful to the promise I made for it, as a geographical centre, and treasure-house, for the unexplored Western-World.

While investigating this matter, years before, I had been shown a scheme of Life-Assurance, on a Mutual Plan, suggested by the London Loan-Company, whereby the assured, instead of being called upon to pay all their premiums in cash, thirty years in advance, would be required to pay only twenty-five per cent cash, afterward changed to fifty per cent, so as to avoid assessments; and give notes for the balance, on interest, at six per cent; so that, instead of allowing others to invest for them, and manage for them, they would keep at least one-half of the capital they had invested, always within reach, for emergencies. I liked the plan; and, with a view of introducing it here, consented to be agent for Maine. And such was the success I met with, following a good-sized volume of stories, reasonings, facts, and statistics, which I sent to our papers, from time to time, that I found it for my advantage to give up law — law, physic, and divinity, I might say, together with lecturing and writing — though I received less than half the commissions which have been allowed since by the company to my successor, and to other agents. Nevertheless, I do not complain; for I have lived to see the Mutual-Benefit Life-Insurance Company take its place among the foremost philanthropic institutions of the world, for safety, wisdom, and foresight; offering advantages, on the whole, superior to those of any other association I know of, either abroad or at home.

And now for the subject last mentioned — WOMAN'S

RIGHTS. I had been the advocate of "Woman's Rights," for many years before I went abroad. There, I met with Jeremy Bentham, who, while arguing for universal suffrage, seemed willing to overlook woman, for a while, if not for ever. But he had materially changed his views before I left England. Here I renewed the controversy — though not as I might have done — by touching upon the subject now and then, and here and there, in the "Yankee."

At last, I was taken to task for my sluggishness, and altogether by surprise, in the year 1831, if I do not mistake, since which I have never lost sight of my object, nor relaxed my efforts in behalf of women, as our equals, our co-efficients, and co-equivalents. Late in the afternoon, one day, I was accosted in the street by two members of a committee, who had been looking for me. They had engaged an orator for the Fourth-of-July — this was the third — and they had just been apprised that he would not be able to toe the mark. What was to be done? They thought of me, and acknowledged that they had been after me, because they knew not where else to go.

Of course, if I ever wrote an oration, there was no time for writing now. I accepted; and the next day appeared in a pulpit, a place which I had long been familiar with, and opened upon the multitude, who crammed the house to overflowing, with an unpremeditated annunciation of the great principles I have always contended for, from that day to this; maintaining that women were the equals of man from the first; God having created MAN in his own image, "male and female created he *them;*" that *identity* was one thing, *equality* another; two properties which need not co-exist; that taxation and representation were correlatives, and could not be separated; that *virtual* representation was no representation at all, as our Fathers had undertaken to demonstrate by the mouth of cannon and the blaze of musketry, although it was no sooner acknowledged for unquestionable truth, as well as that allegiance and protection, taxation and representation, were "parts of one stupendous whole, whose body Nature is, and God the soul," than they, our Revolutionary Fathers, turned round upon all the women of the country, being one-half, at least, of our whole population, and overwhelmed

your voice, and have begun to persuade myself that we are, at least, old acquaintances."

"My dear madam," said I — the temptation was irresistible, and my recollections of the past were so whimsical, that I could not forego the opportunity — "My dear madam" — with a deferential air — "I think I can clear up the mystery. You were in the habit of buying your tea — real Hyson — of Mr. James Murphy, three or four years ago, were you not?"

"My *tea!* — certainly, to be sure — *but*" — She began to look troubled.

"Of course, you cannot be expected to remember the young, light-haired, blue-eyed shopman, who always waited on you" — the lady was all at sea now — "but he remembers you, and that he often had the pleasure of serving you with a pound of that famous tea."

My friend, her pastor, looked as if a bomb had exploded underneath his chair; and though the lady herself — or *gentlewoman* rather, for I dislike *ladies* in this part of the world — pretended to enjoy the joke, she reddened a little — *all over*, I should say, if I knew the fact for a certainty, and I am sure I saw a slight quivering about the mouth, and a little trembling of the eye-lashes; and I rather think she never forgave me. Nor did Mr. Pierpont, though he laughed over the transaction, every time it was alluded to, till I went back to Baltimore.

And by the way, speaking of Niagara, or the "Battle of Niagara," a poem by "Jehu O'Cataract," it happens oddly *enough*, that this very day, March 22d, 1869, I have received the following note from a perfect stranger, one of a score I have been favored with on the same subject, within a few years, which may serve to show that people have no idea of what is meant by the "Battle of Niagara," even while they profess to admire it prodigiously — at second hand, perhaps, like Mr. Snelling, in his very smart and spiteful "Gift for Scribblers;" and Mr. James Russell Lowell, in his clever satire, and somebody else in his — I forget what — who borrowed from Snelling, and copied all his blunders.

AUBURN, N.Y., March 19th, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR, — If you can conveniently do so, will you please send me *an autograph copy of your poem* written some time since — 'The Battle of Niagara.'"

An autograph copy of "Niagara"! He might as well have asked for Niagara itself!

To which most extraordinary and amusing request, I answered, somewhat in this way: 1st, I have no copy, and know not where to find one; 2d, An autograph copy would cost you *two hundred dollars;* 3d, That my correspondent probably supposed it a short "occasional," or "fugitive" poem; but even then, to ask of an author and a stranger an autograph copy of any thing he had written, would be, to say the least of it, rather inconsiderate, &c., &c., &c. What think you, fellow-craftsmen?

P.S. — In due course of mail, I received a handsome apology from the writer, with many thanks for my plain dealing, and a clear explanation. He had in his library a sample of the poem — a brick from the house — and, having no idea how voluminous the structure might be, had asked the favor of a *copy.* Whereupon, I forwarded by return mail two passages from an imperfect copy I had picked up, which, so far as I knew, had never been handled by the newspapers, or profaned by the book-wrights.

RIFLE-SHOOTING. — See page 315–317.

A little incident may be mentioned here, which gave me, *undeservedly,* a prodigious reputation as a sharp-shooter, just after my return to Portland in 1827. I had never fired a rifle in my life. My experience had been limited to fowling-pieces and pistols, except in two cases, where I had been obliged to make use of a common musket in shooting mad dogs, though, to be sure, in my early boyhood, I had let off a bellow's nose — without a pocket-handkerchief — when charged to the muzzle with gunpowder, and a *tamping* of brick dust, sometimes point-blank at the White-Hills, not more than sixty miles off, as the crow flies, and sometimes at the blue

heavens, which I seemed pretty sure of missing, even then, and sometimes at the bluer sea, which always kept the secret; but, being no marksman, I had never succeeded in "*fetching*" either, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

One day, while sauntering along by the sea-shore, and up over the brow of Munjoy-Hill, I heard voices from below in dispute, and soon after, loud laughing, and five or six rifle-shots, in quick succession, just under the cliff. Upon going nearer, I saw a large party of young men with rifles, preparing to "plug" the furthermost head of an empty barrel, at a distance of not more than a hundred yards. On seeing me, somebody shouted, "There he is now! let us leave it to him!" "Agreed! agreed! let him try his hand!" from all quarters. And then I was called up, and asked in all seriousness, if I believed it *possible* to shoot through an empty barrel, with the nearest head out, and the farthest head in.

Not knowing, couldn't say; but I could see no reason why it should be impossible, as they alleged.

"Would I take a rifle and try? They had all done their very best, and failed."

I had never fired a rifle, as I told them; but should like to know of my own knowledge, as the lawyers say, that it could not be done, by a bungler, before trying to account for the phenomenon; remembering how Franklin proposed to ascertain the *fact*, before explaining *why* the fish and water both would not weigh more than the water by itself.

Just as I let the piece drop into my hand, it occurred to me, like a flash, that if I did not aim at the centre of the open space, it was quite *possible* that the revolution of the ball might so disturb the air as to deflect it; *might* I say, for I had no time for theorizing, and not much for demonstration. I fired my ball; it struck the centre of the head, and passed clean through it.

A shout followed, and I went on my way, as if accustomed to such things, and not at all astonished at myself. On my return, two hours later, I found the same head completely riddled. This, they *explained*, by saying that after one hole had been bored, and the air let in, there was no difficulty. How that may be, I do not pretend to know; but facts are facts; for I have never fired a rifle since, nor a pistol, but

once, I believe, and then — prepare yourself — I shot a hen, or something the size of a hen, at a distance of twenty-eight or thirty-two rods — I forget which — in the presence of old Mr. Ropes himself, the celebrated Connecticut manufacturer, with his own favorite pistol, which, for a long time, he refused to part with, "*because*," he said, with a tear in his eye, "*because* he had shot a brother through the head with it, by the strangest accident, as he crossed the line of fire, while he was proving the pistol;" but consented at last, after seeing me use it, and so I had the fact I have mentioned engraved on a *brass* plate — nothing but brass would serve my turn — and sunk it into the wood-work. The last I ever saw of the weapon, my eldest boy took it with him to Nicaragua, as a sort of pocket-rifle — and left it there.

Narrow Escapes. — See page 350.

Among half a hundred narrow escapes I have had in the course of my long life. are two or three, sufficiently out of the common way to be worth mentioning — *perhaps*.

In the fall of 1838, having to go from Bath to Brunswick after tea, in a barouche, with two strong, spirited horses, a distance of only six or eight miles by the common road, my wife, her mother, and our three children — a girl of nine, a boy of eight, and another little thing of no particular age, but say four — I was overpersuaded by two persons, of experience, gentlewomen both, who lived at Topsham and were well acquainted with all the *ways* of that neighborhood, to take one that had been just opened through the woods, and thereby save two miles or so, — blockhead that I was! We started later than I intended, so that, in examining the harnesses, I overlooked one of the collars. It soon grew dark, and my horses in their *impatience*, as I then thought, became almost unmanageable; so much so, indeed, that on coming to a long, rough, and rather steep hill, I begged my whole family to get out and walk, much to their surprise, while I drove down the hill by myself. Before I reached the bottom, the horses began to act so strangely, throwing up their heads, tossing their manes, and plunging so furiously, that I was almost afraid to take in my passengers, after I had got there; but after

alighting and examining the harness with my hands, for it was too dark to see, I succeeded in soothing them, and got my freight safely on board, after which, as the road was full of stumps and the mud up to our knees — almost — I called to the women in the chaise, to fall back, and let me take the lead, as they were both exceedingly nervous, and so frightened, that, with every plunge of their horse, a faint scream or two would reach us. After plowing through a mile or two of bog, we came to a bridge; but before we had gone twice the length of the carriage, it began to give way underneath. Whereupon, I stood up, shouting with all my strength, and gave the horses their heads, and lashed them right and left, to their unspeakable astonishment, I am sure, for one of them had never felt the whip, and the other only an occasional touch, at most. Forward they sprang — leap after leap — plunge after plunge — and with such a furious clatter on both sides of the carriage, that, really, I did not feel quite safe, after we had crossed, until I had thrown myself out once more, and had them by the heads. I was then told, though I did not quite believe the story, that, as we went over the bridge, the broken planks flew up on both sides of the carriage, at every leap.

As soon as I could manage to hold them, in the midst of charred stumps, and unfathomable mud, I got my family out once more, and sent our little boy to stop the chaise, and tell the women to wait until they heard from us; and then all at once, it occurred to me, like a flash, that, if he tried to go over on the bridge, it might be dangerous, if not fatal to him. But what was I to do? There was nobody to hold the horses, now snorting, and stamping, and fretting in the darkness. "Never mind the horses, I said, get out of the way, all of you, and let them go to the — bugs, if they will, carriage and all; we cannot afford to lose our poor boy;" and off I started, leaving the horses literally in the *midst* of what they called the highway, and my passengers billeted among the stumps, in a quagmire. And well it was that I hurried; for, on reaching the bridge, I found to my horror the planks all gone, *all*, with only here and there a rotten fragment remaining, and Master James trying to find his way through the darkness, by feeling.

On my return, I found a stranger standing by the horses,

patting and soothing them, and was informed that, having heard the noises, and the screaming of the women, when I shouted — the women in the chaise, I mean; for the women with me, God bless them! didn't so much as open their mouths, nor interfere in any way, nor did the children utter so much as a single peep, or I do believe there would have been little or nothing left, of carriage or horses — he had come to our help, and, while fumbling about the harness, had found the hame-strap unbuckled, and the hame of one collar slipped from the groove, owing to the carelessness of the hostler at Bath, which was undoubtedly the sole cause of the trouble I had at the top of the hill, and after we had *jumped* through the bridge. From this man, we learned, moreover, that the bridge was only a temporary affair, built for the teams that were employed in making a new road; that it was only six or eight feet above the swamp-mud, which was — nobody ever knew how deep, but deep enough to smother us all, if we had gone through.

Another, and a somewhat similar escape, we had among the White-Mountains, not long before this, when our eldest born was almost a baby, or so much of a baby, that on asking her, as she and the two daughters of our late Marshal Smith, Adeline and Anne — now Mrs. Wheelan, and Mrs. Horatio Bigelow — were lying about in the grass, higgledy-piggledy, after we had whapped over, and the apples, and peppermints, and other goodies lay in heaps about her, how she liked *that*, she lisped, "Don't lite it at all, and there's the pep-mins all spilt, and — and — there's the *appies* all runnin' away." We were upset on the side of a steep hill, and the horses were lying all of a heap, heads and points, in the midst of what was called, with striking propriety, an *abandoned* highway, into which we had blundered by mistake, never seeing our danger, till the carriage began to rock and heave this way and that, like a boat drifting through breakers.

On looking out, I saw one of the horses down, and the other, a very powerful creature, holding back with all his strength. Over we went, but so slowly, that we had time to make all our arrangements; Miss Adeline taking the baby (Master James), and I, after calling to the coachman to jump off and keep the horses from getting up, time enough to make such

preparations within, that nobody was hurt. Here, too, we had no screaming: we all went over in a heap, without opening our mouths.

How strange the presence of mind people sometimes manifest on such occasions, where you would not look for any thing of the sort! And then again, how strange, after we have had a narrow escape, to find, upon weighing all the circumstances, and reviewing our behavior, when, really, there was no time for thought, perhaps, that we had done just the very thing that was best! I remember once going down Union-Street, in mid-winter, when the lower end was all "a glare of ice." I had hurt my leg not long before, and was so lame, that I had to limp along with a cane. While crossing the street, I heard an outcry, and, on turning my head, saw a truck-team dashing at full speed after me, and *slueing* this way and that, with every plunge of the horses, so that there was no getting out of their way, and no standing still, even if I had not been crippled. Just as I had made up my mind what to do, another team took fright as it was working a passage over the smooth ice above, and began to *slue*, so as to head me off. This probably saved my life; for as the two sleds passed me, full split, one on my right and the other on my left, and so near that I was in danger of being crushed, at every swing, I managed to grasp one of the stakes on each sled, and, notwithstanding my lameness, to *hop* from one sled to the other for a minute or two — it seemed ten minutes, at least — until I was out of danger. Had I been allowed a whole hour to think of it, could I have done better, think you? And yet, I had only a second or two.

CONTRIVANCES. — See page 14.

I have already mentioned, I believe — have I not? — that I spelled my name Neale in "Blackwood," for the purpose of misleading the busybodies about me; but I have lately met with a copy of "Randolph," where I find the same orthography, for the same reason. I was criticising our writers, and often rather sharply. Of course, if I did not mention J. N. ——, J. N. would be suspected at once of the authorship. And if I did mention him, how should I manage to throw the good-

natured, inquisitive people about me, off the track? By misspelling the name. This for a long time was effectual; but, alas! how little did I foresee that, after a time, I should either lose my own shadow, like Peter Schlimmel, or my identity. "Even handed justice," &c. &c., — and this coming back of our contrivances to "plague the inventors" — begins to tell upon me, whenever I see my name spelled with a superfluous *e*, like that of Henry C. Neale.

Woman's Rights, Woman-Suffrage, &c.

By the merest accident, I have just lighted on a verification of what will be found somewhat loosely stated, concerning the origin of our great controversy about Woman's Rights, in pages 49, 62, 412, &c., &c. It began with me about 1820; and in the "Brother Jonathan," vol. v., 1843 — twenty-six years ago! — may be seen a synopsis of the very lecture referred to, as delivered in the Tabernacle, without notes, in that year, together with a charming, eloquent, and most ingenious reply, from Mrs. T. J. Farnham, and my answer thereto, running severally from pages 183, 236, 266, and 304, all which I had wholly forgotten, though I had charge of the literary department of the "Brother Jonathan" at the time!

The whole ground is here covered, and the papers on both sides of the controversy ought to be reproduced in a pamphlet, for general circulation.

In my argument, I find references made to the exemption of Quakers and others, who are conscientiously scrupulous about bearing arms, and also to the alternative, which has been so constantly overlooked, whereby even the able-bodied are permitted to pay a fine or provide a substitute, if, *for any reason*, they do not choose to train with the militia, or go to war.

P.S. — I find, too, a novel of mine — "Ruth Elder" — which appeared in the "Brother Jonathan," and also in the "Home Journal," and which I had forgotten!

THE END.

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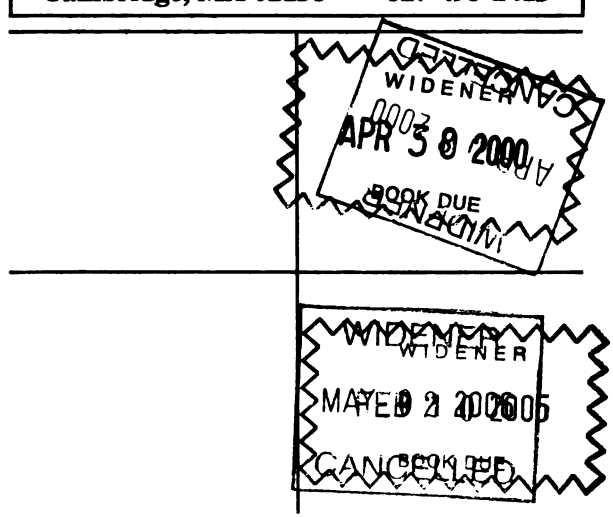

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